41

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST NOVEMBER 21 · 1964 25c

THE UNDYING HERITAGE OF J.F.K.

An intimate memoir of the late President and an assessment of his role in history.

The misadventures of filming a classic adventure:

LORD JIM

with rising star Daliah Lavi

The shock troops of CORE / We need midwive[illegible] / [illegible] farm

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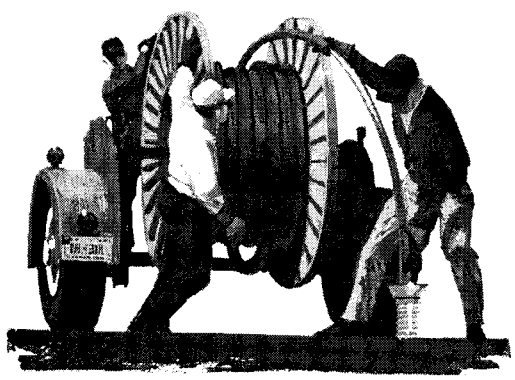
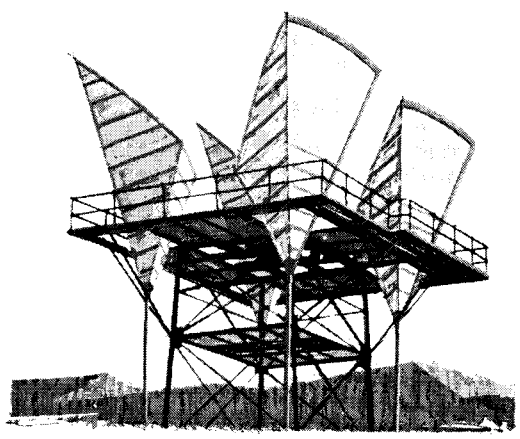
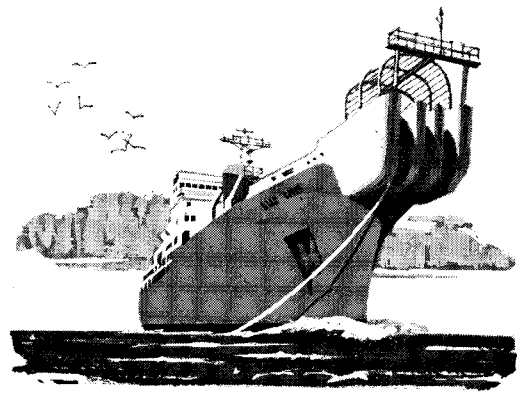


A buried coaxial cable may carry as many as 9300 phone conversations at the same time.

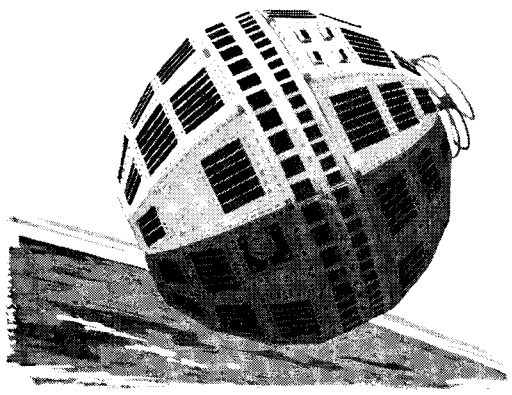


Radio relay systems can handle more than 17,000 simultaneous phone conversations.

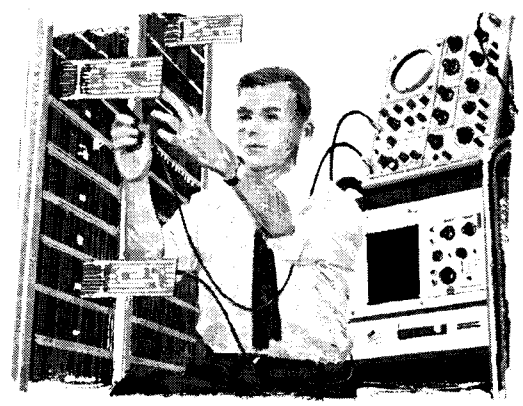


Submarine cables whisk your words under-seas as clearly as when you talk across town.

These developments will speed your telephone conversations tomorrow



A worldwide system, pioneered by Telstar® satellites, may speed your calls via space.



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NOVEMBER 21, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 41

POST

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The legacy of John F. Kennedy

A year has passed since the tragedy, but the memory of the late President remains vivid in the minds of millions of people. This week three writers reflect on the ways John F. Kennedy is remembered. Joseph Alsop recalls the qualities that made him stand out among his peers. Anne Chamberlin assesses the search for a fitting memorial. And Jimmy Breslin finds a mood among the thousands who continue to come to the grave in Arlington Cemetery.

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The authors. Veteran political columnist **Joseph Alsop,** brother of *The Post*'s Washington editor, was long a good friend of President Kennedy. He is the author of a number of political books and also the recently published *From the Silent Earth*, a highly praised study of the Greek bronze age. . . . Contributing writer **Anne Chamberlin** was also a friend of the Kennedys, and wishes someone would find a more appropriate way of commemorating the late President. . . . New York *Herald Tribune* columnist **Jimmy Breslin,** who wrote several articles about the assassination and burial, returned to Arlington National Cemetery to watch the people filing past the Kennedy grave and to have another talk with the gravedigger. . . . Contributing writer **Pete Hamill,** who chronicles the unbelievable story of the filming of *Lord Jim*, is a former newspaperman who did some film writing himself—for the television program *East Side, West Side*. . . . Editor-at-large **John Bird,** who grew up on a farm in Kansas and became an agricultural writer and editor before joining *The Post*, was right at home on his trip to the Midwest to talk with leaders of the National Farmers Organization. . . . Free-lance writer **George Dickerson,** a former editor of *Cavalier* magazine, discovered that artist Willem de Kooning shuns publicity as strenuously as some other artists seek it. It took two months of effort for Dickerson to get to his subject for an interview. . . . **William Saroyan,** who recalls some of his boyhood experiences in Fresno, Calif., recently celebrated the 30th anniversary of his first book, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, for which Harcourt, Brace & World brought out a special anniversary edition. . . . **Martin Mayer**, author of *Wall Street* and *Madison Avenue, U.S.A.*, reports on the Congress of Racial Equality. He recently wrote about civil-rights leader Bayard Rustin for *The Post* (July 11–18).

The cover photograph, taken by **Ken Danvers,** shows Israeli actress Daliah Lavi perched on ancient stone carvings at Angkor Wat in Cambodia, where *Lord Jim*, the movie in which she stars, was filmed.

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Letters

Broken but not bowed

Congratulations to you for publishing THE PRESIDENTIAL PARADE by Oscar Berger [October 31]. Not only is it informative, it is great fun to follow the continuous line. We had some friends over last night, and everybody took part competing (with the aid of individual tracing paper put over the cartoon) to finish first going over the unbroken line of presidential succession, without lifting the pencil.

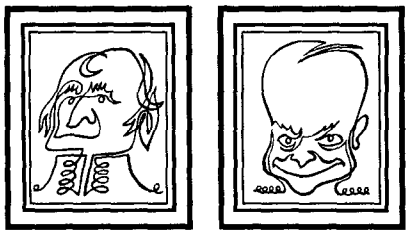
MARTHA HOWARD
New York, N.Y.

• Oscar Berger promised one line "running continuously from the tip of George Washington's sword to the tip of Lyndon Johnson's necktie." Are the words of Eisenhower considered to be outside the continuity of U.S. presidential history?

DIANA P. RICH
New York, N.Y.

• President Taylor's nose, mouth and eyes were not included in the unbroken line. What do you intend to do about this?

SHIRLEY IPEMA
Palos Heights, Ill.



• *Our Art Department intends to draw the line against any more such lapses.—Ed.*

The Great Society

I am all for the abundant life spelled out so well in President Johnson's THE GREAT SOCIETY [October 31], but why must we overcome problems of our cities, countryside and classrooms through federal-government aid? Why doesn't President Johnson, such a capable leader of people, inspire *people* to deal with the problems *directly?*

He values individuality, saying, "From the people must come the private compassion and the personal commitment by which struggles for justice and wars against poverty are won."

But what will happen to my personal concern for others when I channel my compassion through the Federal Government? I find little love in paying my income tax, but discover joy in helping other people grow and achieve. By consenting to governmental plans, we shrink from our private responsibilities.

As a politician dealing with a nation of sluggards in the face of change, the President dare not come right out and say what he's talking about. But the tone of the article indicates that he envisions the emergence of a United States where each member contributes to the welfare of the other.

MRS. JOHN H. BUCK
Jacksonville, Ark.

On the defensive

Who says "the ladies will disagree," Mr. Baker [IN DEFENSE OF NAKED LADIES, October 31]? Here's one lady whose partially closed eyes (one of my mystery weapons) were opened with the glorious realization that chivalry is not now, and hopefully never will be, dead. To you, Russell Baker, I willingly remove—my hat!

IRENE J. AARON
Baltimore, Md.

• The ladies will not disagree—at least not this one! Are there not enough real women about to tell the 20th-century male that they object to his goop, scent and silk-suit stretch?

SUSAN CLAYSON
Pasadena, Calif.

• I object. Our civilization has spent 600,000 years getting away from the fig leaf.

BARBARA BENEVENTO
Highland Falls, N.Y.

• A professional observation might be added to Mr. Baker's already astute candor. In the creation of visually acceptable aesthetics, as in the field of product design, we have a phrase: Form follows function. The reverse might be applied to the ladies. If an occasional half-bikinied form will bring out tenderness in a heartless male, then let's call off the helicopters.

KARL BROCKEN
Industrial Design Consultant
Carp Lake, Mich.

That certain something

I can't help but object to Harold H. Martin's quoting a bystander's interpretation of THE JOHNSON TOUCH [October 31]: "L.B.J. won't ever have to worry. He can always get Billy Graham's job." A stirring politician is compared to a dynamic religious evangelist. Since the two have dissimilar purposes, I see no justified comparison, and respect each man for his enthusiasm and individualism.

BARBARA SMITH
North Reading, Mass.

• I've just finished reading about Lyndon B. Johnson and Robert Kennedy [CAN KENNEDY TAKE NEW YORK? by Peter Maas] in your October 31 issue. As far as crowd-drawing appeal goes, our President, the junior senator from New York and the Beatles all have something in common.

TIM SCIMECA
Atchison, Kans.

Former Rockettes

Lewis H. Lapham's article ENCORE FOR TWELVE HIGH-KICKING HOUSEWIVES [October 24] did the Rockette Alumnae Association, Inc., a great injustice. The Alumnae Association was started to renew old friendships and to work together helping other people. Reluctance to forget the glamour and applause of the theater or of our youth had nothing to do with it. During the past 10 years the Rockette Alumnae members have raised over $15,000 donated to charities such as The National Association for Mentally Retarded Children, American Cancer Society and the Fight for Sight. So you can see the organization's chief function is not just remembrance of things past.

RUTH B. FRICKE
President, Rockette Alumnae Assn., Inc.
Dumont, N.J.

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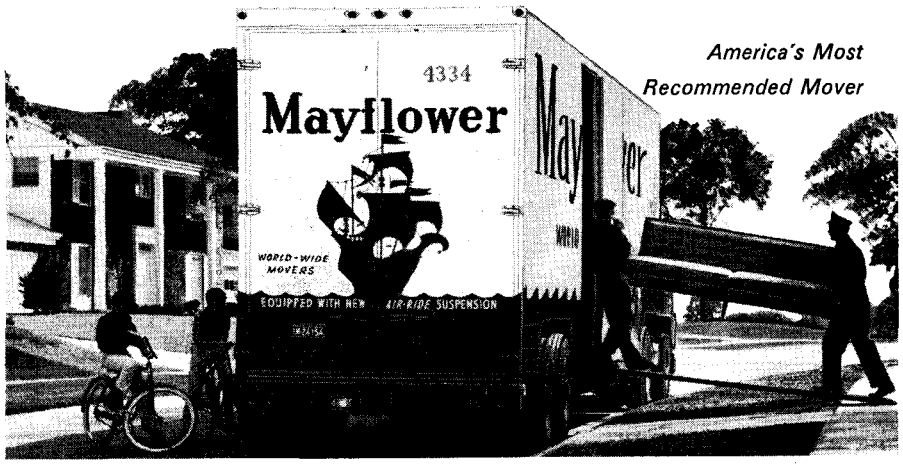

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Letters

Fiction fracas

I was a compulsive reader of *Post* fiction, as was Mildred W. Gardner of Somerville, Mass. [LETTERS, October 31]—until the *new Post* fiction started. An old-fashioned story, something like the Tugboat Annie tales, an exploit of Horatio Hornblower, or just a good old Western would be most welcome.

RONALD O'DONNELL
Savannah, Ga.

• I am quickly writing to you in staunch defense of *Post* fiction, lest you take the lady from Somerville seriously and actually change your stories to agree with her taste. She accuses the *Post* staff of "proclaiming . . . the ultimate depravity of mankind" and of "throwing away every manuscript containing an old-fashioned story." Well, I hope they keep throwing them away. Many women's magazines contain these "old-fashioned" stories. They're all right—now and then one is quite good—but for the most part they're rather vapid and much too saccharine. I look forward to *Post* fiction for a refreshing change. It describes life and people the way they really are (at least some of the time). I find your stories both realistic and thought-provoking, so, keep up the good work, and please, please don't change the style.

MRS. JOHN PELLEGRINO
Westerly, R.I.

After the ending

I am asking for an explanation, please, of the ending of the very suspenseful ONE OF THE DEAD by William Wood [October 31]. It built up to a conclusion that is just plain baffling.

M. D. MCLAM
Louisville, Ky.

• When Ellen has her little alligator, please see that William Wood gets sole custody.

MRS. RUTH BAIRD
Beeville, Tex.

Bless Charlie

BLESS CHARLIE by Morton Fineman [October 31] was great. A finely tailored sketch of Charlie, one of those characters we have met at some time or other.

MARGARET G. WHITE
Philadelphia, Pa.

Presidential prose

Accustomed, as I am now, to suffering the slings and arrows of Johnson's "hominy homily," I believed myself immune to further siege, until I heard his remark that Nancy Dickerson, as TELEVISION'S PRINCESS OF THE PRESS CORPS [by Barry Gottehrer, October 31], has "been doin' wonderful!"

True, we have had Presidents who were not grammarians, but a few, Mr. Lincoln for example, did manage to rise above those fire-lit lessons scratched on a shovel. Why not L.B.J.?

Churchillian prose may not be Mr. Johnson's cup of tea, but, on the threshold of his Great Society there seems little excuse for his not doin' a little more wonderful than that.

VIRGINIA LAUDERDALE
New York, N.Y.

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A searching report on the momentous changes sweeping

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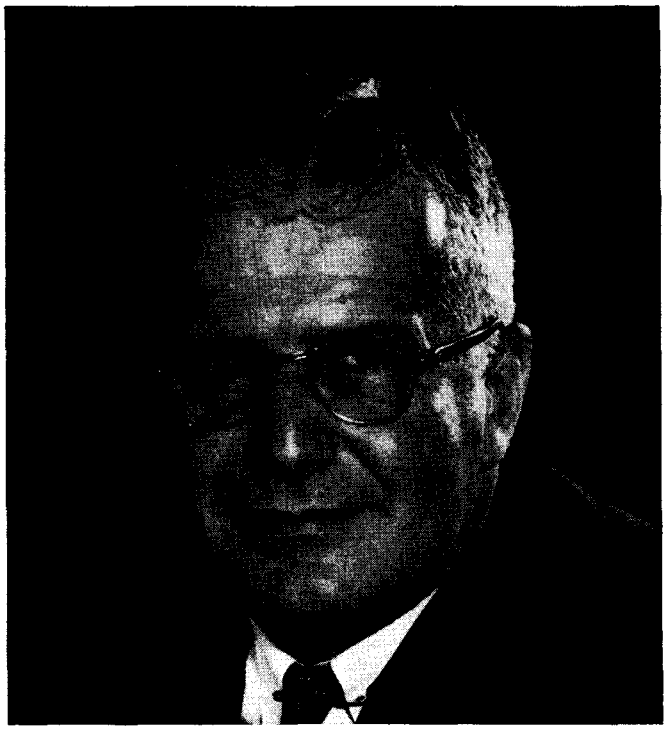
Speaking Out

LET'S USE MIDWIVES— TO SAVE BABIES

There are simply not enough doctors
to cope with the millions of births.
To ease the crisis, this country should revive
a time-honored, medically proven profession.



Nationally known, Doctor Hellman is director of obstetrics at Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, and chairman of the executive committee of the National Committee on Maternal Health. He served on President Kennedy's panel on mental retardation.

By Dr. Louis Hellman

The state of maternity care in the United States is astonishingly inferior—and getting worse. In our affluent society, with its vast medical centers, the average layman may think he can take it for granted that such an elemental procedure as birth would be carried out with the highest medical standards. The truth is that in many cases there are no medical standards because there is no medical care.

The problem involves simple mathematics. There are not enough doctors to take care of all our pregnant women. As a result, hundreds of thousands of them now receive little or no prenatal medical service. An estimated 100,000 American women each year never even see a doctor during pregnancy. They are delivered by their husbands, relatives, neighbors or a passing policeman.

On Manhattan Island, supposedly one of the most civilized places in the world, about *half* the pregnant women go through their pregnancies with insufficient care—if they receive any care at all. Moreover, the number of Manhattan women who go through pregnancy and birth unseen by a doctor continues to increase—by about two percent a year.

The results of our critical shortage of obstetric personnel are predictable and grim. The health of many of the four million American babies born each year is threatened. Our infant death rate rises. Holland and Sweden now share the world's lowest infant-mortality rate, and nine other nations have rates better than ours. This is a disgrace to a nation that boasts of having the "world's outstanding medical care."

Unless some fresh approach is taken, our maternity-care crisis will gradually worsen. For by 1975 we will have more than five million births per year, 25 percent more than at present. But the ratio of practicing doctors to population will decrease by at least 10 percent and perhaps by as much as 30 percent.

There is a way to help ease this dilemma—a step that will strike laymen as startling and some doctors as offensive. This step is to introduce the midwife.

Midwife?

The very term seems anachronistic in this supersophisticated age of scientific breakthroughs and "miracle" cures. Midwifery is said to be old-fashioned. In our country we tend to discard people and practices simply because they are old. The fact is, however, that 80 percent of the world's babies are delivered by midwives. In most countries midwifery is an honored profession. And most of the 11 countries with better infant-mortality rates than our own employ midwives.

Obviously I am not suggesting that we return to an era when ignorant grannies hovered over pregnant women writhing in a field or a corner of a hut. The modern midwife is highly trained as a registered nurse; indeed, she merits the title of nurse-midwife. Properly supervised, she can "carry" the average patient through pregnancy and labor. And she can deliver the baby and provide postnatal care with absolute safety for mother and child. Some patients who have already experienced both doctor care and nurse-midwife care have actually preferred the latter.

My proposal is based on experience, not mere theory. We are already utilizing the midwife—albeit slowly and without fanfare—to work in some of our major hospitals. At present there are about 500 nurse-midwives in the United States. They have been graduated from nine training centers in the U.S. and Puerto Rico. I hope that the total number increases manyfold within the next decade.

At the Downstate Medical Center of the State University of New York in Brooklyn we have trained nurse-midwives for more than five years. The program is sponsored by the Maternity Center Association. Similar programs are going on at such institutions as Yale, Johns Hopkins, Columbia and the Catholic University of America. Participants want nurse-midwives for a very basic reason: Each of us knows how much nurse-midwives are needed by patients and doctors.

Obviously I do not propose that midwives take over all obstetrics cases. Many women, especially in the middle and upper classes, are now receiving excellent maternity care from dedicated doctors and nurses. But trained midwives could provide invaluable service to the increasing number of mothers who are not receiving adequate care. Many of these women are in the lower economic class. The situation is worst where the poor are concentrated—in the centers of cities and some rural areas. Obstetricians are not merely in short supply; they are also distributed unevenly. The economics of medicine have moved them to the suburbs, leaving the cities, especially their slums, and farm areas without enough doctors to care for the mothers. It is in these trouble areas where nurse-midwives are needed most and can help most.

Our nurse-midwife experience at Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn has been a marvelous and inspiring one for the patients, the doctors and for the midwives themselves. Its implications are clear for all of American obstetrics. In the past five years we have trained 86 midwives, all of them registered nurses. Midwifery now is a permanent part of our obstetric department, which is one of the biggest in the country. Many of our graduates have master's degrees and broad experience in hospital nursing, teaching and administration. Their special midwifery training takes six months or more.

On the delivery floor the chief obstetrical resident assigns patients to the midwives and closely supervises each case every step of the way. If he has doubts about any case, he immediately consults the senior members of the obstetrics staff. The nurse-midwife provides total care. She sees her patients throughout pregnancy and labor. She delivers the child, administers pain-relieving drugs when they are needed during labor and delivery and, if necessary, performs the episiotomy

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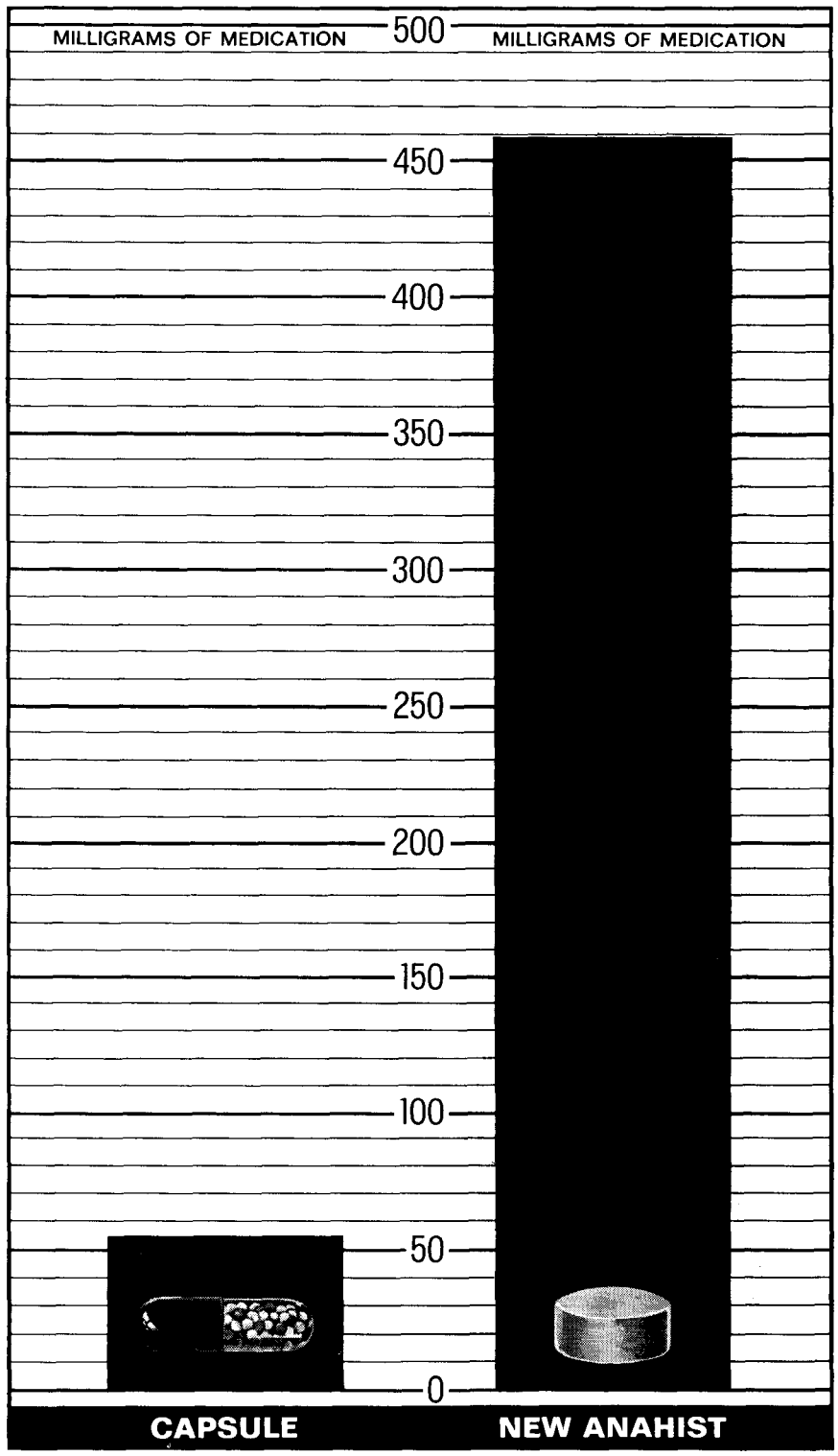

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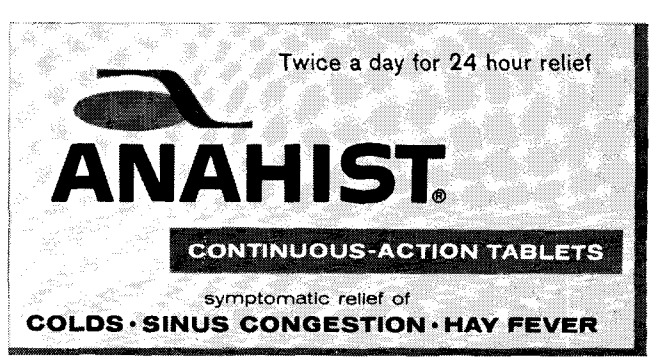
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Jim Whittaker, one of the 5 Americans to reach the summit of Mt. Everest in May 1963.

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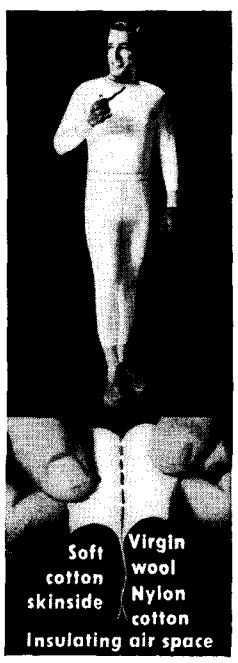

On the day they reached the summit, the **American Mt. Everest Expedition led by Norman Dyhrenfurth** recorded temperatures of 25° below and winds of over 80 m.p.h.—1500 feet below the top! How did they conquer the mountain in the face of such incredible cold? With the help of famous Duofold 2-layer underwear. This patented 2-layer underwear kept the entire team —climbers and Sherpas—warm, dry and comfortable with a minimum of weight. The skinside layer of soft, itch-free cotton absorbed moisture, the air space between served as insulation, the outer layer of wool-nylon-cotton evaporated moisture away from the skin to prevent chill. Should your cold-weather needs be less severe, Duofold makes this famous 2-layer underwear in seven other warmths, in Shirts, Longies and Unions. At fine stores near you, or write Duofold Inc., Mohawk, N.Y. In Canada: S. Lennard & Sons Ltd., Dundas, Ont.

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Speaking Out

(surgical incision at the time of delivery). She provides nursing services as well. Later she visits the patient after the birth and conducts the usual six-weeks postpartum examination prior to the patient's final discharge.

Do the patients like midwifery? Many are overwhelming in their enthusiasm, and for sound, simple reasons. The midwife devotes herself fully to the patient's needs. She is there when the patient wants her. She takes a personal interest in the patient's case—something that the ward doctor, harassed and overburdened, may not be able to do. We've had patients who prefer midwife care. Furthermore we've had patients delivered three times, even four times, by the same midwife. These case histories illustrate why patients become devoted to their midwives. One woman, aged 28, had previously given birth to two normal, healthy children, but told her midwife that she was "always scared to death in labor.

"I felt all alone. Sometimes the doctor was there, sometimes he wasn't."

The nurse-midwife, however, stayed with her during her entire five-hour period of labor. And then she delivered the child. "This has never happened before," the mother declared gratefully. "Giving birth was easier this time because you were here with me." Midwives have time to provide a little extra warmth, a little extra consideration, especially for the ward patient who might otherwise be overlooked.

One of our patients, a young Yugoslav woman, spoke no English. She was terrified, because she feared she would be unable to communicate vital information during labor. Her midwife learned some key Yugoslav phrases from the patient's husband, and the patient's terror melted away. Then, after the woman gave birth to a seven-and-one-half-pound boy, the midwife taught her how to care for the infant by means of picture demonstrations that required little explanation.

In our nurse-midwifery program the ultimate responsiblity for the patient rests with the medical staff, not with the midwife. If necessary, a physician takes over. I want to stress that point: Nurse-midwife care is not doctor care, but an adjunct to doctor care. The midwives are not called on to make decisions that only doctors must make. The midwife carries out the doctor's orders and extends obstetrical services to the patients who might otherwise never receive such services. Only healthy patients with normal pregnancies are assigned to nurse-midwives. These patients, the medical staff feels, will proceed through pregnancy, labor and delivery with minor problems or none at all.

This frees the doctors to concentrate on those patients who appear headed for major complications or those who already are extremely sick. Thus the doctors can look after patients who need them most. They are not occupied endlessly with perfectly healthy women to whom pregnancy is a simple experience.

Our King's County nurse-midwives have compiled an enviable record. In the past five years they have delivered more than 7,500 babies. A certain number of stillbirths and a certain number of deaths following birth must be anticipated. However the record of our midwives is far below the statistical expectation. Our nurse-midwives, after all, care for the uncomplicated cases, and have the close supervision of the medical staff. If their performance were not outstanding, our program would be an utter failure.

Extend a program like ours throughout the nation, and I believe we'd have better obstetrical care both for healthy patients and for those with special problems. Certain characteristics of the patients who receive midwife care must be understood. Many are impoverished. They've been pushed around. Often they fear doctors, hospitals, any institutional setting. Many have attended outpatient obstetric clinics with disastrous results. In many such clinics the patient waits for seemingly endless periods. Then she may not get the same doctor from one visit to the next. Inevitably she feels that no individual is interested in her case. In this situation she is likely to rebel and refuse to return to the clinic for continued care.

If that happens, and it frequently does, complications of pregnancy—bleeding, toxemia, hypertension—go untreated. These complications may progress to a point where the infant's well-being is endangered. This partially explains why there are proportionately about twice as many deaths among the infants of poor ward patients as among the infants of middle-class mothers.

With our midwifery program, however, there is none of this endless waiting, none of this patient disillusionment, none of this neglect. There is a one-to-one relationship between patient and midwife, and almost always it is warm and friendly.

What I have said may sound like heresy to some of my medical colleagues. Nurse-midwifery is far from popular with them. Objections to it have been raised in all sorts of quarters, objections which I feel are utterly specious.

It has been said nurse-midwifery devalues the obstetrician. I don't believe it. With midwives, the doctor can care for more patients whose needs are most pressing. This can only serve to improve his image.

I'm told that some doctors actually fear competition from midwives. This is a most irrational view. You must have a license to practice medicine, and licenses are granted to doctors, not to midwives. In our program, at no cost to patients, midwives work as salaried employees under the supervision of doctors inside the hospital. In other programs, primarily in rural areas, midwives provide home care for patients—once again under the doctor's supervision. In either case the nurse-midwife works primarily with ward patients who cannot pay, although the doctor might deem it wise to assign some paying patients to the midwife.

Many doctors I know who have private practices with middle- and high-income patients are so swamped that they have trained their own office nurses in the techniques and duties of midwifery. But they prefer to call these nurses by the more socially acceptable term, "obstetrical assistant." The fact is, however, that many patients in private, well-to-do practices get at least some of the services of the good old-fashioned midwife. And they are better off for it.

Let's not bury our heads in the sand and downgrade midwifery because the term itself hasn't got the slick sound of many of our professions. We live in an age of rising popular resentment and dissatisfaction concerning medical care in this country. Nurse-midwives can help reduce that resentment.

And they can enable us to save some babies' lives too. We cannot afford to let any of our children be less than well born.

J. M. Bellman

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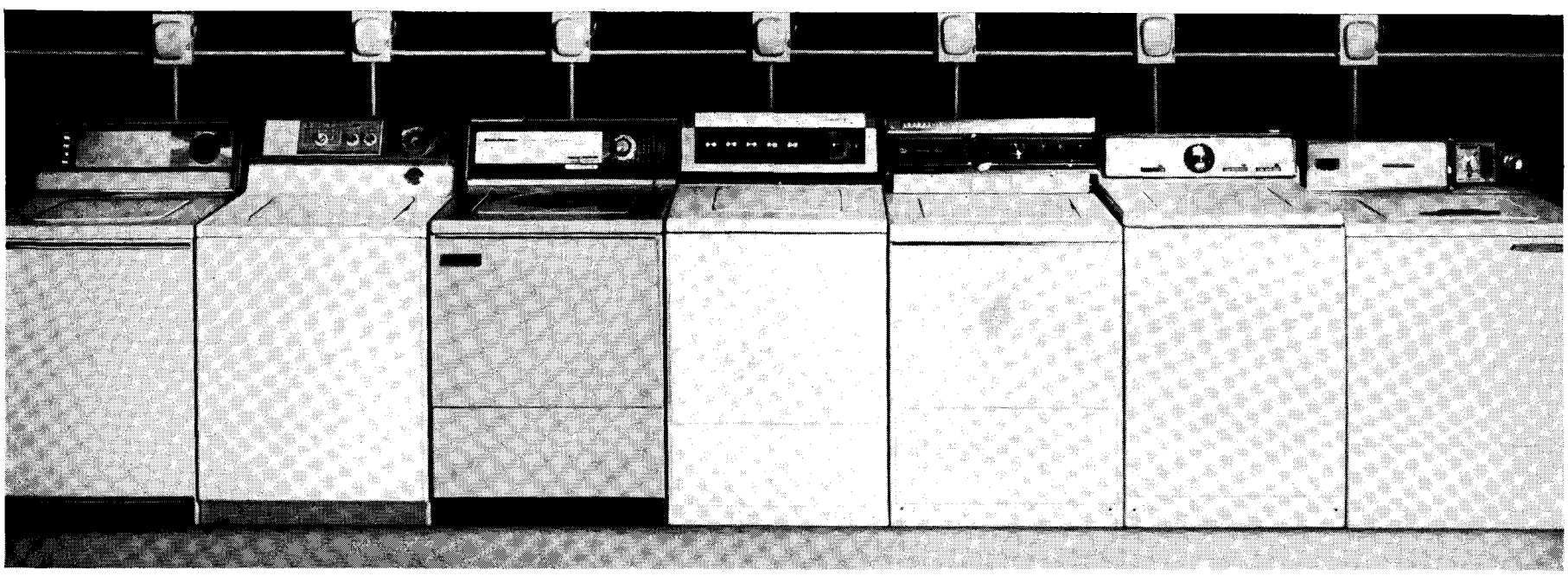

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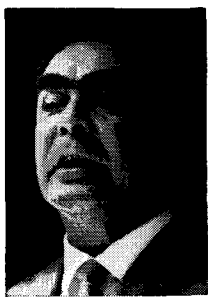
Moscow: Which Way?

Lyndon Johnson

Mao Tse-tung



Leonid Brezhnev

MOSCOW: Will the new regime in the Kremlin move backward toward a Stalinesque "hard line" at home and abroad, as the price of ideological peace with Communist China? Or will the regime move forward toward rational accommodation with the West, and increasing flexibility and liberalization within the Soviet system?

These questions are argued endlessly in the Western embassies, because the answers far transcend in importance the fate of Nikita Khrushchev or the identity of his eventual successor as Russia's No. 1 man, but nobody really has sure answers. The best comment, it seems to this reporter, may well be a remark made some years ago by Louis Joxe, one of France's most brilliant public servants. Now one of Charles de Gaulle's Council of Ministers, Joxe was then French ambassador to the Soviet Union. The occasion was the annual Fourth of July garden party in the American Embassy in Moscow in 1955. The usual glum foreign-office underling had been expected to represent the U.S.S.R., as always in the Stalinist days. Instead, a large group of Soviet leaders trooped in, led by the ebullient Khrushchev. Joxe watched as Khrushchev argued with the other Politburo members, made small jokes and long speeches, and gulped champagne. Then he nudged this reporter and said, "The mystery is ending. The *bourgeoisement* of Communism has commenced."

Those two sentences sum up Khrushchev's political legacy. The mystery, as fearful as death itself, which surrounded Joseph Stalin's Kremlin has indeed long since begun to end. And the "*bourgeoisement* of Communism"—the introduction of middle-class attitudes and tastes—is already well advanced in the Soviet Union. It seems highly unlikely that Leonid Brezhnev or Aleksei Kosygin or any new No. 1 could reverse the process, even if he wished to do so.

The mystery, of course, is not wholly ended yet. This city is still a city of secrets, of rumor and wild surmise. And yet it is a very different city from the Moscow of only 11 years ago, when the gates of Stalin's Kremlin were locked to the outside world, and when to the Soviet citizen any foreigner—above all an American—carried on his person an invisible death's head, like that on a bottle of poison. In those days, even to talk to an American might mean death. Now tourists, Russian and foreign, troop through the Kremlin's unlocked gates, and Americans are hardly objects of curiosity anymore, much less of fear.

This is still a police state, of course. But there is a difference in the atmosphere, which you can sense as surely as you can read a barometer when the pressure has fallen.

The new Soviet rulers—all of them—are rational men, as Khrushchev, despite his erratic moments, was rational, and as Stalin, especially in his last terrible years, was not. They have no impulse to oppress for the sake of oppression, to kill for the sake of killing. The terrible mystery which hung over Stalin's Kremlin, and which was a reflection of total power ruthlessly exercised, will not be restored. Barring some national catastrophe, it cannot be restored.

Though the new Soviet rulers are rational men, they preside, of course, over an irrational system. A system in which the state decides *everything*—the butterfat content of ice cream, the style of women's shoes, the production of steel plate and toilet stoppers—is inherently irrational. A visit to the Soviet Union recalls Doctor Johnson's remark about a dog walking on its hind legs: The wonder is not that the system does not work well, but that it works at all.

And yet there is no doubt that, although the system still works badly, it works, in terms of simple human satisfactions, a lot better than it used to. Moscow is still a dreary, unkempt city, and most Russian women still look like badly wrapped bundles. But there is lipstick to be seen now, and flame-red or turquoise overcoats, and even blond wigs and teased hair. There is 10 times as much traffic in the streets as there was a decade ago, and in the overlighted restaurants young people dance the "Tweest." The process of "*bourgeoisement* of Communism" is indeed under way. And it, too, bar a national catastrophe, cannot be reversed. Indeed, one of the first promises of the new regime was to introduce certain elements of the market economy into the system, to provide a higher standard of living for the people. The new men obviously intend to try to make the system work as well as possible.

They also mean, of course, to try to restore the Soviet Union's authority within the Communist world, an authority badly eroded in the Khrushchev era, and eroded still further by his removal. It will not be an easy task. The new men were unquestionably surprised and shaken by the totally unprecedented demand for "explanations" from the European Communist parties, and the defiant tributes to Khrushchev from some satellite leaders.

Brezhnev, Kosygin and company will certainly also do what they can to end the Soviet-Chinese ideological shouting match, and paper over the split. That will be an even harder task. With his old enemy fallen, with his new atomic bomb, and with a personal prestige in the Communist world that no Brezhnev can match, Chinese Communist leader Mao Tse-tung is clearly in no mood to settle on any terms but his own.

But the best guess here is that the new men will not settle on Chinese terms, simply because they cannot. To do so would be to accept China's leadership in the Communist movement, to abandon the Khrushchev doctrine of peaceful coexistence, and to revert to a Stalinesque "hard line" at home as well as abroad. It would mean a general turning back of the clock, and clocks are not easy to turn back, as Sen. Goldwater found.

The Soviet leaders are not about to change the Soviet system in any fundamental way, any more than Khrushchev did—they are locked in by their ideology. And their ideological objective abroad will remain what it has been since the storming of the winter palace—the eventual global triumph of Communism under Moscow's leadership. But because they are rational men as well as Communists, it seems reasonable to suppose that, like Khrushchev, they will put Soviet national interests above this theoretical objective.

The national interests of the Soviet Union insistently demand a containment of Chinese Communist power, and a halt to the spread of nuclear weapons. Though American and Soviet interests conflict in dozens of other ways, they coincide in these two essential points. For the immediate future a period of consolidation and watchful waiting in Soviet foreign policy seems likely. But it seems not impossible that in time both sides will at least tacitly recognize this mutuality of interests, and act upon it.

Stewart Alsop

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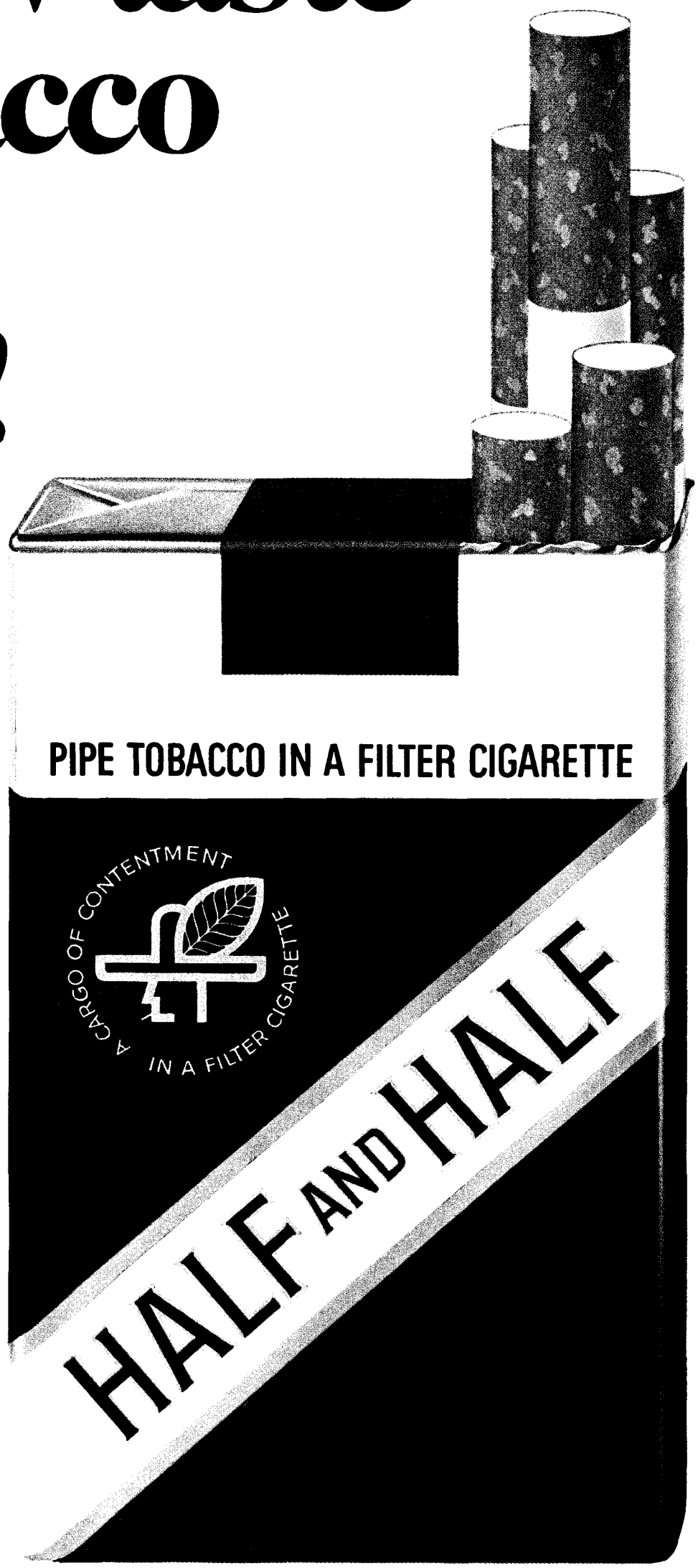

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Cyrus H. K. Curtis

THE LEGACY OF JOHN F. KENNEDY

MEMORIES OF AN UNCOMMON MAN

Twelve months after the tragedy in Dallas, an experienced political observer, who was also a personal friend of John Kennedy, explains why he believes J.F.K. will be remembered as one of our great Presidents.

By JOSEPH ALSOP

A year has gone by since the shots in Dallas put the world in mourning. For most of us the passage of these 12 eventful months has not so much as blurred the edges of the vivid vision of John F. Kennedy. We can see him still in our minds' eyes, almost as he was in life—tall, slender, graceful, quick-striding; now gay, now genially ironical, now sternly serious, and never, in whatever mood, untrue to himself; always full of zest for the countless problems that the Presidency brought each day, always carrying his heavy burden with mingled humor and high purpose, and above all, always full of pride in the country that he led and loved.

The angular, ruthlessly honest George Orwell once remarked, in a critical essay, that you could not "definitely prove" Shakespeare was a great writer, or even "definitely prove" that the worst, most cheaply sentimental mass-producer of best sellers was a bad writer. "Ultimately," said Orwell, "there is no test of literary merit except survival, which is in itself an index of majority opinion." Orwell, of course, meant a kind of cumulative majority opinion, registered by successive generations over a long period. The same rule that Orwell laid down for writers also applies to public men.

The nation mourned for Warren Harding, thinking his death a genuine loss. Yet we now remember him as the worst President in the long American line, with hardly a redeeming feature except a certain blowzy amiability. The nation mourned for Abraham Lincoln. We now remember him as the unique American saint; yet we also regard his earthiness and humor and unpresidential humility as vital ingredients in Lincoln's saintliness, whereas these were just the qualities that sadly shocked many of Lincoln's ablest contemporaries. Nor you nor I can tell, therefore, how John F. Kennedy will survive (in Orwell's sense) in the memory of generations still to come. Yet I myself believe that he will be remembered as one of the great Presidents. It seems to me that his time in office, for all its tragic shortness, was nonetheless a time of renovation and renewal, when our country found a new and better course after long years of search.

I offer this forecast, however, with a personal reservation of some significance. Kennedy the President was particularly hard to judge, even for those who knew him best, because Kennedy the man was so enigmatic and complex.

The broad outlines of the portrait are easy enough to sketch. He enjoyed pleasure. He read deeply, and he was the first American President since Theodore Roosevelt to care greatly for learning for its own sake. He was sometimes slow to decide, often grumbling when he had a hard decision thrust upon him; but once his decision was taken, he never looked back. He believed, perhaps too completely, in the power of reason; and he was both astonished and annoyed when he made what seemed to him a logical case, yet failed to persuade his hearers. He had an enduring horror of any public show of strong emotion, which led foolish persons to say that he was cold and unfeeling. Even on occasions when other men might be tempted to tear a passion to tatters, he would often be self-mocking and ironical, and irony and light self-mockery were the twin essences of the wry wit that illuminated all his discourse, whether public or private. Between the flashes of wit his talk was solid and nourishing, yet racy and to the point. In conversation he liked to learn about every imaginable subject, from the techniques of Greek sculpture (which he began to collect toward the end of his life) to the intricate squalor of a local political problem. And when he played the leading conversational role himself, he invariably dealt in facts, not theories, in salty human realities, not moral generalities.

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FOR KENNEDY, COURAGE WAS THE MOST ESSENTIAL OF THE VIRTUES.

The Kennedy Legacy

Whether in private talk or on public parade, his beautifully good manners never failed him; he was singularly considerate of others, whether they were great or humble. With this considerateness went an unfailing interest in the concerns of other people; and this interest extended to honest enjoyment of a good gossip. But although he liked to be amused by this world's follies and oddities, he was never harsh or unkind, for he was singularly generous-hearted. All the countless persons within his ever-widening orbit could turn to him in need. To his close friends, he was strongly attached. He loved his brothers and sisters with a tribal intensity. He adored his wife and children, and his pride in them, though half the time expressed in gentle teasing, was something to delight an onlooker.

The surface portrait shows a favorite of fortune, blessed with such good gifts of heart and mind as fate brings to few men in a generation. Yet what lay beneath this smiling surface? What made John Kennedy tick? What were his private values, what were his inner standards and his ultimate goals? Here the enigmas lie. Here the questions become difficult to answer with assurance, mainly because the President's standards and values were so obviously very different from the average American values and standards.

Consider, for example, his total lack of reverence for the kind of success in business that is the goal, or at any rate the envy, of most Americans. This was perhaps a weakness, for ours is a business society, after all. Yet the fact remains that big businessmen, simply as big businessmen, most emphatically did not command Kennedy's liking and admiration. To put it bluntly, he held their success cheap; and he did not value them as individuals unless they had proved themselves in other arenas, in the manner of Robert S. McNamara and Douglas Dillon, Robert A. Lovett and John J. McCloy. For just this reason, although the Kennedy Administration was brilliantly successful in promoting business expansion, the vast majority of big businessmen detested Kennedy.

Or consider, again, his conspicuous lack of rapport with many leading figures at the other end of the American spectrum. He neither liked nor admired most of our liberal intellectuals; and he was even given, on occasion, to making fairly hilarious fun of the liberals' special hero, Adlai E. Stevenson. The trouble was that the American liberals too often struck Kennedy as sterile in their prescriptions, and he always suspected them, too, of being more eager to demonstrate their own ineffable righteousness than to get done the things that needed doing. For just these reasons, although he found the ideal outlet for Stevenson's undoubted talents at the U.N. and also gave important opportunities to numerous others in this group, many American liberals always cherished an ill-concealed dislike for Kennedy while he was alive; and even now, when he is dead and they loudly proclaim their posthumous admiration, they still vent their lingering spleen on his partner-brother, Robert Kennedy.

These failures of sympathy may seem to balance. They may seem to situate Kennedy in the American center—halfway, so to say, between the Texas oilmen and the Stevenson coterie. Yet nothing could be more misleading. Kennedy's style and outlook were not merely foreign to the styles and outlooks of our liberals and our businessmen; his style and outlook were also singularly foreign to the outlook and style of central, average, day-to-day America in the mid-'60's. No one could have differed more sharply from the good, average American, who watches television in his off-hours, is content if his is a two-car family, and does not mind bulging a bit in middle age.

Even about those bulges, Kennedy was almost un-American. Our wealth and our machines have made us, as a nation, just a bit soft and fat, and most of us do not mind this in the least. But Kennedy minded. All Kennedys have an obsession about physical fitness, and the President, like the rest of them, was decidedly repelled by softness and flabbiness. Then, too, in modern America the old, almost primitive, concern for physical courage, functional in ruder times, has now become exceedingly uncommon. But for Kennedy, courage, whether physical or moral, was the first and most essential of the virtues. In judging another man, courage was the first quality he looked for. Finally, and above all, the hankering for intensity of experience is close to an eccentricity in our easy, prosperous, homogenized, anonymous modern America. Yet this hankering, I am sure, came close to being Kennedy's strongest drive. The routine, the ordinary, the merely average displeased and bored him. He wanted to live intensely, meaningfully, to the utmost limit of his powers. It was almost as though he wished to personify the dictum of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who said, "Man is born to act; to act is to affirm the worth of an end; and to affirm the worth of an end is to create an ideal." The citizens of the Athens of Pericles may perhaps have been able to claim with justice that their lives "created an ideal," but horribly few of us nowadays could put forward such a claim without falling into ridicule. Such were the reasons why Kennedy, in his mature years, always struck me as a man set apart, even a bit remote, from his era and his environment. From this remoteness he was rescued, if that is the right word, because he loved his country with the kind of daily felt, unquestioning patriotic love that is, once again, a bit old-fashioned nowadays. Yet his divergences from the American average were so great that I sometimes wondered how Kennedy managed to win the votes and hearts of so many Americans.

His success is rendered still more remarkable by another fact that most people have forgotten. Although he went so far so fast, John F. Kennedy was a late starter as a serious politician. He was far from serious, and I am confident he had no notion of making a great political career in his early years in Congress when I first met him. Perhaps that first meeting is worth recalling here, if only to illustrate the chanciness of political handicapping when the new entrants are very young. It must have been in 1946 or 1947, when Kennedy's sister Kathleen, the Marchioness of Hartington, paid a visit to Washington. "Kick" Hartington was a friend of mine; and so I was asked to dinner by the younger sisters, who were then keeping house for their Congressman brother. When I arrived at the hour named, not a soul was anywhere in sight. At first, in fact, I thought I must have mistaken the day; for a half-eaten sandwich decorated the living-room mantelpiece; as a result of some sort of recent competitive feat of strength, the whole room appeared to have suffered from a hurricane or tornado, and the usual preparations for hospitality had all too plainly not been made. Eventually, however, the sisters began strolling vaguely into the room, appearing one by one, each looking more beautiful than the last. The maid at length announced that dinner was ready, with an air of well-justified astonishment that this should be so; and after a further wait the Congressman brother unobtrusively joined us. It was a cheerful evening, after that, for the brother and the sisters composed an entertaining tribal act in which the brother was the central figure. His young good looks were striking. He had great charm. But I must confess I went home thinking that he would not last long in politics, and doubting whether he wished to do so.

Later I got to know him a bit better, but the next Kennedy characteristic that I clearly remember noticing was the occasional greenness of his complexion. From time to time, in those early days, his face would literally turn a dull grayish-green, which made an odd contrast with his thick reddish hair. It made me so curious that I ventured to ask him the reason for it. He replied that this greenness was caused by periodic injections the doctors made him take, and then he added, almost as an afterthought, "The doctors say I've got a sort of slow-motion leukemia, but they tell me I'll probably last until I'm forty-five. So I seldom think about it except when I have the shots."

The cool courage, the complete absence of self-pity when he made this admission of a delayed sentence of death, were deeply moving and impressive. This was when I first began to think of him as someone out of the ordinary. But I still thought him essentially unambitious.

Others tell me that I am mistaken in believing he had no great ambitions at the outset. But really ambitious budding politicians always study every aspect of the political process with absorbed attention, whereas Kennedy quite clearly paid very little attention to the real business of Government in his years in the House of Representatives. One could tell how little he had noticed then, by how much he had

In January, 1961, Chief Justice Earl Warren administered the oath of office to Kennedy.

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forgotten later on. When he was President, he no longer remembered even the most prominent features of the Truman Administration, such as the dominant role of the State Department in the secretaryships of George C. Marshall and Dean G. Acheson. How, then, can one explain this initial lack of ambition?

The key to the puzzle, I think, most probably lies in that moving but surprising remark about his green face. I never dared, either then or later, to ask him for further explanations. One does not, after all, ask for details of a potentially fatal illness; one must wait for the victim of the illness to speak first. Hence I know only that he came back from the Pacific in exceedingly bad health; that the damage he suffered on the fighting line, from unusually severe malaria as well as exposure and fatigue, was quite seriously misdiagnosed by his doctors; and that this error in diagnosis was not corrected for a good many years. His resulting belief that he had Addison's Disease or whatever it may have been was, of course, combined with the crippling bouts of pain recurrently inflicted by his bad back. Therefore, I suppose, he did not think he had much time allowed to him and he could not imagine reaching the summit of the White House with so little time to climb so high. No contest ever interested him unless he could aim for the very highest place. For just this reason, no doubt, he was content for a long while to go through the motions of politics, albeit with all his usual efficiency and grace. He must have begun to change with his election to the Senate in 1952; and three even more important things then happened to him, in rapid succession.

First, he married, in 1953. Second, in 1954, he grimly chose the considerable risk of death on the operating table, as preferable to the continuous torture his back was by then inflicting on him. He came so close to death that extreme unction was twice administered. But the back was much improved, although not cured; and the doctors also corrected the postwar misdiagnosis. Third, he therefore went to the Democratic convention of 1956 as a man no longer under sentence, with thoughts of a great career already forming in his mind; and these new thoughts were naturally encouraged at Chicago when he came within an ace of winning the vice-presidential nomination. It was a strong spur, and it set him on his final course.

Thenceforward he made the Presidency his goal. I like, nowadays, to recall how I finally learned what his real goal was. From December, 1956, until March, 1958, I lived and worked abroad. When I came home again, I was at once struck by the great change in Kennedy. Quite suddenly he had matured. The inward seriousness was now easy to detect beneath the surface wit and charm. The old casualness had now given way to a passionate absorption in every national problem; and his detailed knowledge of our problems was now combined with an equally detailed knowledge of the national political map, such as every serious politician needs. In sum, he had ripened into fitness for a very big role. As was natural, I was much impressed. He scented this, and was pleased. So we became friends, and fell into the habit of talking together about politics and other things as often as once or twice a week when we were both in Washington. Yet it is not easy to imagine a President of the United States much younger than oneself. At first, I did not realize that he meant to try for the Presidency in 1960, and he said nothing about it. Then one summer afternoon in 1958 we happened to talk about the Democrats' need to win back the Catholic voters. With this subject on my mind, as I was seeing him to the door of my house, I said casually, "Of course, the vice-presidential nomination would be yours for the asking next time; but surely you can't want the damn job."

"Let's not talk so much about vice," he replied with a quick grin. "I'm against vice, in all forms." And with that he ran down the steps and drove away, leaving me a bit popeyed on the doorstep.

The chapters that were then beginning—the triumphant drive for the 1960 nomination, the hard-fought election, and the years in the White House—belong to the public annals. But it is important to remember that before the public annals began, John F. Kennedy, like Franklin D. Roosevelt, passed through the valley of the shadow on his road to the White House. For this experience, surely, helped to give him his special fund of patience, humaneness and seriousness about serious things.

When one attempts to assess Kennedy the President, it is first of all necessary to define the nature of the task that confronted him, and to suggest how he approached his task at the outset. I think it is fair to say that his task was one of the heaviest and most taxing that has ever confronted any newly elected President. A period of very great and rapid changes, both at home and abroad, had created correspondingly great and complex problems for the United States. Yet the importance and urgency of these problems were largely veiled from the eyes of the American people by the new affluence which made most of us sluggishly contented with things as they were. Franklin Roosevelt took office in a time of desperate national crisis, when the whole nation begged to be shown the way. John Kennedy took office in a time of huge but hardly noticed challenges, when there was much to be done, yet few Americans were eager to be up and doing.

Furthermore, it is pretty clear that John F. Kennedy brought to the White House a rather serious underestimate of the burdens he would have to bear and the difficulties he would have to overcome. Who can blame him? It was then an axiom of our political folklore that a strong President could move the nation to any necessary deed—although this is only true in special circumstances which did not exist in 1961. Furthermore, when Kennedy took office, the youngest Administration that this country has ever had abruptly succeeded the oldest; and an Administration that was the most talented in our history, man for man, also succeeded an Administration that was at least a bit tired and lackluster. This novel combination in Washington—youth at the prow and brilliance at the helm, so to say—at first dazzled the country. The country's dazzlement in turn tended to bedazzle the new President and many of those around him. Anything seemed possible. All seemed within easy reach. The first disillusionment, and very bitter it was, was the disaster at the Bay of Pigs.

Yet I think that even the Bay of Pigs did not quite make Kennedy feel the full weight of his presidential burden. The yoke of the Presidency, the heavy, heavy yoke of an American President in the H-bomb age, only settled on those youthful shoulders when he went to Vienna to meet Nikita S. Khrushchev, and was directly threatened with war over Berlin. I can see, as though I were still there, the very instant when he revealed Vienna's impact on him.

Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, campaigning in 1960, shared platform in Ft. Worth, Tex.

The true nature of the confrontation with Khrushchev had not emerged at Vienna, and I followed the presidential party to London without a hint of what had happened. In London the Kennedys were to attend the christening of their Radziwill niece, to which my wife and I were also invited. The afternoon of the christening was gloriously sunny. The house of Prince and Princess Radziwill made an enchanting setting. The scene itself, if encountered in a novel, would have seemed quite ludicrously overdrawn—so many famously beautiful women and men with great names and great positions had gathered to compliment the baby's parents and to meet the President. He came in a little late, looking strangely preoccupied. By chance, I was standing near the door, so that mine was the first ear of an old friend to present itself, as it were. To my considerable astonishment, he took me aside for a few minutes; and he poured out in swift, strained sentences what had really happened at Vienna, and how he had answered Khrushchev's arrogant threat.

"We'll stand firm," he ended. "By God, we'll stand firm. We'll never surrender—no matter what it costs."

Against the general gaiety and glitter of the occasion, the somberness of the brief episode was as poignant as it was unforgettable. It meant, unless I am mistaken, that Kennedy had at last been forced to face the choice that is always inherent in the modern Presidency—the ultimate, dire choice between final surrender and open-eyed acceptance of the risk of H-bomb war. Before Vienna, his faith in the power of reason had led him to believe that this choice could always be avoided by rational men. But Khrushchev at Vienna had thrust this choice upon him. No doubt the Soviet leader was falsely encouraged by the pattern of the Bay of Pigs. No doubt he expected the President to quail and give way. The President did not give way. He went home to order partial mobilization.

Thereafter he lived—we all lived, although many of us hardly knew it—under the lingering menace of a Third World War, a thousand times more terrible than its two precursors, until the second Cuban crisis revealed that the menace was empty. The point about this period, of course, was that no one could be dead sure of the emptiness of the menace until the Soviet bluff had been decisively called. The rest of us could console ourselves by saying, "The Soviets are only bluffing"; but the President, the solitary man with ultimate responsibility for meeting the final test, had to ask himself, "What if the Soviets aren't bluffing?" The strain on him must have been very great, although he never made the smallest reference to it. The severity of the strain was certainly underlined by the sole sign that was ever given to me. He was dining with my wife and me. That morning, as we later learned, he had got the first grim news of the Soviet missiles in Cuba. That evening, however, no one else in the little party except Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen had the slightest inkling of what was afoot. We were downright jolly at table. After the meal the talk ran on history and its unforeseeable chances. Historic odds, for and against, was the sort of subject the President liked. Yet he offered no comment for a while; then he merely remarked, in a dry tone, "Of course, if you simply consider the mathematical chances, the odds are even on an H-bomb war within ten years."

Hearing this from him in these circumstances was a bit like draining a glass of

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HE HAD A VISION OF AMERICA'S GREATNESS, WHICH HE SOMEHOW CONVEYED TO THE REST OF US.

champagne, and abruptly seeing doom reflected in the bottom of the empty glass. But as it fortunately turned out before many days had passed, the emplacement of those missiles in Cuba was the last great bluff. No one, I must repeat, could be sure it was a bluff until it had been called; but the call was made, with extreme toughness, with philosophic coolness, and with careful prudence and a wise sense of limits. So the time of seeming menace ended, and a quite new era opened. Always hoping for such a moment, he had doggedly, pragmatically made his preparations to profit from a better climate throughout the whole time when the strain on him was heaviest. Always he had worked to keep open, and to widen, all avenues that might lead to saner dealings between the two hostile halves of the world. His farsighted, patient preparations have now begun to produce their first results. These results can be simply summarized. Before Kennedy's Presidency and, indeed, throughout his Presidency until the end of the second Cuban crisis, the odds governing our future seemed to be as he stated them that evening at dinner. Now, in contrast, although courage, wisdom, vigilance and strength are as needful as ever, even the sternest realist can see good grounds for hope. That is a difference one can hardly overestimate. Maybe the difference will be lessened by the changes in the Kremlin; the mere beginning of this sort of difference is still the achievement of a great President.

In our home affairs, too, I am persuaded that Kennedy's Presidency has made a very great difference, although a difference even harder to gauge. For purposes of measurement at least two rather complicated sets of facts must first be understood. On the one hand, our power, our population and our wealth had grown apace through the years after the Second World War; but this growth had been uneven. It had largely failed to benefit one tenth of our people. It had created all sorts of wholly novel problems, such as the problem of the sprawl of the suburbs and the decay of our great cities at their centers. Above all, by accentuating the contrast between the affluent Americans and the inhabitants of the "other America" of poverty and racial discrimination, the growth of our wealth, while enriching so many, had also inflamed the ancient, shameful, agonizing problem of injustice based on a color bar. For all these reasons a shocking backlog of unfinished business—of business not even begun in many cases—awaited Kennedy when he entered the White House. On the other hand, in the many years while this backlog was accumulating, there had been no proportional accumulation of ideas about the best ways to handle all this unfinished business. On the left, the American liberals were still repeating the same slogans that they had used since 1948 when they ceased their mystic postwar chant of "Revive the OPA!" And these slogans, about indiscriminately unbalancing the budget, for instance, were hardly more applicable, in the America of 1961 than the drive to revive wartime price controls in the America of 1947. On the right the American businessmen were also using slogans still more out of date, about rigidly balancing the budget in good times and bad, for instance. Almost all of the businessmen were still paying their customary lip service to all the shibboleths Kennedy attacked in the famous, highly conservative Yale speech that so offended so many self-styled conservatives.

In short, there was a great deal to do; no one had any very clear idea of how to do it; and a good many people were still saying that any attempt to do anything at all would be wicked, unconstitutional and fraught with sinister risks. There was so much to do, in fact, that John F. Kennedy was only able to make a start in his short years in office. He was cut off too untimely to liquidate the backlog of unfinished business. The greatest steps forward were actually taken after his death, when the Congress, whipped on by Lyndon B. Johnson, enacted the Civil Rights Bill, the tax cut and a long series of other measures Kennedy had initiated. Yet I suggest that if we look back to the time when Kennedy became President, we find that although he was killed too soon to see more than the first fruits of his efforts, his brief years in office nonetheless transformed the American domestic scene. From the beginning he was like a brisk young judge who inherits a calendar intolerably crowded with long-neglected cases. Crowded court calendars are not cleared overnight, but the great thing is to go to work with a will to succeed; Kennedy's will to succeed was iron-strong. Thus the outstanding problems began to be boldly tackled. This, in itself, was a renovating new departure. But the true renovation that Kennedy wrought was more important still. He not only tackled problems long neglected; he also set us the invaluable example of a new style of attack on our problems—a style that should influence us for many years to come.

As the oldest nation with a written constitution, whose founding fathers were farseeing and highly articulate political thinkers, we Americans have always been much more given to ideology than most of us suppose. But in the swiftly moving era in which we now live, the consecrated ideologies of the past need constant adaptation to retain real meaning in the present. Yet both the programs of the left and the programs of the right have long been parroted without adaptation; and thus both sets of programs have come to seem equally silly to anyone who looks at the facts. Faced with this seeming dilemma, Kennedy simply brushed all the ideological programs aside with splendid unconcern. "To hell with ideology," he seemed to say. "Let us have the courage to face the facts. Let us have the energy to deal with the facts. And let us have the common sense to deal with the facts without prejudice, taking them as they are, and doing the best we can to make things better." Courage, energy and common sense, clear-mindedness, practicality, a hearty dislike for slogans of whatever kind, and a flat refusal to admit defeat—these were the characteristics of John F. Kennedy in action. They comprised his pragmatic yet hopeful style, which he offered as an example to us. He indulged in no flimflam. He promised few palliatives. He never attitudinized. He was not rhetorical or falsely folksy or cheaply grandiose. But he had a vision of this nation's greatness, which he somehow conveyed to the rest of us. And so, on that snowy day in January, 1961, which now seems so tragically long ago, he said to the people of America, "Let us begin"; and begin we did.

To this assessment of Kennedy as President, I must add one further fact—a fact that only became entirely clear to me on the day before the President's funeral, when the long lines of sorrowing Americans, old and young, rich and poor, white and black and yellow, many from neighboring Washington but just as many who had come from afar, were still filing by the bier in the Capitol rotunda with bowed heads and tear-filled eyes. The fact is that Kennedy was loved. Furthermore, he was not merely loved as Franklin Roosevelt was loved, by the millions he led and sought to serve. Great leaders, with a true concern for their people, are always loved in this way. But Kennedy was loved in quite another way too; and for this I can think of no recent precedent. Even Roosevelt did not command the love of his closest collaborators, who saw the real man behind the public personage. They admired him; they believed in him; they sought to aid him by all means in their power; but Harry Hopkins himself, who was F.D.R.'s closest friend, cannot quite be said to have loved his chief. Yet on that day before Kennedy's funeral, when I spent an accidental hour with one of the toughest-minded members of the Kennedy team, I found a man who was truly heartbroken, as one might be heartbroken by the loss of a beloved elder brother. In the days and weeks and months that followed after, I found the same thing again and again, in all the memorable company of outstandingly able, coolly intelligent men whom Kennedy had brought into the Government.

One man who had served the President daily, and must have taken the bad with the good, quite simply said, "I minded more than when my father died, and I loved my father." Another said, "It is the worst thing that has ever happened to me, and that is how I shall remember it as long as I'm alive." It is curious, if you think about it—this power that Kennedy had over these men who daily saw the lines and faults and blemishes that show on every politician's private face. This reverent affection for him breaks the rule that no man is a hero to his valet. I have thought about it long and often, and I think I have arrived at the reason for it, which was also the reason for my own feeling for him. To all the qualities that made him a leader of men, Kennedy added yet another quality that had little to do with leadership but much to do with his impact on those close to him. As an English poet long ago wrote of a very different sort of lost leader:

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene.

THE END

On way to funeral mass in Washingto

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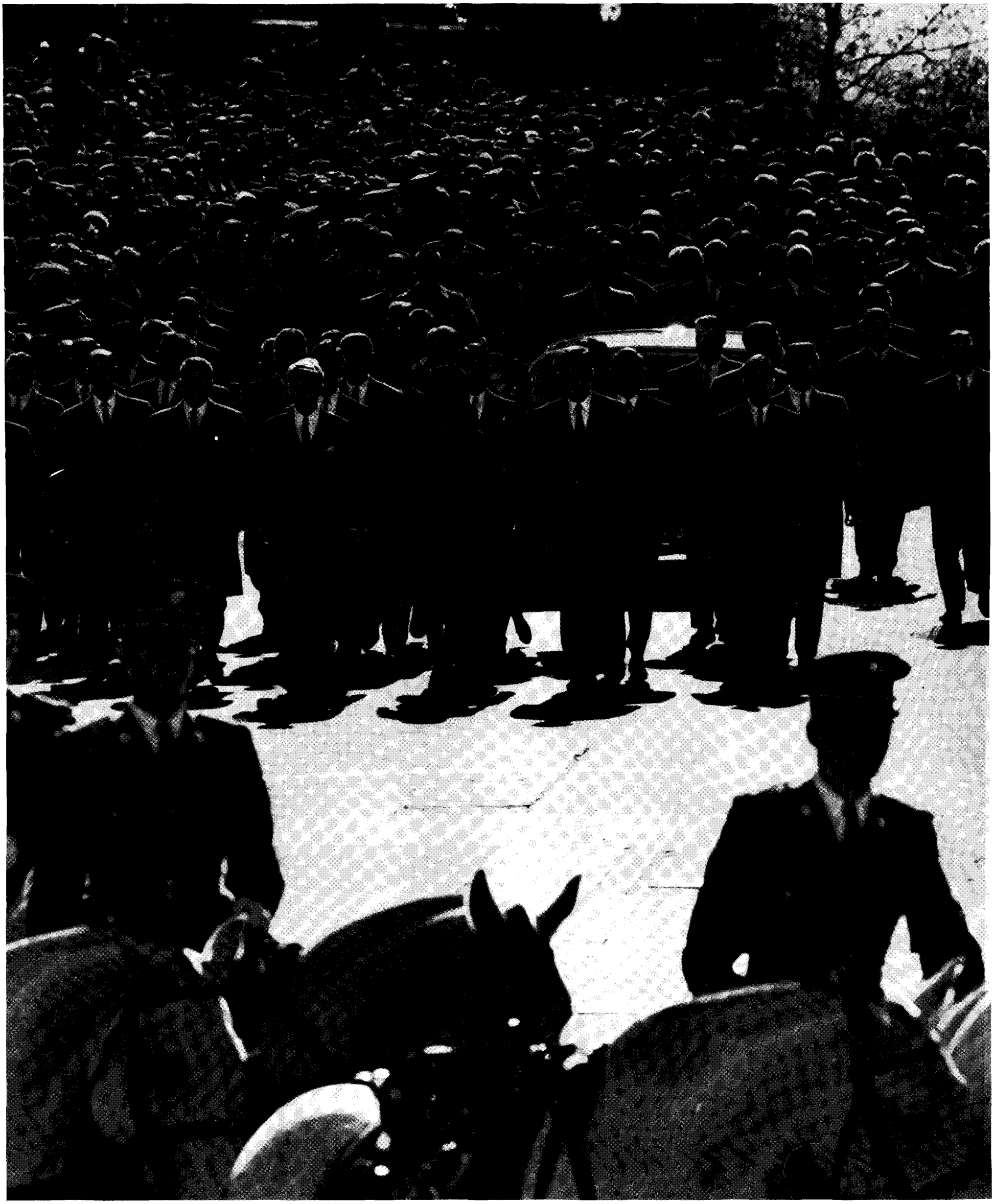

year ago, caisson bearing the late President's coffin is followed by Kennedy's widow, flanked by his brothers, and heads of state from all over the world.

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THE LEGACY OF JOHN F. KENNEDY

The commercialization of J.F.K.

Exploiting the grief, manufacturers turn out tawdry souvenirs. But Americans have yet to find the fitting memorial.

By Anne Chamberlin

In a recent book Tom Wicker lamented the "political canonization" of John F. Kennedy and the "sad calcification of his humanity into stone and bronze." He needn't have worried. In the drugstores and the gift shops of the nation they've got him in tin, china and chocolate.

In Washington one need stroll no farther than the drugstore around the corner from the White House to see, surrounded by those faintly putrescent plastic leaves that get nailed to the display cases at this time of year, the gilt-trimmed, gilt-speckled tin tray with his photograph in color in the middle, where you would put the beer glasses or the diet-cola bottles. This large size is the best. The late President's likeness is firmly anchored to the surface, there is an excerpt from his inaugural address printed on gold paper glued to the back, and a tab so that you can hang it on the wall. The smaller, or nut-dish size, has merely a color photograph pasted to tin, and wouldn't survive the dishwasher. Nearby, the square, white-china his-and-hers ashtray would permit two faces bearing a warped resemblance to President and Mrs. Kennedy to stare up at you through the discarded filter tips, cold cigar butts and pipe droppings back home in the rumpus room. Alternatively, this same useful accessory can be had in a more provincial version, shaped like a small china frying pan.

It is now possible to eat an entire meal off President and Mrs. Kennedy plates. They come in sizes for dinner, salad, butter and dessert. One dinner-sized plate, showing the President's likeness in sepia and the words IN MEMORIAM painted in gold Gothic lettering, comes in a green box that says that it is a Gift of Distinction. (President Johnson, portrayed without his glasses, also comes boxed as a Gift of Distinction, but in one store I was told that he is outsold by IN MEMORIAM by about 100 to one.)

Another dinner plate, which costs two dollars plus tax, has a drawing of President Kennedy's grave about where the lamb chops would land and bears the words 'THE ETERNAL LIGHT' GRAVE OF JOHN F. KENNEDY 35TH PRESIDENT. In the store where it is sold, it is displayed between unpainted wooden back scratchers and a black-china piggy bank, along with a John F. Kennedy picture puzzle, a large plaster Kennedy bust painted gold and marked down to two dollars because, as the salesman explained, "it has a little chip out of it," and a blue-china pitcher shaped like a cow.

But perhaps no more imaginative reminder of the late President has been expressed in china than the Japanese-made rocking-chair salt-and-pepper set. This unusual object, or set of objects, is at first glance a sort of two-part statuette. It consists of a small china rocking chair, looking not unlike a commode, except it has JFK painted in gold on the back so that you *know* whose rocking chair it is. Seated in the chair, but removable, is a grotesque little figure of J.F.K. with a rubber plug at the seat of the pants, where one puts in the salt, with three holes in the back of the shirt where the salt comes out. There is a similar plug in the bottom of the rocking chair for pepper and two similar holes in its back. It costs $1.25, plus the tax.

Not only in Washington, but all over the country, the vast outpouring of the Kennedy-remembrance industry has entered into the mainstream of the consumer economy. The Kennedy key chains, the Kennedy highball glasses, the Kennedy fountain pens, the Kennedy spoons, the Kennedy cups and saucers, the imitation Kennedy half-dollars (which cost a dollar), the foil-wrapped Kennedy-shaped chocolates or the foil-wrapped chocolate medallions march side by side with the sweatshirts that say U.S. NECKING TEAM and the big round badges that say I LIKE GIRLS. In the drugstores, the Kennedy busts, welded together at the scalp like those "shrunken human heads" for sale in Ecuador, accumulate a thick and greasy dust across the aisle from the denture adhesive cream and the pink "soft-sleeping" foam-rubber curlers. The words "Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country" have been borrowed from Kennedy's inaugural address and chiseled into crude cast-iron or wooden plaques to hang on the kitchen wall where it used to say MOTHER and GOD BLESS OUR HOME.

By mail order one may obtain a "*Lest We Forget!* complete Kennedy Memorial Collection" that includes "an authentic parchmentized reproduction of his

This crude bust of Kennedy sells for $3.95.

J.F.K. figurine sprinkles salt from holes in shirt; the rocker holds pepper. Cost: $1.25.

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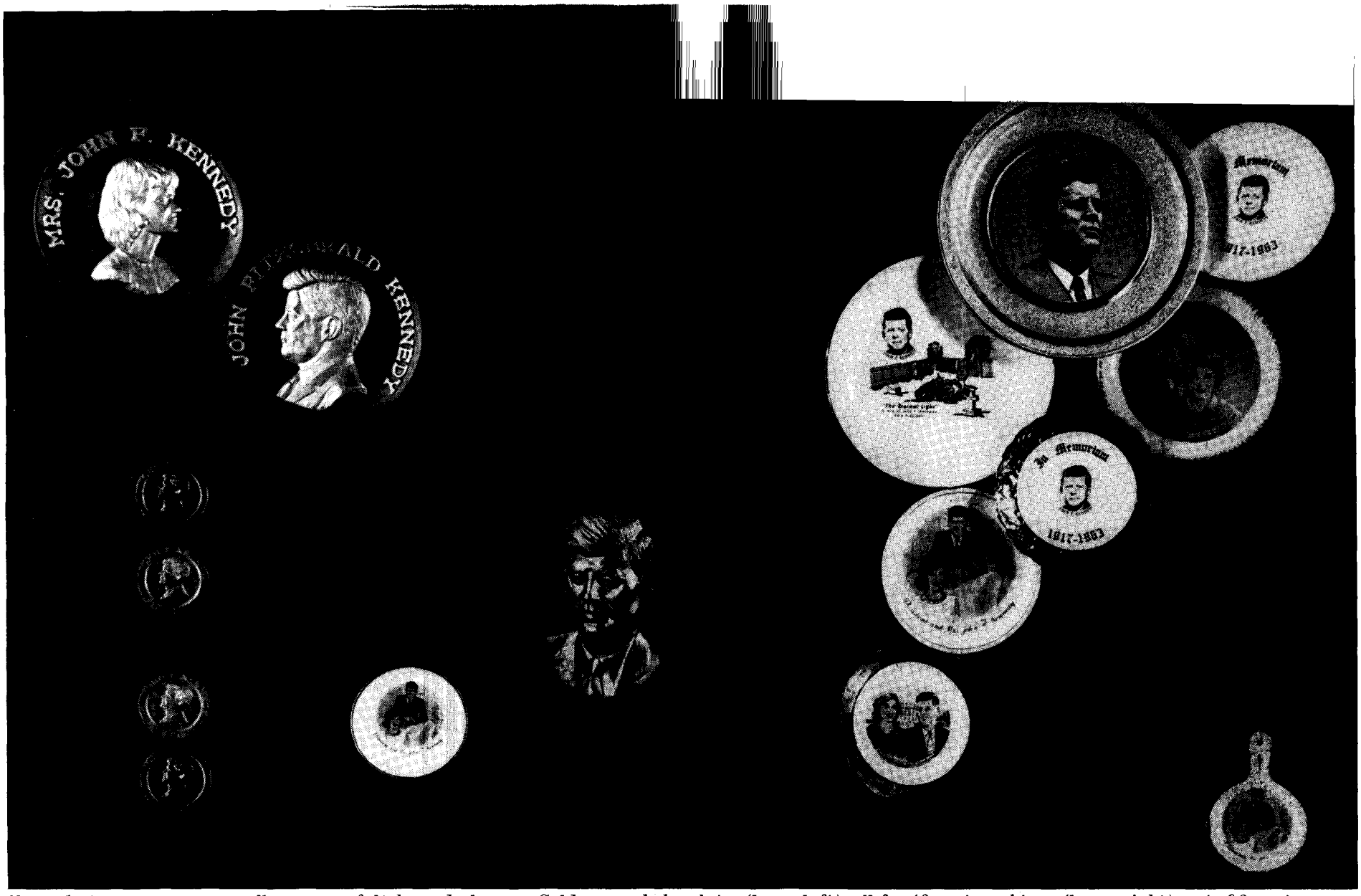

Kennedy images appear on all manner of disks and plaques: Gold-covered chocolates (lower left) sell for 10 cents; ashtray (lower right) costs 98 cents.

historical inaugural address, suitable for framing . . . A wonderful gift idea . . . Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded." And a "memorial sampler" that you embroider yourself has an "exclusive design" that shows "the White House, eternal flame, quotation and shamrock border."

In Washington it is particularly ironic that the Kennedy trinkets, most of which would make President Kennedy wince, can be found in greatest profusion along Pennsylvania Avenue, that noble sweep which Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant envisioned as the "grand axis" of the city, and which, before he died, President Kennedy had hoped to resurrect from the ever-encroaching squalor. A man who never in his political life would consent to putting on a funny hat for photographers would enjoy knowing that his "likeness" is most highly concentrated in that part of the nation's capital devoted to barstool safety belts and books entitled *More Jokes for the John.*

It is tempting to dismiss most Kennedy mementos as tasteless junk and the people who sell them as macabre hypocrites. I know of one merchant who remarked of the Kennedy half-dollar that "Jack looks better on it than he did alive." When I bought one of the Kennedy rocking-chair salt-and-pepper sets, because I didn't think anyone would believe me when I described it, the saleslady wrapped it for me with elaborate reverence and, as she handed me my package and my change, she arranged her face into that expression of a shared bereavement that one most often encounters in undertakers.

"I wasn't trying to take advantage of a situation," a leading manufacturer of the Kennedy charms maintains. "I had a call for it. My customers in Washington asked for it. They also wanted the eternal flame."

But the sobering fact is that most of the people who buy these things are sincerely groping for a way to commemorate President Kennedy. A New Yorker, purchasing a half-dollar key ring, explained, "We just went through a terrible era in our lives. I want a remembrance of it. It's like taking a snapshot—for the same reason. I want to remember it." This may even extend to the person who casually bites the head off a Kennedy-shaped chocolate. Even some of the storekeepers see it in the same light. "It's a sympathetic feeling," one of them told me. "People want a feeling of association with President Kennedy." As another salesman saw his mission: "It is a pleasure to sell something associated with such a good leader. I think it makes the salesman feel good and the customer feel good."

And if the IN MEMORIAM plates so miserably fail to memorialize President Kennedy on an individual scale, the last year has shown that it has been just as difficult to establish meaningful memorials of grander proportions. People and governments alike have attempted to express feelings which somehow have refused to lend themselves to bronze or marble or paint or cement.

There was a worldwide urge to name things for him. So the name of Cape Canaveral was changed, and Idlewild Airport, a piazza in Ravenna, the Quai de Passy in Paris, the Philadelphia stadium, a peak in the Dolomites, a bridge in Vienna, the airport in La Paz, Bolivia, a playground in Syracuse, a street in Teheran, a high school in Brooklyn. There was a rush to build new things so they, too, could bear his name—like a new ferry in New York and an aircraft carrier. The house where he was born in Brookline, Mass., was declared to be a national registered landmark. Finally Robert Kennedy had to write to a new library in Maryland asking it *not* to change its name in his brother's honor, saying that "if the name John F. Kennedy is used excessively, its effectiveness and meaning will be greatly diminished. . . . It is difficult to control or restrict the use of a name. Therefore we rely on the discretion and good judgment of those seeking to honor him."

And then there were the postage stamps. Thirty-five countries so far have issued Kennedy-memorial stamps. Sierra Leone has issued 14 of them, Yemen three. Honduras, Nigeria and El Salvador have issued them. In this country the print order for the Kennedy stamp was raised from 250 million to 500 million, and five million were sold at the first-day sale in Boston. We may very well run out of Kennedy stamps. The mint doubled the output of Kennedy half-dollars, but demand for them is so great, and so many are siphoned off to make the two-dollar "mementos," that they have occasioned a full-blown black market.

Congress has passed legislation making the projected cultural center a Kcnnedy memorial. Kennedy strongly backed this project during his lifetime, and it is the kind of endeavor for which Washington hostesses will joyfully give champagne suppers to raise money. But some people have difficulty associating their memories of Kennedy himself with a vast structure, rather far from the part of town where the action is, containing a theater, an opera house and a concert hall. (His wife once teased him about his musical taste, claiming his favorite tune was *Hail to the Chief.*)

The Kennedy family has tried to concentrate people's memorializing energies on the Memorial Library, and millions of dollars have poured in for it from all over the world. U.S. Government employees gave $900,000, Liberia gave $25,000, Dahomey gave $500. Small children have given fistfuls of sticky pennies.

But while it is easier to connect him to the library than to anything else, nothing conceived so far has been entirely satisfying, and one cannot help feeling that *the* memorial to President Kennedy still eludes our grasp. Perhaps, as the artist William Walton has commented, "the very concept of a monument to a great man is an antique one, better suited to ancient times, and should be superseded by some more fitting method of reminding ourselves that great men have walked among us."

One need look no farther than Grant's Tomb and the Washington Monument to take the measure of how we have failed past Presidents. The exception is the Lincoln Memorial; most people feel that it is profoundly successful, and that somehow Lincoln "inhabits" it, although he is buried far away in Springfield, Ill.

Those who require something tangible to remember President Kennedy by deserve better than cheap china ashtrays. The others might remember the words of Pericles, a man President Kennedy was fond of quoting, who took the view that "the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone, but in the hearts of men." THE END

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Eternal flame, symbol of undying spirit.

THE LEGACY OF JOHN F. KENNEDY

STILL THEY COME TO THE HILLSIDE

At the Kennedy grave in Arlington, where millions pause to reflect on the tragedy and its meaning, somehow "it all comes together."

By JIMMY BRESLIN

J. D. Bradshaw of Suitland, Md., comes up the canvas-covered walk and onto the dusty gravel path, and he stands in the sun with his hat off. He is dark. He is bald and has a thin face. His neat wool suit is the color of mustard. Dust from the gravel walk streaks his polished mahogany shoes. He stands straight and correct and looks at the flame coming out of the black metal circle on top of the still unfinished grave. The flame is orange and it wavers with the breeze and tastes the air, the tip of its tongue dissolving into black smoke. The smoke carries against a bank of red roses and white carnations and a ribbon saying, IN MEMORY OF JOHN F. KENNEDY, OFFALY S. AND A. CLUB OF NEW YORK. OFFALYMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF DUBLIN.

J. D. Bradshaw looks at the flame for a moment. Then he moves on.

"Is this your first time here?" he is asked.

"Second," he says.

"Tell me something. Do you just walk by, or do you feel anything when you come here?"

"I feel a great loss," he says. He walks on slowly and in silence. Then he stops. "I feel he is my friend. A personal friend who I've never met."

He starts walking again. "Care for a cigarette?" he is asked.

He looks around. "No," he says. "I don't think I should smoke here. We're too close to the grave."

They come every day, people like him, to the grave of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. They come in long lines, men and women, the children asking questions about the flame, or, too young to talk, sitting in aluminum strollers and looking at it. They come up the canvas-covered walks and onto the dusty gravel path, and they pause and then go on, and there is no way to count how many of them have come since he was buried into this hillside.

Last May, the Arlington National Cemetery office said 2,745,000 people had visited the grave of John Kennedy in the six months since he was murdered. That was an average of 15,000 people a day. Then the summer came, and the crowds grew larger, and the soldiers on duty were too busy directing the crowds to count, and now nobody knows what the figure is. It is less in the rain and the snow and more in good weather and on weekends. But no matter what the weather, or the date, there are people in lines who come to see the grave.

On a recent Sunday, with a bright sun high in the sky, but long shadows and the chill of fall on the ground, the two lines leading up the hill to the grave were 15 minutes long. The end of the line was on the asphalt and bluestone driveway which passes a cluster of small white headstones for people who served the country and then died in the year 1957.

Second Lieutenant William Sylvester of San Diego, the officer in charge of the detail handling traffic in the cemetery, was standing at the foot of the hill in full-dress uniform. He took charge of the Kennedy gravesite the day after the burial, and he has been there since.

"This is an average weekend for the last four or five months," Sylvester was saying. "The weather has started to be an obstacle for them, but we always have people here. There was one, a little old lady, who came here every day for four months. But she was the only real regular. Mostly, they are people from out of state now. The ones from this area all have been here by now. Mrs. Kennedy? Yes, I've been here when she came." The lieutenant took a drag on his cigarette. "That wasn't too good, the first couple of times she was here."

The people on the end of the line spoke quietly, and then as they came closer to the grave the conversation ended and as they passed by they were silent, with only the sound of feet scuffing through gravel and the hum of cameras.

A white-picket fence with a small gate encloses the grave. Visitors' flowers line the inside of the fence. The grass in front of the grave is parched and thin from the long, dry summer. Patches of ground show through it. On the left is a small headstone, with a curved top. It is for his son, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, who lived only three days in August of 1963. On the right is a small granite cross with a base. It says it is for Baby Girl Kennedy, who was born and died on August 23, 1956. At the base of the cross it says, SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME. Their father is between them, under a covering of pine boughs that have small brown cones on them. So there are three of them here in this grave in Arlington, and up in New York City there is a widow and two children who no longer have a father, and one of them, the girl, looks at a photographer in Central Park and says, "Why are you taking my picture now? My daddy is dead."

Five military hats, cracked and bumpy from weather, sit on top of the pine boughs. They were worn by pallbearers at the funeral. A military-police armband, a loop of blue infantry braid and a brown shoulder strap from a soldier on the cemetery detail are on the front of the grave. The eternal flame is at the top of a mound with a fireproof blanket of green imitation grass under it. Underneath the imitation grass is the dirt, and underneath the dirt is the body. Somewhere, an architect, John Carl Warnecke, has a tomb designed which will be erected someday. A big, beautiful tomb that will never be as good as these five cracked, lumpy hats which sit in a semicircle around the back of the grave and grow sodden in the winter. There is an Army hat, then a Navy cap, then a Marine hat, then a Coast Guard cap and, on the other side, the Air Force hat. The hats were on young heads and the insignia were on young shoulders and arms, and they are, sitting atop these pine boughs, everything that the emotion of John F. Kennedy stands for.

There was youth and verve and hope and, above all, class. The class that only the young can bring to us because age breeds cowardice. The old walk away from ideals because ideals are hard to stand by, and when they walk away, they use the name of experience, but it really is cowardice.

I don't know what kind of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy was. To rate him as an actual day-by-day President is a task for historians. Kennedy himself thought that he was not going to be a very good President, day-by-day. But he was a President who had an effect. He had style and he was young, with the creed and feelings of the young, and this sounds like some meaningless thing out of some speech, but stand by the grave, with these five cracked, lumpy hats on top of it, and it all comes together.

On the hill above the grave is the Custis-Lee Mansion. Down the slope from the mansion is a new stand. People can look down on the grave from it, and then look past the grave at the long blacktop roadway crossing the Potomac River from Washington. It is called the Memorial Bridge and on November 25, 1963, everybody stood on this hill in the chill air and watched the procession move across this bridge. Even from far away you could make out the coffin. The sun was glaring on the polished brass axles of the black caisson, and as it came closer you felt old, old and tired and cold, in the fall air.

"I feel like I'm 185 years old," one of them, a writer named Murray Kempton, said quietly.

It is the same now. You stand on the hill and look down at the grave and then across at the roadway. There are people all around you, and they are important. Names to take down and things to ask them. What's your name, please? I'm writing a story and I need names. Jack Murphy of Jersey City. Yours? George Gruber of Pittsburgh. Yours? Thank you. You write them down, and then you turn away because you're too tired and too old to do anything more with them. Too tired to think about a world so advanced that we know nothing of its people, who murder Presidents.

There is more sense in walking over to the left, through the fields of graves and the leaves falling on them, and climbing over a small fieldstone fence, to the yellow wooden garages where the cemetery workers store their equipment.

Clinton Pollard was sitting in one of the little offices where the men check in.

"How are you?" he said.

"All right."

"I haven't seen you since this time last year," he said.

"I know. How's it been going?"

"Oh, we've been busy. We're always busy here. So many die, you know."

Pollard had on a khaki work suit and Army boots. He is 42, and he was a private in Burma in World War II, and now he is an equipment operator, grade 10, which means that he gets $3.01 an hour for burying bodies in Arlington. A year ago he dug the grave for John F. Kennedy. He is a workingman and he was one of the last to serve the President, and he got $3.01 an hour for it and he said the whole thing was an honor.

"The grass is sort of patchy," Pollard was told.

"It's been a dry summer," he said. "I been busy, but once in a while I go over there to look at it. You remember when I dug the grave, I said I liked that good dirt that come up and I wanted to bring it back here to the garage and grow good turf for the grave on it? Well, we did that. But the summer was so tough it just dried it out. You can't do what you want to do all the time. But it's still kind of an honor just to try doing something."

Pollard was silent for a while. He is just a gravedigger who tries, and he is not very important, and around the country there are big people who stand and ask for things in the name of John F. Kennedy. They run for office and write books and wear their sorrow until it becomes frayed, and when you come down to it, the gravedigger worrying about the parched grass on the grave shows more dignity than all of them.

At the end of the day, in the dusk, Pollard offered to drive his visitor to the airport. The grounds were empty now, except for the M.P.'s on patrol. Through the trees, like a match in a dark room, you could see the flame on the grave.

"He was a good man," Clinton Pollard said quietly. THE END

Crowds linger at the simple grave across the Potomac from the Lincoln Memorial.

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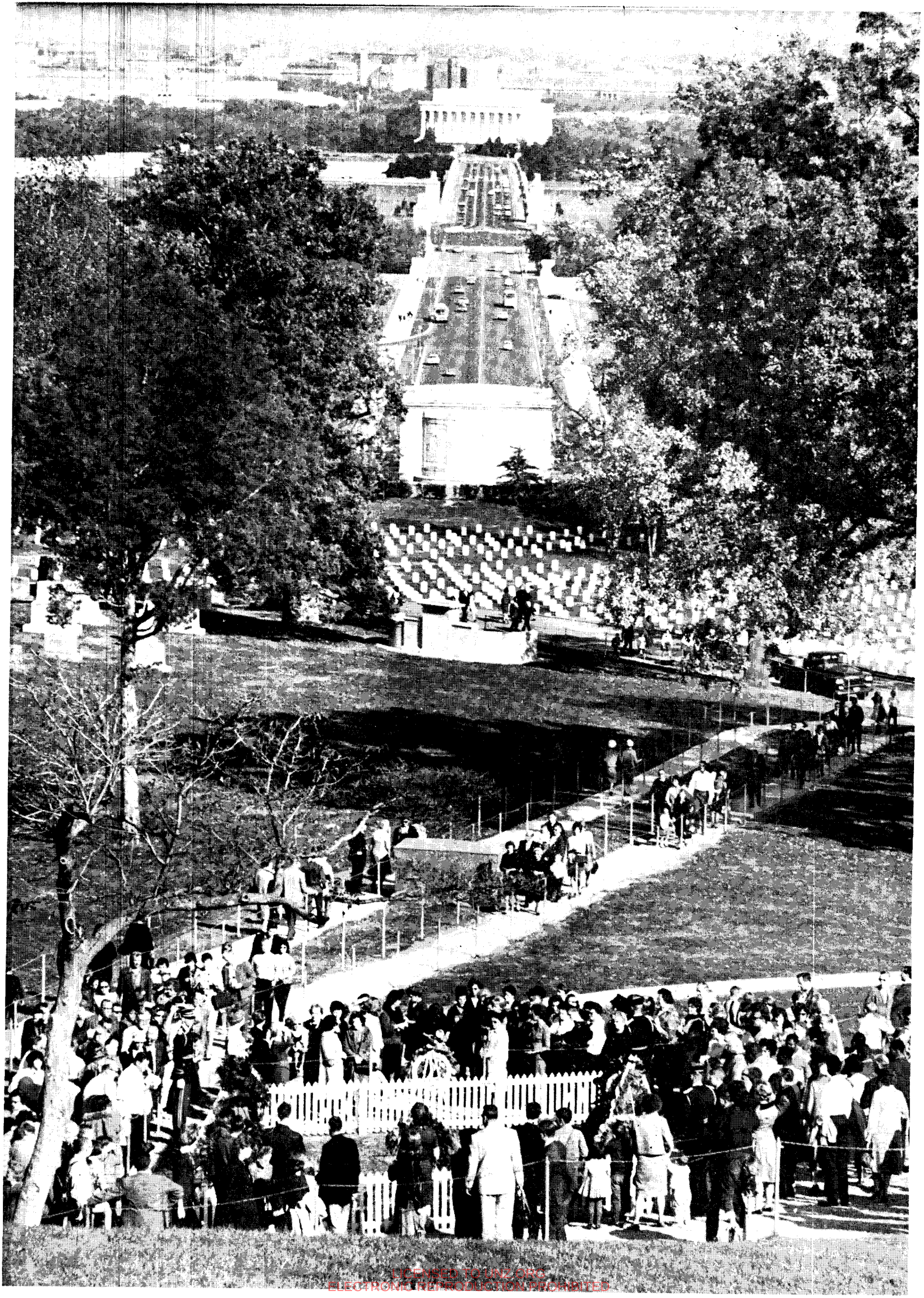

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Funeral procession in "Lord Jim" is typical of the film's costly spectacle. As extras, Director Richard Brooks had to hire 300 Cambodian soldier

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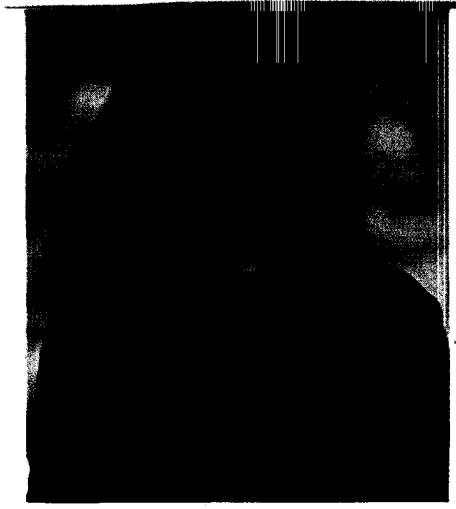
chose real duty was to spy on him.



Daliah Lavi fell hard for a stunt man.

Peter O'Toole's hair was dyed for "Jim."

The filming of a motion picture can be an adventure in itself, just as exciting as the original story. That is what happened with

LORD JIM

By PETE HAMILL *Photographs by KEN DANVERS*

Once upon a time in Hollywood—before the big studios collapsed, and before the big stars became big producers, and before the big directors began calling themselves big artists—the making of a motion picture was a relatively simple matter. All that was needed was money, a script, and some space on the back lot of a studio. Today all of that particular Hollywood is gone forever. Movies are made on locations, and their creation is often more of an adventure than some of the films themselves. Earlier this year, a group of movie adventurers journeyed to the mysterious East to film Lord Jim, *based on Joseph Conrad's novel, and starring Peter O'Toole, Daliah Lavi, James Mason, Eli Wallach, Jack Hawkins, Curt Jurgens, Paul Lukas, and Akim Tamiroff. It cost nine million dollars, and when it was finished, almost all involved agreed with Mr. O'Toole: "They should have made a bloody movie about making the bloody movie."*

We open with a long shot of a man named Richard Brooks, standing alone on an empty sound stage in the Shepperton Studios outside of London. In one hand he is carrying a briefcase, and as we zoom closer we see that it is splattered with travel stickers from exotic ports of call. There is something about Brooks's large-featured, balding head that suggests command. The brow is furrowed, somewhat weary, and the eyes squint. He talks about his life and we dissolve to a swift montage of journalism school at Temple University and newspapering in Philadelphia, Kansas City, Mo., Atlantic City and New York. He writes news for New York radio stations and radio plays for Orson Welles.

Then we cut to World War II. Brooks enlists as a foot soldier in the Marines and serves three years. He produces a novel, *The Brick Foxhole*, sells it to the movies, and moves to Hollywood. He is first a screenwriter, and in 1950 makes the switch to directing. He turns out crisp, well-paced films, which also make money. His screenplay for *Elmer Gantry* wins the Academy Award for best picture in 1960, and he marries Jean Simmons, the female lead. He is a success.

But always, in some secret part of his mind, Brooks is possessed of a private demon: to make a film of Joseph Conrad's novel of the dishonor and the subsequent search for redemption of a young British officer called *Lord Jim*.

"I can't even remember when I first read it," he says. "But I knew from the beginning that someday I would have to make a film of it."

He opens the briefcase and brings out a script. He pats it as if it were some secret document, suggesting hidden treasure. It is the script he wrote for *Lord Jim*, the rights to which he bought in 1958 for about $6,500.

"I knew it would make a great movie," Brooks says, pulling thoughtfully on a briar pipe. "So I began to think about it—hard. For two and a half years I did nothing but work on the script. Even when I was writing the script I kept reading the novel until I finished it fifty-two times." He pauses, then gestures dramatically with his pipe. "Fifty-two times! Conrad himself didn't know this book as well as I do.

"I'm still having a bit of trouble with the dialogue," he admits. "But dialogue is nothing compared to what happened *out there*." In close-up, his eyes roll slightly and his voice is ominous. At 51, he looks his age.

And we cut to Paris for a flashback. Introductory shots show the trees leafing out on the Champs-Élysées, the Eiffel Tower, caped gendarmes, and newspaper kiosks. We pan along with a melancholy young girl named Daliah Lavi as she descends into the *métro*. She is pretty, with olive skin and liquid, dark-brown eyes, and when she smiles she shows lovely white teeth. She is 18 in this year of 1960, and she has been around. Born in the kibbutz of Shavei-Zion, north of Haifa, Israel, she decided at a precocious 10 that she wanted to be a ballet dancer. Then, in a scene right out of some other movie, hero Kirk Douglas showed up in the village one day to film a scene for a picture called *The Juggler*. Daliah invited Douglas to her tenth-birthday party and charmed him to the point where he wanted to adopt her and bring her back with him to California. Her German immigrant parents, Reuben and Ruth Lewinbook, demurred. She was too young. But Douglas underwrote her education. She traveled to Sweden, studied ballet for four years, danced with the Stockholm Opera Company, returned at 15 to Israel, where she drifted around the fringes of the film industry. There she met the young man who has caused, on this dull afternoon in Paris, that look of restless, unhappy melancholy.

"He was a French Zionist," she remembers, the corners of her mouth flickering, and her eyes growing even more liquid. "He came to Israel on a vacation and took me dining and dancing. I was very young and we fell in love. Fifteen

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Director Richard Brooks seeks out scene sites near ruins of Angkor Wat.

'I always thought Buddhists were moral people with clean minds who didn't make a habit of taking what they did not deserve.'

Lord Jim

days later we were married. He told me he was a big industrialist in the Paris garment business, and we would live there. Paris! I was excited and happy."

But when she arrives in Paris in 1958, her new husband brings her to the home she is now approaching on the *métro*. It is a shabbily furnished flat upstairs from his secondhand clothing store. It is not the Paris of the movies or the travel posters at all, but a Paris of poor plumbing, the smell of cooking in the hall, and damp, clammy winters. She feels deceived, quarrels with her husband, but remains married to him for almost three years. Meanwhile, she begins looking for roles in the Paris film industry, and begins to get them. She has appeared in five films, when, on this day, she decides to tell her husband good-bye. As she remembers the dialogue, it was in the best tradition of blasé European films:

SHE: "I'm leaving you."

HE: "Oh?"

SHE: "Yes, I'm leaving you. I'm going to Rome."

HE: "Rome?"

SHE: "Yes, Rome."

HE: "Why do you want to go to Rome? It's hot there."

SHE: "I'm going to Rome to become a movie star."

He shrugs, she packs a bag, takes about $400 and grabs the night train.

Cut back to Richard Brooks.

It is 1961, and he is sitting in his office in Hollywood, working on the script of *Lord Jim*, when the phone rings. It is a man from Columbia Pictures. The word has leaked out that Brooks is working on the script, and Columbia would like to help produce it.

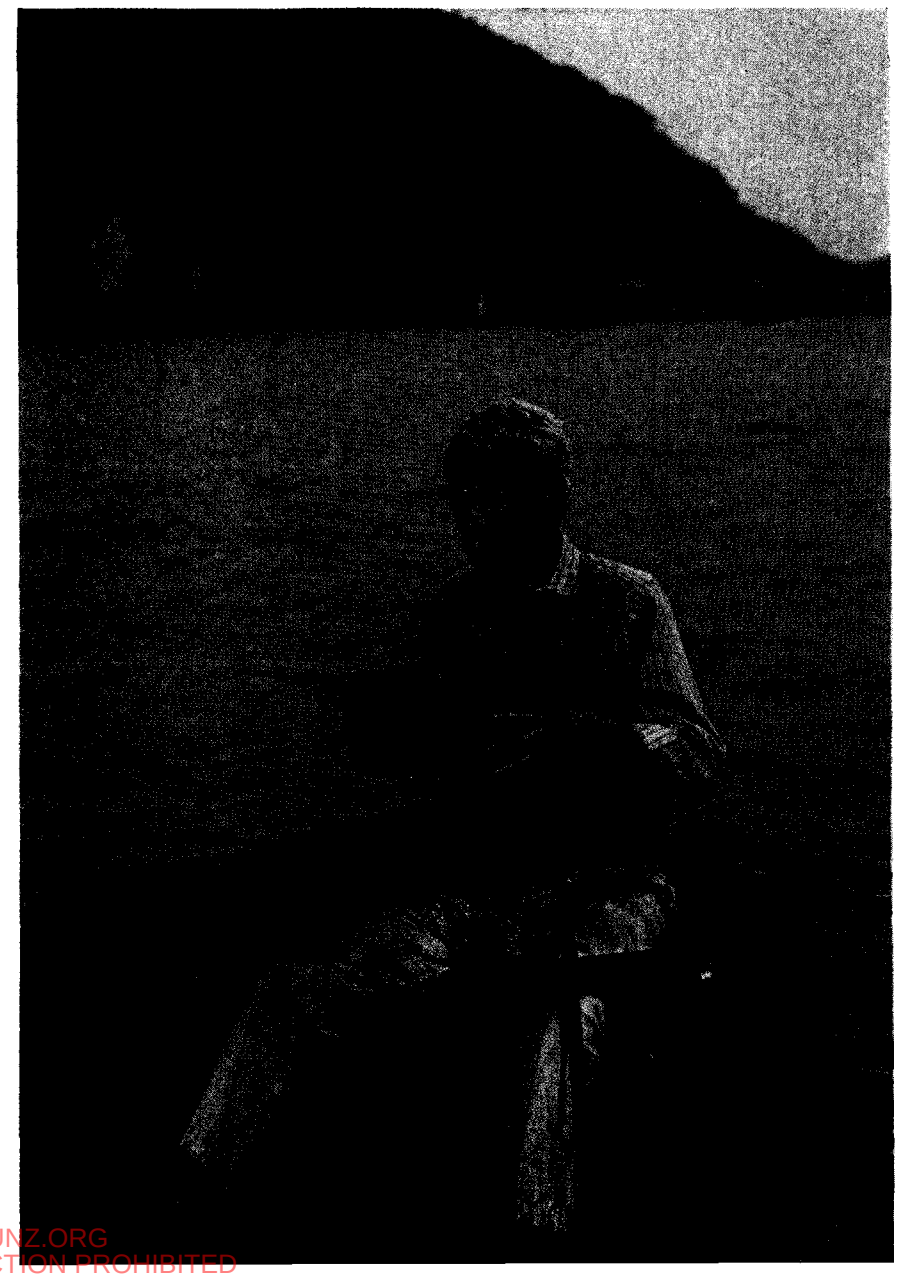
"This was the film of my life," Brooks explains later. "And I told Columbia fine, they produce, but on my conditions: I write, I direct, I cast, I pick locations, I edit. Especially edit. That's the most important part of the job."

Brooks signs a contract with Columbia in 1961. The budget is set at nine million dollars, and shooting is scheduled to begin in November, 1962. But Brooks is still having trouble with his script. In Conrad's novel, Jim is the chief mate on the *Patna* carrying a load of Muslim pilgrims. During a disaster on board, Jim panics and abandons ship, leaving those passengers in his charge either to drown or do their best on board. But the *Patna* does not sink. Jim is betrayed by his fellow officers, disgraced and stripped of his commission. He makes his way halfway around the world to the fictional city of Patusan, in search of redemption. Brooks is plagued by the scene in which Jim abandons ship. He has trouble making it clear that this is technically not against any law, other than the law of honor.

Meanwhile, Brooks has embarked on his first foray into the adventurous East. He journeys through Fiji and Sarawak, Cambodia, Thailand, Bali. He boards and debarks from planes, takes turn-of-the-century steamers up evil-smelling rivers, travels overland in jeeps. "You cannot make a convincing film about events in a foreign land in a studio," he explains later. "Too many people these days travel or read *National Geographic*." But his trip is not like those in

During arduous filming, Daliah Lavi takes a jungle break with Cambodian extra.

In scene from film, O'Toole finishes keg of beer broken open to put out shipboard fire.



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National Geographic. Everywhere the political situation is uneasy. Customs men are supercilious or nasty. After six months he returns to Hollywood.

Miss Lavi is now in Rome, and has caught on. We see her in the important spots on Via Veneto, in casting offices, on sound stages at Cinecitta with rhinestones gleaming in her navel. One day she picks up the Rome *Daily American* and reads that a major American film will begin in a few weeks. It is Irwin Shaw's *Two Weeks In Another Town*, and it stars her old mentor, Kirk Douglas. He has not forgotten her, and she gets a part. The picture is a bomb, but she smiles a lot and travels to Hollywood.

But in Hollywood she is unhappy. She studies English, attends parties, and cries alone in her room. Hollywood, she says, is crude and uncultured. "A Paris it's not," she says, explaining that the real Daliah Lavi would prefer attending concerts, seeing paintings, reading books, as she had done in sophisticated Europe. She spends most of her time in that hotel room until, one morning, we watch her pack. Her three months in another town are over, because her contract has not been renewed, and she flies back to Rome.

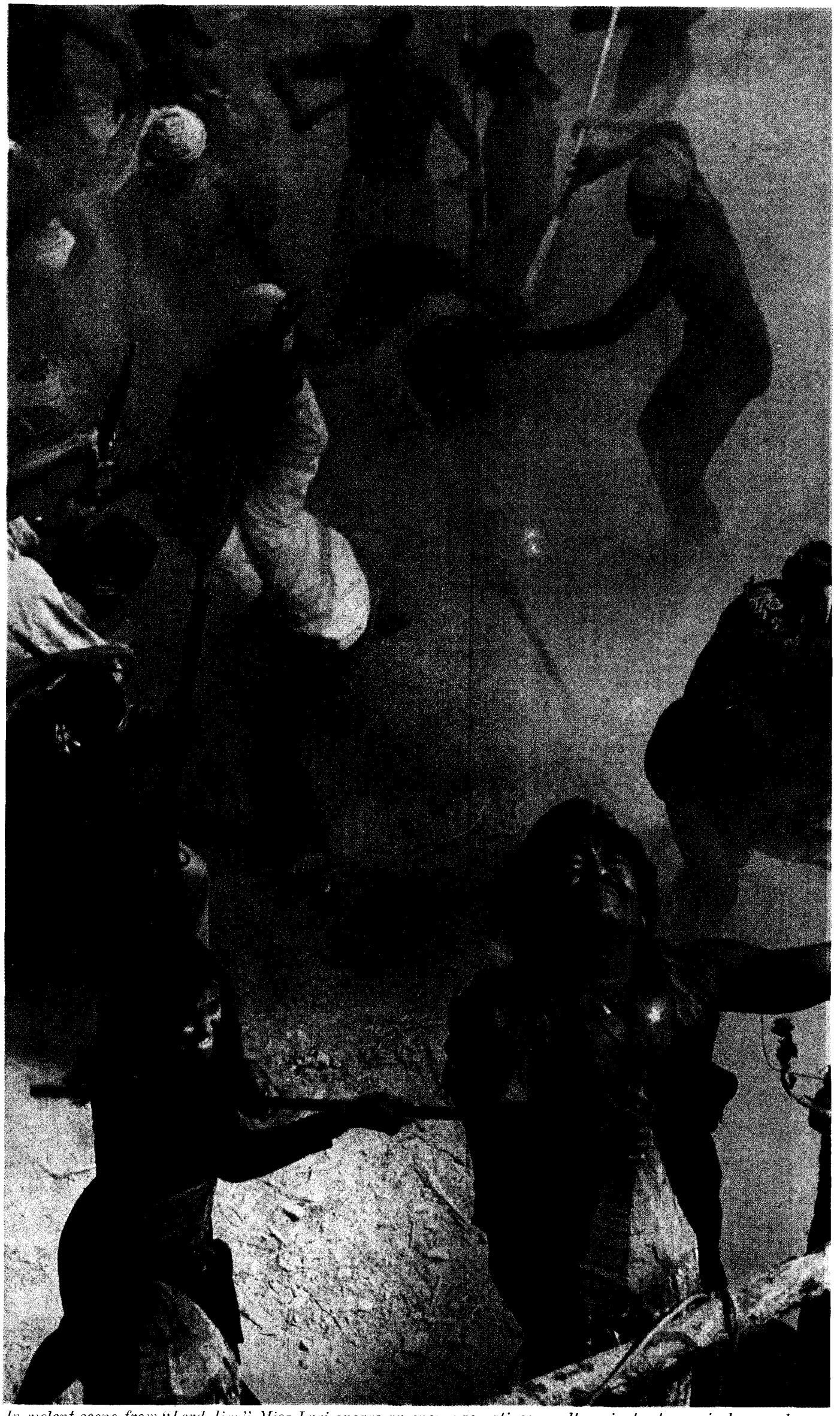
And we do a slow dissolve to an airplane landing in Indonesia. Down the ramp come Richard Brooks and his lovely wife. But in Indonesia the action slows a bit. Brooks wants to use Java as his fictional Patusan, but makes the mistake of bringing Miss Simmons along to his interview with Indonesia's President Sukarno. In a series of close-ups we watch Brooks talking business, Sukarno looking at Miss Simmons, and Miss Simmons looking nervous. Sukarno insists that all film be processed in Djakarta, and viewed by officials before export to London. Brooks reminds the Indonesians that he is working on a nine-million-dollar budget and chances are very strong that he will leave a healthy piece of it behind him. Eyes brighten in the Indonesian faces and a caucus is called. Brooks can use Java, provided he exchanges the entire nine million dollars in rupiahs at the legal rate of 45 to the dollar. Brooks has already found out that he can get 1,800 to the dollar on the black market and leaves in a huff. He heads for Cambodia and the ruins of Angkor Wat.

Brooks is ushered into the office of Prince Sihanouk's secretary in the capital of Pnompenh. The secretary looks like J. Carroll Naish as a heavy, and his name is Ahm Kim Kaoan-Sokhar. Sokhar leans forward on his highly polished desk and says that, Yes, Brooks can use the ruins of Angkor Wat. He will have no restrictions on shooting or delays in customs, and can hire local extras as he goes along. There is only one catch.

One catch? Brooks's face clouds.

Yes, Sokhar says. It seems that in the town of Siemreap there is a hotel eight miles from the Angkor ruins. In order for Brooks's crew of professionals to be housed properly, he must build a 45-room wing on the hotel, all double rooms with air conditioning, toilets and showers. At the official exchange rate the new wing might cost as much as $500,000. He leaves to think it over.

After a side trip to Thailand, where officials raise objections to American movie-making, Brooks decides to give in and build the wing for the Cambodian hotel. He notifies Sokhar in Pnompenh and Sokhar notifies Brooks that as a token of good faith he should deposit 2.1 million riels ($47,500) in the Cambodian national bank. Brooks is even too weary



In violent scene from "Lord Jim," Miss Lavi spears an enemy as natives revolt against a tyrannical general.

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The movie location was crawling with cobras, kraits, gecko lizards, fleas, lice and bats—not to mention actors.

Lord Jim

to question the odd figure. As he prepares once again to depart for Hollywood, we notice that the furrows in his brow have dug even deeper and he is squinting harder than ever.

We cut to London, late 1962. The Tower. Big Ben.

In a dressing room of a West End theater sits Peter O'Toole, a tall, good-looking knife blade of a man. His hair is its natural black now, and without his golden crown he doesn't look like Lawrence of Arabia anymore, except for the haunted look in his eyes. The phone rings. It is, of course, Richard Brooks.

Brooks: "You've got to take this role, Peter. You've simply got to."

O'Toole: "How can I, luv, when I haven't even seen the bloody script?"

Brooks: "Read the script? Why, Peter, this script is so marvelous that all I have to do is read it to you now, over the phone."

O'Toole: "Hold on, luv. You're not going to read the entire bloody . . . "

Brooks: "No, Peter, just parts of it."

The director reads enough of the script to get O'Toole interested, stops, then calls again with more, stops, and then calls again just after Christmas.

O'Toole: "See here, luv, this can't go on. Will you please come to London with a copy of that accursed script?"

Brooks: "I can't."

O'Toole:' 'Well, then, Lord suffering, I'll come to New York!"

With his star signed up, Brooks swiftly lines up the remainder of the cast. He is left with one major problem, the problem of The Girl. "I had hoped to pick up The Girl out in the Orient," Brooks admits later. "But there weren't many left." Those that were left needed teeth capped, bosoms padded, or legs straightened. And none had any talent at all for acting. But on a stopover in Rome, in October, he had seen a film called *Il Demonio*, about a woman in the south of Italy who is possessed of the devil. She is played by Daliah Lavi. Brooks decides she is suitably exotic-looking, contacts her agent and, as he remembers it, the three-way dialogue went something like this:

BROOKS: "I've seen *Il Demonio* and I want to sign Miss Lavi immediately."

AGENT: "I'll have to ask her."

BROOKS: "What do you mean, you have to ask her? This is a nine-million-dollar picture, with Peter O'Toole, and James Mason, and Jack Hawkins and all kinds of big names.

AGENT (nervous): "Well, hold on, and I'll call her." (Picks up other phone and dials.) Miss Lavi? Hello? Miss Lavi, I have Richard Brooks on the phone and he wants to sign you for the female lead in *Lord Jim*."

LAVI: "Well . . . I'll have to read the script."

AGENT (into other phone): "She says she has to read the script."

BROOKS (eyes narrowing): "What do you mean, she has to read the script? Who the hell is she? Elizabeth Taylor? Aaah, the hell with it. . . ."

We dissolve now to Hong Kong. The mournful sound of foghorns drifts across the foggy harbor. Chinese junks bob at anchor like floating houses. We zoom in on Richard Brooks, sitting in a Marine fatigue jacket in the *Lord Jim* production office. Everything seems fine: O'Toole is on his way (with his hair again dyed yellow), Lavi has been signed without seeing a script, the crew has arrived. Brooks is a year behind schedule but anticipates no problems.

It is November 5, 1963, and the door suddenly opens. A man rushes in with a newspaper. A report says that in Pnompenh, His Royal Highness Prince Norodom Sihanouk has just delivered a tirade against the United States, charging that the Central Intelligence Agency has been supporting anti-Sihanouk radio broadcasts from the bordering Vietnam jungles. In retaliation, the prince threatens, he will take two steps: first, recognize Red China and start to do business with her; second, demand an end of that insulting practice of the hated, capitalistic, warmongering Americans—foreign aid.

"This is all we need," Brooks exclaims. At this point, he had already instituted his own modest foreign-aid program. The 45-room wing has already been built on the Auberge du Temple in Siemreap, and a 15-man crew is at that moment building Patusan near Angkor Wat. Brooks consults with his aides, and decides the only solution is work.

By the time Brooks arrives in Pnompenh, he is nervous and irritable, and so is his 110-man British crew. The crew had threatened revolt at one point in Hong Kong, but was calmed by a camera operator who explained that Brooks was an artist and they should understand these things. The situation is not helped by the heat (120 degrees F. by day, 95 at night), the animals going bump in the night (cobras, kraits, gecko lizards, fleas, lice, bats). There are still other complications: Miss Lavi (who has fallen in love with a stunt man), the elephants (who eat the imported prop bananas), the food (one member of the crew hits the Cambodian chef in the face with his fifth straight cremated steak), the prices (rye whiskey is two dollars a shot), and the prickly heat which, despite the use of powders, salves and other medication, leaves Brooks walking around for three days with his arms jutting from his body at 45-degree angles.

But the real drama unfolds in the Palace in Pnompenh, and Sihanouk's government is now beginning to apply rather menacing screws.

Brooks learns that the promise to allow him to hire extras as he goes along is not to be kept. Instead, he must take on 300 Cambodian soldiers, at prices ranging from $2.80 to $5.60 a day (these prices were later quadrupled). It becomes immediately obvious that the 300 soldiers are not there as hired hands; they are watching Brooks. All telephone calls from Angkor Wat to Pnompenh must be cleared through the army, and there are delays of up to 10 hours. The only solution to this worsening situation is to pay more money—to soldiers, to truck drivers to bring in ice, even to the cook for better meals. Nothing much changes.

"I always thought Buddhists were moral people with clean minds who didn't make a habit of taking what they did not deserve," says Brooks sadly. "But if the Buddhists we met in Cambodia are samples, I was wrong."

Sihanouk's anti-Americanism grew in virulence after the Americans astonished him by withdrawing their foreign aid as he had asked. "There was a sense of excitement in the air," recalls actor Eli Wallach. "Especially among the soldiers."

Then, one of the crew members was charged with attempted rape by a Cambodian girl he had fired for not working. It took a $560 bribe to get him off, and while working on the bribe Brooks learned that a series of spontaneous anti-American demonstrations was being planned. The first was scheduled for the second week of March. "This is the crisis," Brooks says. He is scheduled to shoot through March and be out of Cambodia by April 1. But if the demonstrations come off, the entire crew, surrounded by those 300 soldiers, might be caught in a wave of violence. "I wasn't worried about myself," Brooks remembered later. "I was worried about the film."

Beginning the following day, they would work two shifts a day, morning and night, 18 hours a day, until shooting is finished. That way, they should be out just before the spontaneous riots begin. There is a roar of approval, and the next day turns into a hard day's night.

In a series of fast shots we watch the technicians mounting night scenes while Brooks shoots days. We see O'Toole, working hard, and looking thirsty. The Cambodian soldiers look on, heavy with menace, ready for any incident. Poisonous blood bats emerge from the temples during night shooting, threatening to turn all assembled into Bela Lugosis, but nothing happens. Some of the crew are wounded by night-flying bees with one-inch stingers, but all survive. On the night of March 1 a roar goes up in Angkor Wat.

"That's it," shouts Brooks. "We've done it!"

"Let's get the hell out of here," roars O'Toole.

There is a sense of anticlimax, and as the technicians begin tearing down Patusan, we follow Brooks and the actors back to Pnompenh. There is one final payoff to still another government official who wants a piece of the "rape-case" action, but then the crew is free. Brooks is forced by customs officials to leave behind two automobiles and a Massey-Ferguson 203 heavy-duty tractor, and, of course, there is that 45-room hotel wing. And then they are off to London.

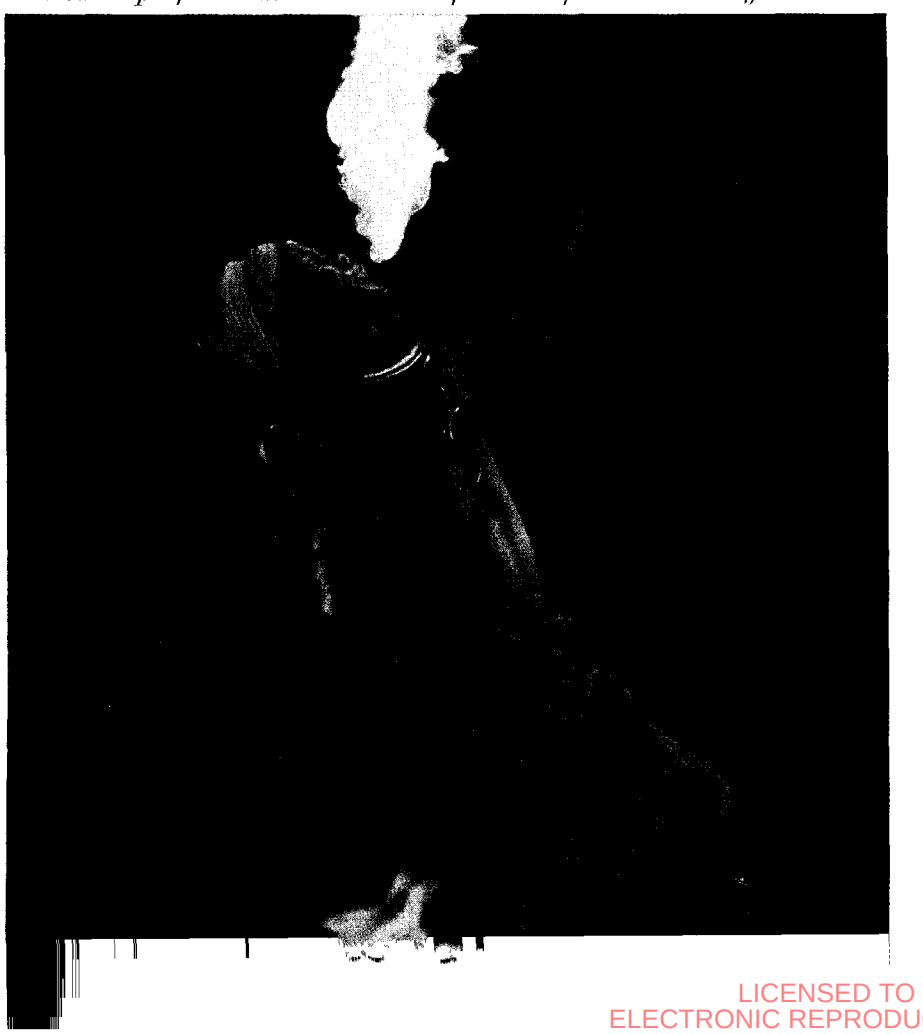
Brooks arrives in London, checks into his hotel, and contacts the studio where he will be filming all his interiors and special effects. But the sets are not yet ready. Brooks must wait at least 10 days, and while he waits the spontaneous demonstrations in far-off Pnompenh come off on schedule, with 10,000 people marching in the streets shouting, "Yankee Go Home" and other original slogans, and tearing down the flags outside the British and American embassies.

As Brooks reads about these things, he sighs. His face has taken on the world-weary look that Humphrey Bogart had toward the end. He has traveled too much and too far and seen too many things, and now he is just a bit tired. We close with a close-up of Brooks, his body bent over like a question mark as he sits in his lonely office.

"I would do it again," he says, and then, after a long pause, he adds, "But I'd go to Fiji."

With that look in his eyes, he might even settle for Hollywood. THE END

Fire-eater performs at celebration of successful revolt led by Lord Jim.



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Movie's melancholy last scene shows boat [illegible] into sunset after Lord Jim's funeral. Floating candles are ceremonial tribute to the dead hero.

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By John Bird

WHEN FARMERS GO ON STRIKE

Lester Carr's farm in Rosendale, Mo., displays sign of the National Farmers Organization.

Violence has punctuated the efforts of farmers, caught in a deadly cost-price squeeze, who have tried to borrow the big gun of organized labor.

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The harvesting chores go on as usual, and the slow rhythm of the seasons is unchanged, but there is something new in the wind across the American Corn Belt this year. It is a kind of pent-up tension unknown to these parts since the great depression of the 1930's brought disaster to millions of U.S. farmers.

Several times during recent months the tension broke out in violence. Farm fences were knocked down, barns were set afire, and trucks hauling cattle and hogs were riddled with buckshot. Crowds of angry, hooting farmers in blue overalls set up picket lines. There was a climactic (though apparently accidental) tragedy when a mob tried to block a truck from carrying steers into a livestock sales depot and two men were crushed to death beneath the wheels.

These angry incidents grew out of a "holding action"—a farmers' strike to keep livestock from moving to market—staged by a young but burgeoning group called the National Farmers Organization. The N.F.O. is not the only group that is trying to improve the farmer's lot, but it is by far the most militant; its methods and objectives command fierce loyalty among some farm people, and stir fear and anger in others. Behind the strike and behind the N.F.O. itself is a mood of revolt among many farmers who face the grim threat of being squeezed off their land by weak prices, rising costs and a lack of profit. While fields and herds are more productive than ever, the farmers' average per capita income of $1,480 a year ($970 of it from farming) has dropped to less than two thirds of the income of

N. F. O. president Oren Lee Staley is a working farmer, raises hogs and cattle.

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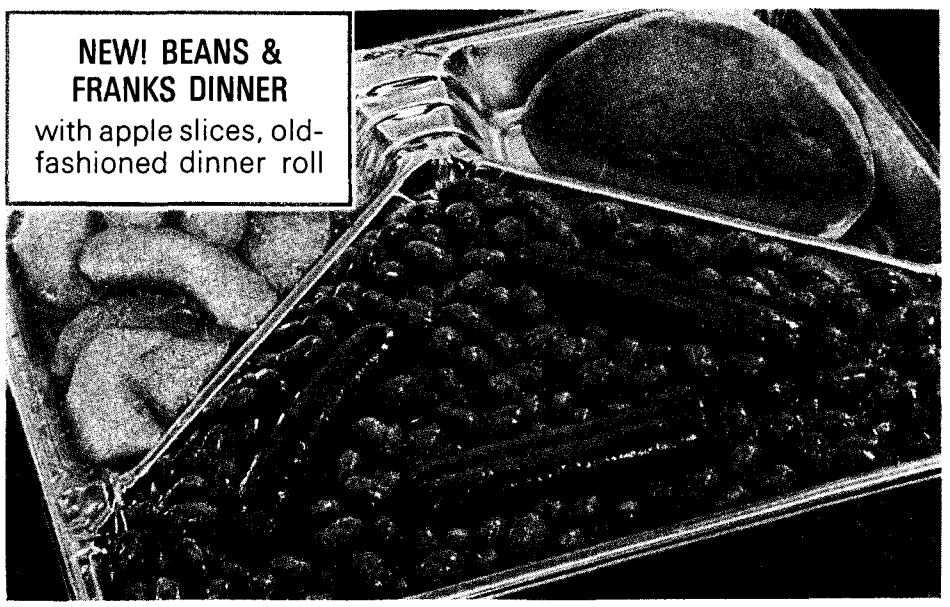

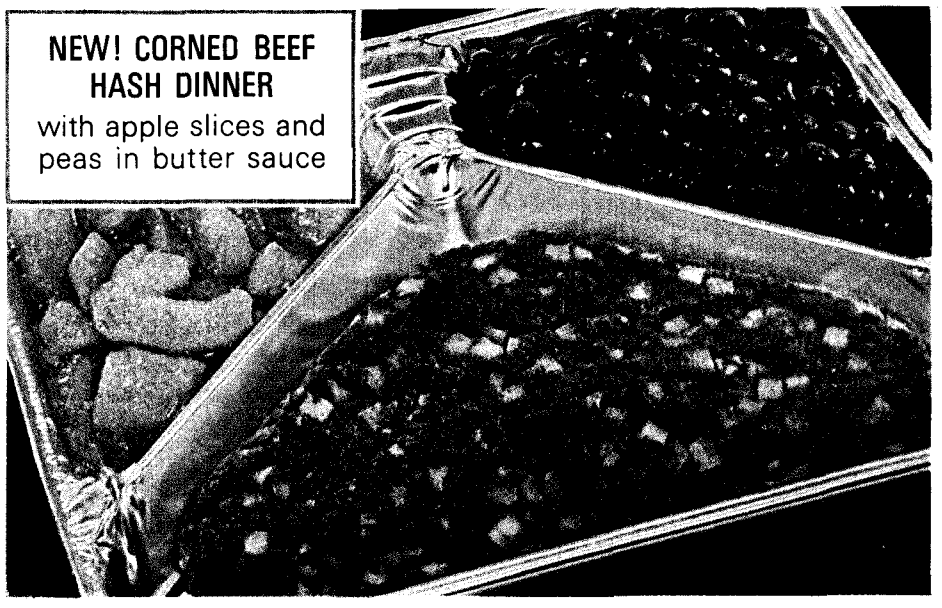

Folks have liked them so well –for so long– that we just naturally decided to bring them to you as Swanson Dinners.

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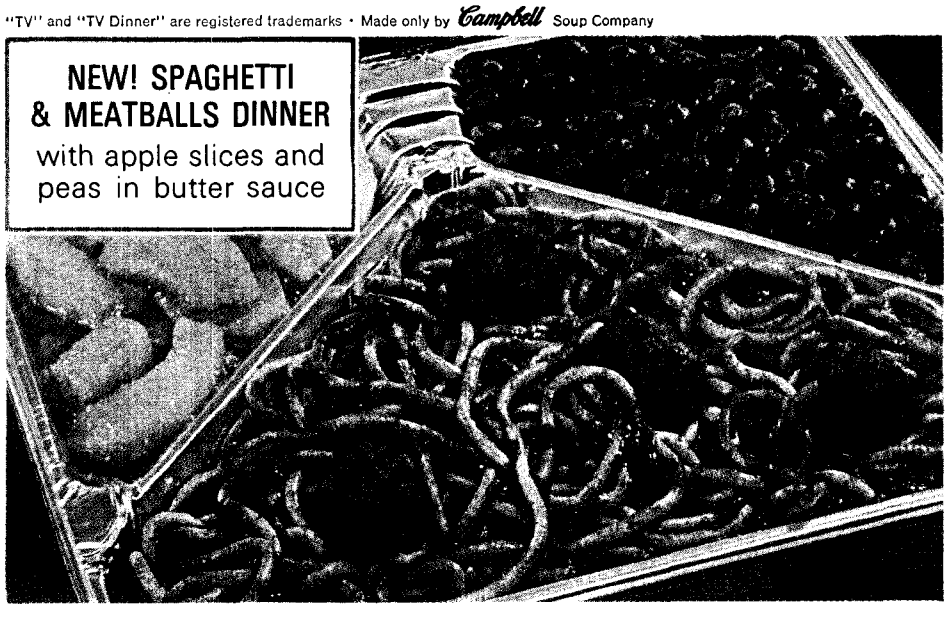

TRUST SWANSON

for the best and the newest in frozen dinners

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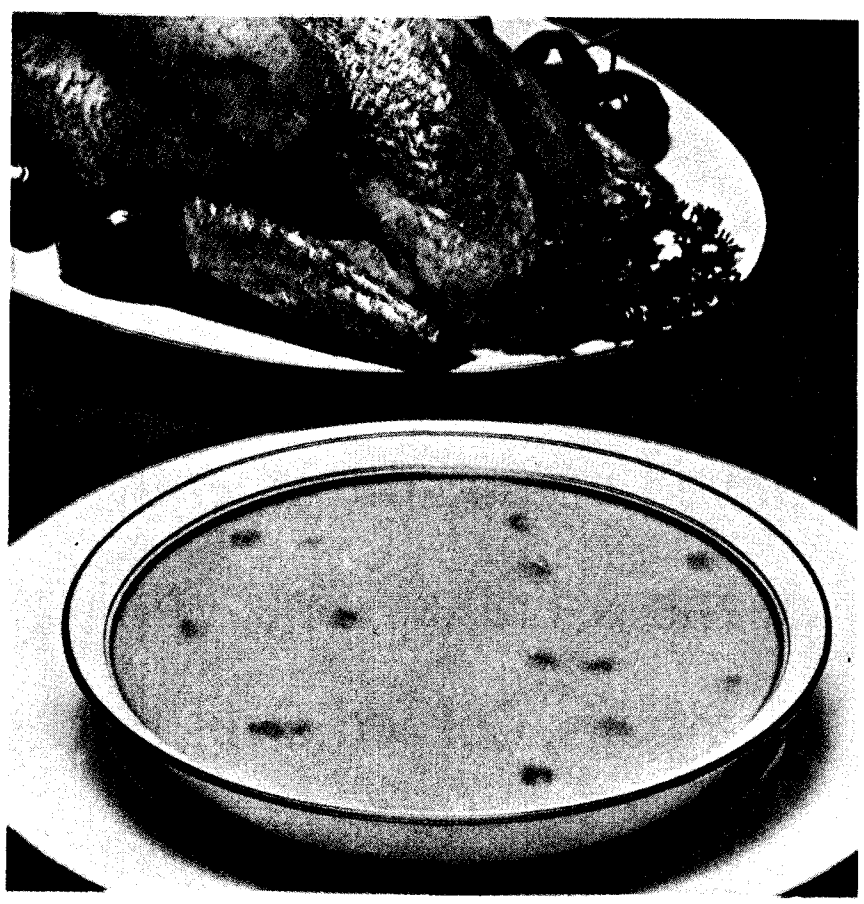
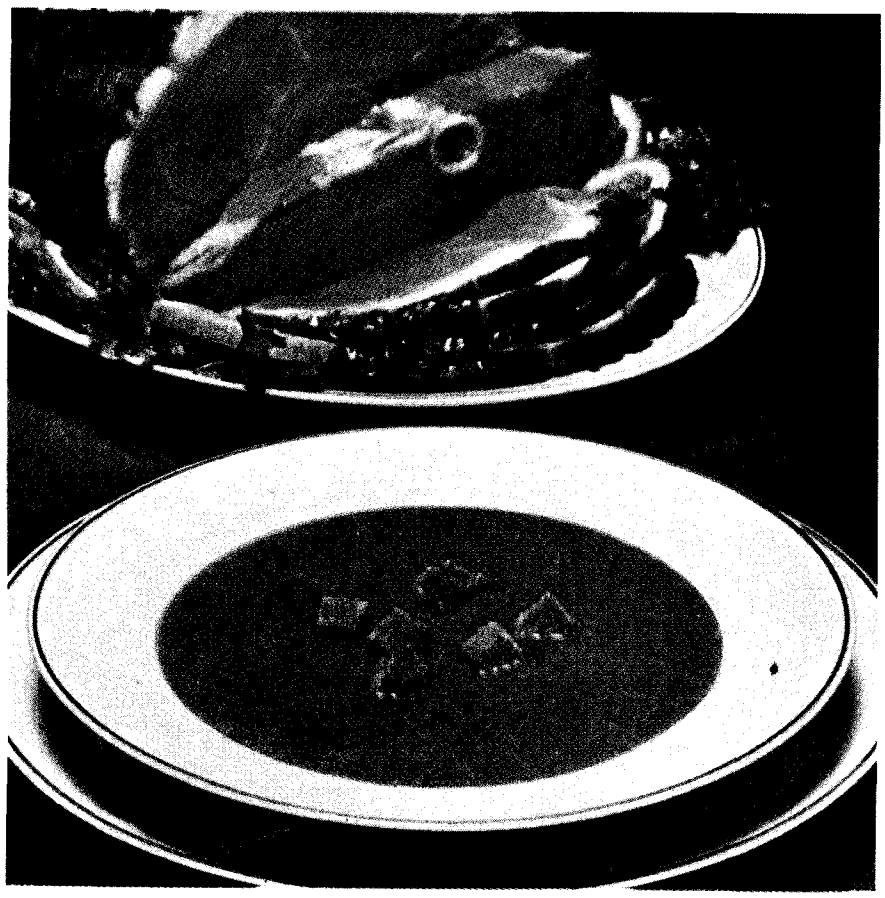
A Guide to 8 Great American Dinners and the Campbell's Soups that start them best

CONSOMMÉ is a happy choice for the first course when the meat is a juicy roast of pork. Campbell's Consommé is a perfect consommé—tangy, delicate and crystal-clear. It is delicious served either hot or chilled.



CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP is an elegant first course with chicken dinner. Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup is a smoot purée of mushrooms and cream, garnished with mushroom piece



GREEN PEA SOUP is a particularly appetizing way to start a dinner when the main course is roast ham. Campbell's Green Pea Soup is a creamy-smooth purée of green garden peas blended with butter.

CAMPBELL'S FROZEN CREAM OF POTATO SOUP makes a wonde ful first course when the "meat" is fish. It's delicious hot; chilled, make an elegant Vichyssoise. You'll find it in your grocer's frozen-food cas

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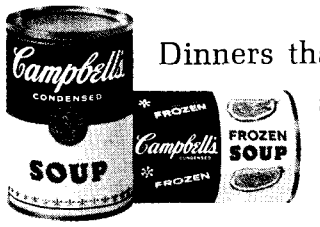
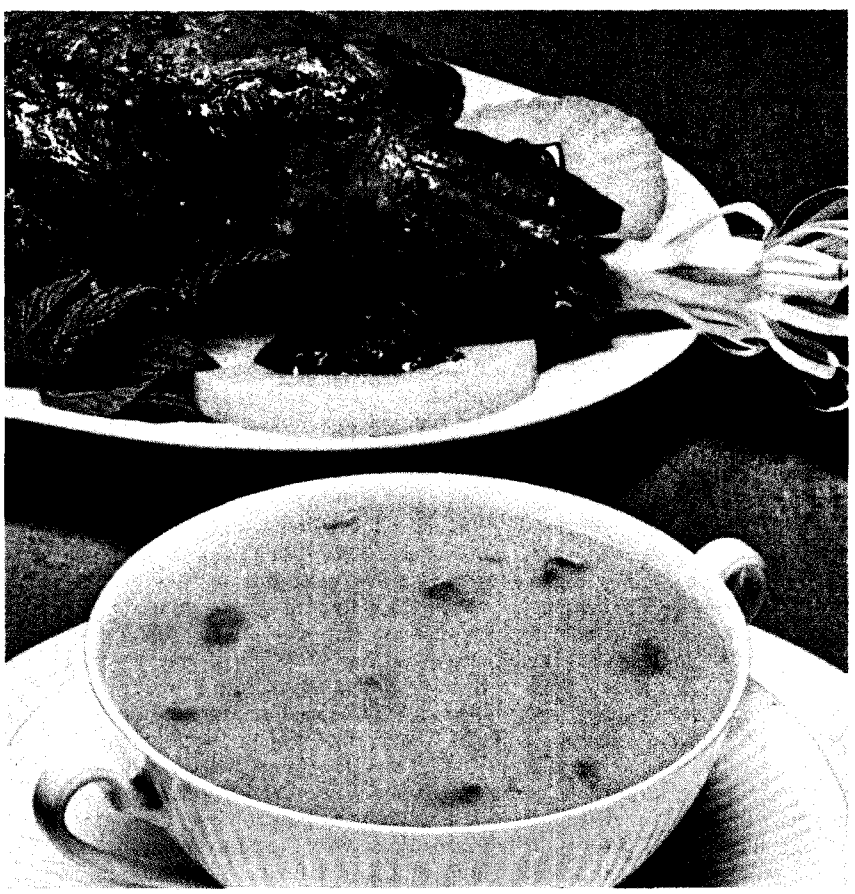
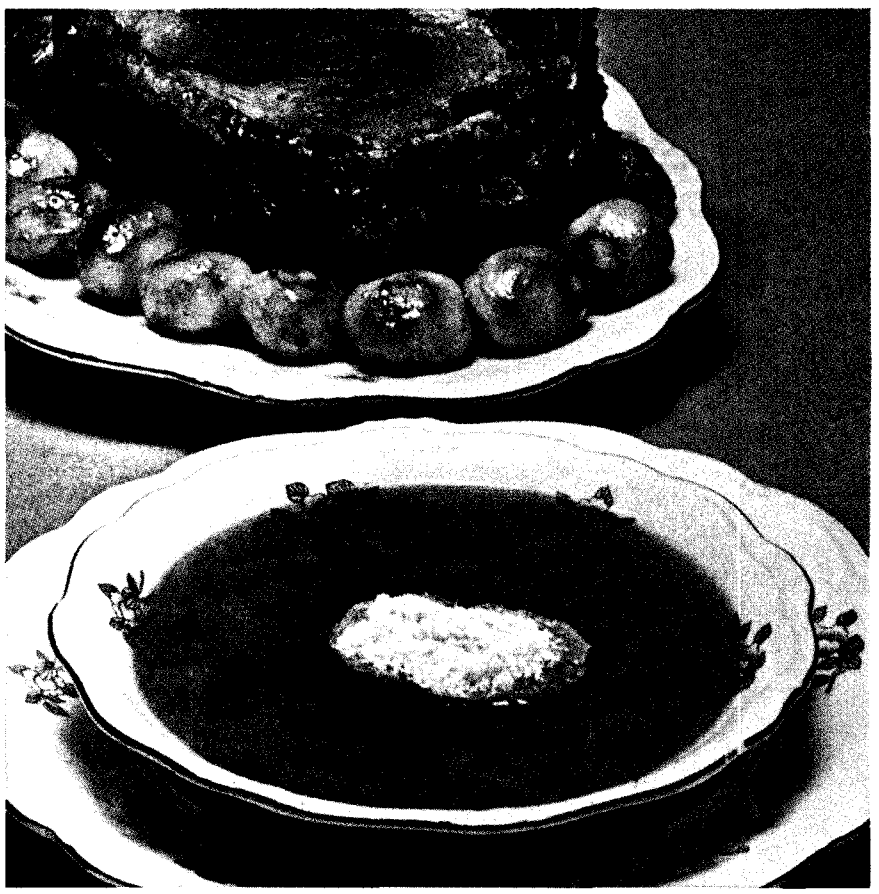


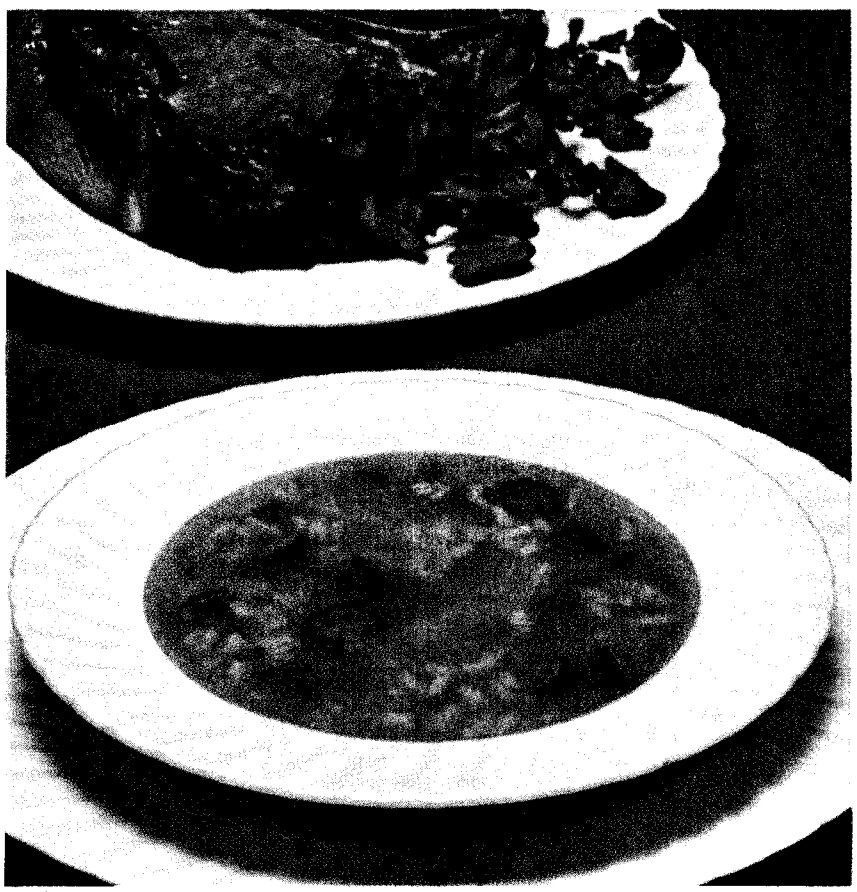
Dinners that begin with soup end with compliments. And today's good cooks have learned to match the soup to the meal. Here are eight great soups from Campbell's gallery of more than thirty kinds, matched to eight of America's most popular main courses. For every dinner you'll find a superb soup from Campbell. They always eat better when you remember the soup.



REAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP introduces a main course of roast mb deliciously. Campbell's Cream of Asparagus Soup is made in the ringtime (when fresh, crisp asparagus has the most delicate flavor).



ONION SOUP gets a roast beef dinner off to a rousing good start. Campbell's Onion Soup is a superb onion soup, made of succulent young onions, tenderly simmered in hearty beef broth, sparked with cheese.



HICKEN GUMBO SOUP gets a dinner of steak off to a beautiful start. ampbell's Chicken Gumbo is made the Deep South way, with tender kra, the spark of tomatoes and the gentle texture of long-grain rice.

CAMPBELL'S FROZEN CREAM OF SHRIMP SOUP is the perfect preface to a lobster dinner. It's made of tender, young shrimp, cream and delicate seasonings. Find it in your grocer's frozen-food cabinet.

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Dairyman W. W. Swain is full-time promotion director at N.F.O. headquarters.

'IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO RAISE HELL THAN CORN.'

Farmers on Strike

nonfarmers. Government-price-support programs take up some slack, but farmers' political ranks are getting dangerously thin. The farm population is now only seven percent of the national total; there are just 3.5 million farms, as compared to six million at the end of World War II, and even that seems to be too many. At the end of this thinning-out process farmers see the specter of an "industrial" agriculture—a rural scene dominated by large, mechanized, corporate farm factories producing vast quantities of meat, milk and grain with little manpower.

"You go to a neighborhood meeting, look around, and you wonder who's goin' to have to sell out next," says a leather-faced old Iowa farmer. "Unless something changes fast, it could be you. Seems like it's more important to raise hell than corn."

The N.F.O., headquartered in the little town of Corning, Iowa, is trying to change things and is raising some hell in the process. It originated as a protest movement during a drought and price slump in 1955, when farmers in the hard-hit Corning area began getting together to talk over their problems. Soon the group became a regional network; it has since spread to farm communities as far east as New Jersey, as far west as Idaho and as far south as Kentucky.

The purpose of N.F.O.'s holding actions—there have been five to date—is partly to force up prices by checking the flow of farm products to meat packers, dairies and other processors. But mainly it is to "show our strength," according to the organization's officials. The ultimate aim is to persuade processors to recognize N.F.O. as the exclusive bargaining agent for its farmer members and to sign contracts to pay prices at least equal to farmers' production costs. N.F.O., in fact, has deliberately borrowed certain of organized labor's techniques and given them a rural slant. An increasing number of farm gates display green-and-white signs proclaiming, LET'S GO! N.F.O.—COLLECTIVE BARGAINING.

The actual strength of the movement is unknown, because N.F.O. keeps its total membership secret. "This is a part of our bargaining power," says Oren Lee Staley, N.F.O.'s big, slope-shouldered national president. "We don't want our opposition to know where we're weak and where we're strong." The secrecy gives rise to allegations that N.F.O. is "like the Ku Klux Klan," despite the fact that its members freely identify themselves and hold open meetings. Staley, an unknown young farmer a few years ago, is now recognized as a national farm leader and sits on the high councils of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

The best guess is that N.F.O. now has somewhat more than 200,000 members. In some midwestern livestock and dairy areas it claims a majority of the most productive farmers. Members sign a tightly written agreement making the N.F.O. their exclusive bargaining agent under certain conditions. At present they pay $25 a year in dues and assessments; if the N.F.O. achieves enough power to blanket the processing industries with price-fixing contracts, the fee will be replaced with a one-percent checkoff on crops and livestock which the N.F.O. sells for its members.

To critics who say that such an organization is alien to the individualistic nature of the family farmer, the N.F.O. leaders point out that *they* are dirt farmers themselves. "Collective bargaining worked fine for labor," says one of them. "Now we're sure as hell goin' to give her a try."

And many farmers who once would have scoffed at the idea of copying the strategy of organized labor are now listening attentively to N.F.O. "A few years ago I thought I had a fairly large, efficient place," says Chris Walker, 49, who operates 600 acres in Jackson County, Kans. "Farmers in general have gained eighty-five percent in efficiency since World War II, but now—well, costs have overtaken our gains. I feel N.F.O. is our last hope to keep family farmers on the land."

At an N.F.O. information center in Osceola, Iowa, a half-dozen farmers discuss their grievances. Some have large farms, some small, but all agree that their lack of say as to their prices is the main problem. They point out that corn still sells for a dollar a bushel as it did 20 years ago – but a tractor which then cost $1,200 now costs $6,000 or more. "We've been collective beggars, not bargainers," says an older man. "We take our hogs or corn to market, and they tell us what they'll give. But when we go to buy a tractor or some fencing, the dealer tells us what we have to pay; *that* price is fixed."

The others nod and a young man in a bright plaid jacket says, "It's time that we farmers took matters into our own hands."

This is precisely what the N.F.O. proposes to do. It has carefully drawn battle plans and a network of 300 full-time and 14,000 volunteer organizers in 23 states, who are neglecting their herds and fields while they spread the N.F.O. gospel. Its annual conventions now draw as many as 7,000 delegates.

The control center for this challenge to the pricing system consists of several old-fashioned store buildings, thrown together and painted a light green, on Main Street in Corning (population 2,300). Once inside N.F.O.'s door, small-town quiet vanishes in the clatter of 40-odd clerks and typists trying to keep up with a flood of work. Two girls spend most of their time just sorting the incoming mail; many of the letters contain $25 checks for membership dues.

"We're just a bunch of farmers tryin' to get a job done," says hefty W.W. (Butch) Swain, a dairyman in Bloomfield, Iowa, who left his herd in care of his wife to become N.F.O. promotion director. "Most of the part-time work is donated. Oren Lee [Staley] gets the top pay, $200 a week, and he don't draw that when he's home catching up with chores."

Staley himself, at first impression, seems much too polite a man to be leading a revolt. He looks and talks something like a pastor of a church on the right side of the tracks. His black, wavy hair is neatly trimmed. He speaks nonstop, but quietly. He refuses to say ill of his enemies. But he is no minister. He is a substantial, practical farmer, aged 41, who raises hogs and pure-bred Shorthorn cattle on the 400-acre place where he was born, near Rea, Mo. He was a 4-H boy, went to college (Northwest Missouri State) and became a community leader. His speeches read like socio-economic tracts, but when he fixes the audience with his dark eyes and bears down on the points that affect men's pocketbooks, he knows how to make farmers rise up and howl for justice.

Staley and his lieutenants emphasize that they aren't so naïve as to ignore the law of supply and demand. "Our program is in the best traditions of free enterprise," Staley says earnestly. "We're simply trying to organize, just as industry and labor have done, to bargain for our fair share."

Staley began taking part in local N.F.O. meetings just a few weeks after the organization got started. At the first national convention in December, 1955, he was elected president—a post he has held ever since. "We thought of ourselves as a temporary organization," he recalls. "We figured that all we needed to do was to send some of our folks to Washington to explain our situation. Farmers would throw a dollar apiece into a hat to help the cause. We soon had more than $180,000. That really shook up the politicians."

N.F.O. delegations helped convince the Eisenhower Administration to go slow in lowering government supports of farm prices. However, the experience of lobbying soon convinced the organization's leaders that more than political pressure was needed.

The N.F.O. then developed a master strategy. The key units in the plan are: (1) Membership agreements with farmers, running three years and automatically renewable unless a farmer resigns. (2) "Master" contracts with processors, specifying prices based on cost-of-production. These contracts don't become binding until they have been "activated" by a two thirds vote of the N.F.O. members producing the commodities in question. (3) Holding actions to demonstrate the N.F.O.'s ability to keep farm products off the market. "These are our way of putting a price tag on our crops," explains Staley. "It's as old as business itself. We say, 'Here's the product. If you want to pay our price, we'll deliver it. If you don't, we'll keep it.'"

"All we want is cost of production plus a reasonable profit as a start. If the farmer doesn't get at least that, he's surely going broke."

The actual costs of producing any crop are elusive, since they vary widely from one farm to another according to its size and efficiency. However, the N.F.O. figures a cost of 2.27 cents a pound for top-quality pork, 2.94 cents for lamb, and 3.24 cents for choice beef, and $6.05 per 100 pounds of Grade A milk. Actual prices to farmers have been well below these levels for years.

Every crusade needs a villain, and the N.F.O. nominated the big grocery chains for this role. "The chains are reaching the same dominance in the farm markets as Standard Oil, General Motors and U.S. Steel did in industry," Staley asserts.

Another article of N.F.O. faith is that the very centralization of the chains makes them vulnerable to a concerted farmer attack. "They have to have huge

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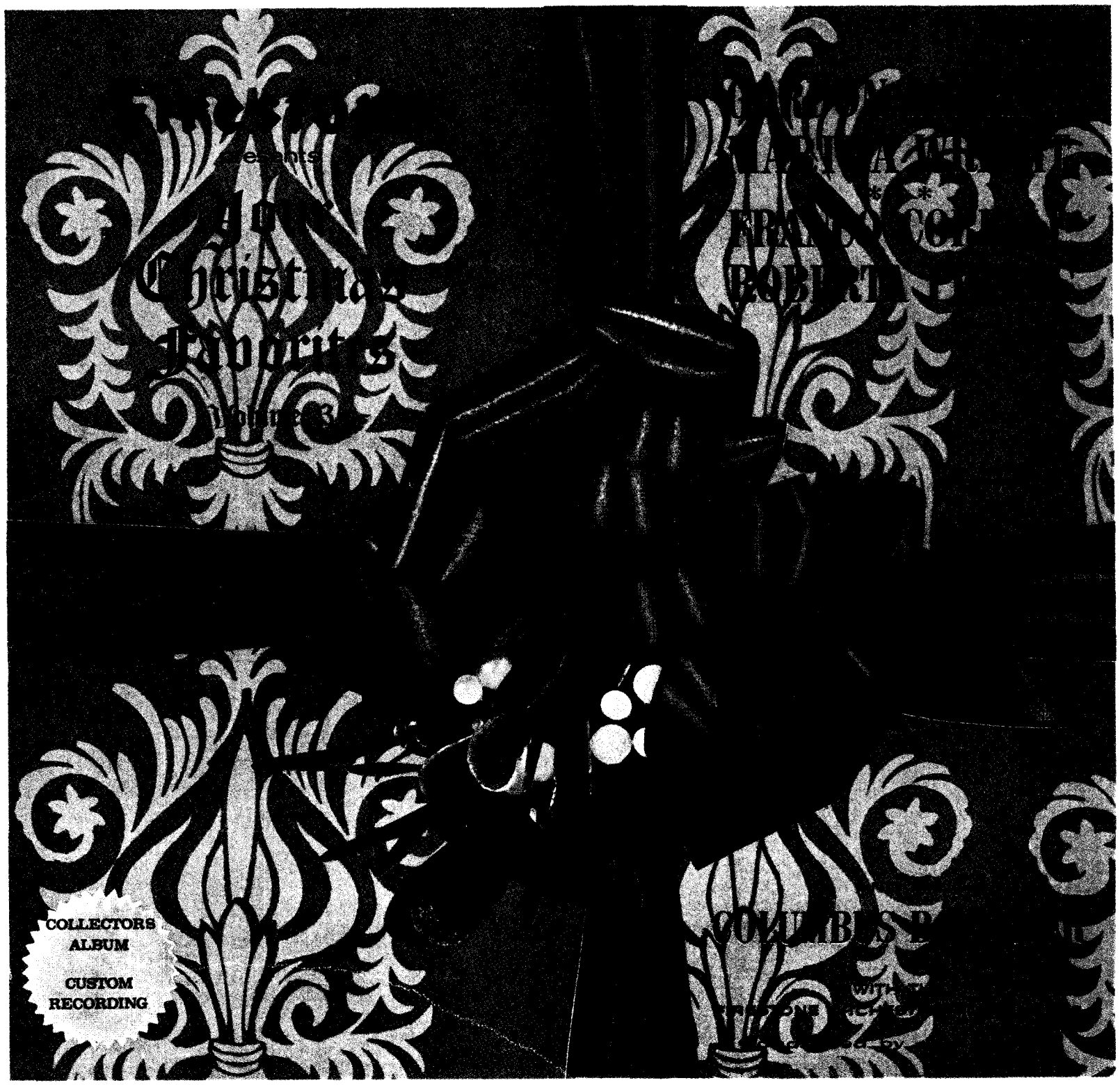

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'WE'RE SIMPLY TRYING TO BARGAIN FOR OUR FAIR SHARE.'

N. F. O. pickets surround livestock truck attempting to enter stockyard in Bonduel, Wis., on September 9 with a lo

volume," Staley argues. "They can't get it from small, widely scattered suppliers. So our job is to organize the main sources of production. We don't have to control it all—but enough, say sixty percent. Then volume buyers will have to come to us and negotiate contracts, or they won't be able to get the supplies they need."

Such a goal is vastly ambitious, to say the least. The nation's 3.5 million farmers are scattered over thousands of counties. No one organization has been able to get a majority of farmers to agree on any given program—nor, for that matter, have the various farm organizations been able to agree among themselves.

N.F.O.'s methods have been widely attacked not only by the packers and suppliers but by many who the N.F.O. feels should be in its corner. Much of the rural and farm press, resenting N.F.O. howls of calamity as discouraging to business, or believing that the N.F.O. misrepresents agriculture, claims that the organization attracts mainly submarginal producers. The powerful American Farm Bureau Federation, which pins its faith on supply and demand, cooperative marketing and increased efficiency, "treats us with contempt," says N.F.O. The bureau's leaders have expressed fear that the N.F.O. plans to gain control of local farm co-ops and even to infiltrate local units of the bureau. It has hinted that N.F.O. plans a political alliance of farmers with industrial workers.

Much of the criticism leaves Oren Lee Staley unruffled, but he does bristle at charges that, on the one hand, the N.F.O. will blackjack the consumer and, on the other, that its program to raise prices is bound to be ineffective.

"All we want are *fair* prices," he replies to the first allegation. "The consumer has been getting a great bargain at our expense. The fact is that one hour's wages now buy more groceries than ever before in the history of this, or any other country." Where consumers spent 26 percent of their take-home pay for food 15 years ago, he points out, they now spend less than 19 percent.

As to the second charge, Staley finds it galling that whenever a holding action is called off, the opposition gleefully reports that the N.F.O. program has "failed" because it could not choke off enough livestock shipments.

"We aren't after temporary price rises," he says, beginning to pound his desk a bit. "We know we have to sign up enough farmers to dominate the supply before we can bargain for long-range price levels. We're using holding actions to test our methods and to demonstrate to buyers that they are going to have to deal with us sooner or later."

Staley asked his secretary to bring in a file from a dairy county in Minnesota. He took the thick folder and spread dozens of contracts with creameries across his desk. "We're signing 'em up too. The number is secret, like our membership, because that's part of our bargaining power. But we have many areas, like this one, just about sewed up."

When a holding action is in progress, the national offices of N.F.O. resemble the GHQ of an army on attack. Staley and his lieutenants are on call 24 hours a day. Chartered planes are kept ready to ferry the leaders to various parts of the country to speak at rallies and hold strategy meetings. Cots are installed in a control center from which area coordinators, manning ranks of telephones, keep in touch with the tide of battle. On big blackboards they tabulate the number of livestock moving to markets over the country. Through its county organizations N.F.O. sets up checkpoints to watch every buying station and stockyard and keep its own count of receipts, since stations may exaggerate receipts to make farmers think the strike isn't working. "The official figures put out by the markets don't mean a thing," says one N.F.O. official. "They can be 'corrected' later. We want to know what's moving and where it's going."

During a strike N.F.O. volunteers scour their communities to sign up new members or to persuade nonmembers that they, too, should hold their livestock from the markets. Other N.F.O.-ers picket the entrances of buying stations and stockyards.

Officially N.F.O. forbids strong-arm methods and cooperates with police in avoiding situations that might stimulate violence. "Any violence tarnishes our image and makes it harder for us to get new members," says Staley. "We even try to discourage any great number of demonstrations. We know we can't win our battle on the highways and the streets, we can only win in the barnyard itself, by convincing farmers to hold the line."

The fact remains that there have been scattered clashes which, as one anti-N.F.O. farmer in South Dakota said, "remind us too much of Jimmy Hoffa." Near Long Prairie, Minn., a barn belonging to a policeman who had been escorting livestock trucks burned down under suspicious circumstances. Near Baltic, S. Dak., a farmer who refused to join the N.F.O. reported that a quarter mile of his fence had been cut down. In Iowa, on the other hand, several active N.F.O. volunteers reported their fences had been mysteriously cut in the night. In Bonduel, Wis., a trucker bringing cattle to a country stockyard was stopped by a group of N.F.O. pickets clustered in front of the gate. While television news cameras filmed the scene, and sheriff's deputies patrolled the crowd, the truck halted, backed away as if to leave, then pushed into the crowd, slowly at first and then with a lurch which caught two farmers under its wheels, killing them. The driver has been charged with homicide by reckless conduct.

At the same time the farm country as a whole showed few outward signs of struggle during the strike. Driving along Highway 34 near Creston, Iowa, you would have to be on the alert to see a battered old automobile, with a hand-lettered sign that reads N.F.O. CHECKPOINT propped on its hood, parked beside the driveway of the Van Winkle and Owens hog-buying station. Inside the car is an N.F.O. recruit named Morris Smith, who has a ruled pad on his knees and is

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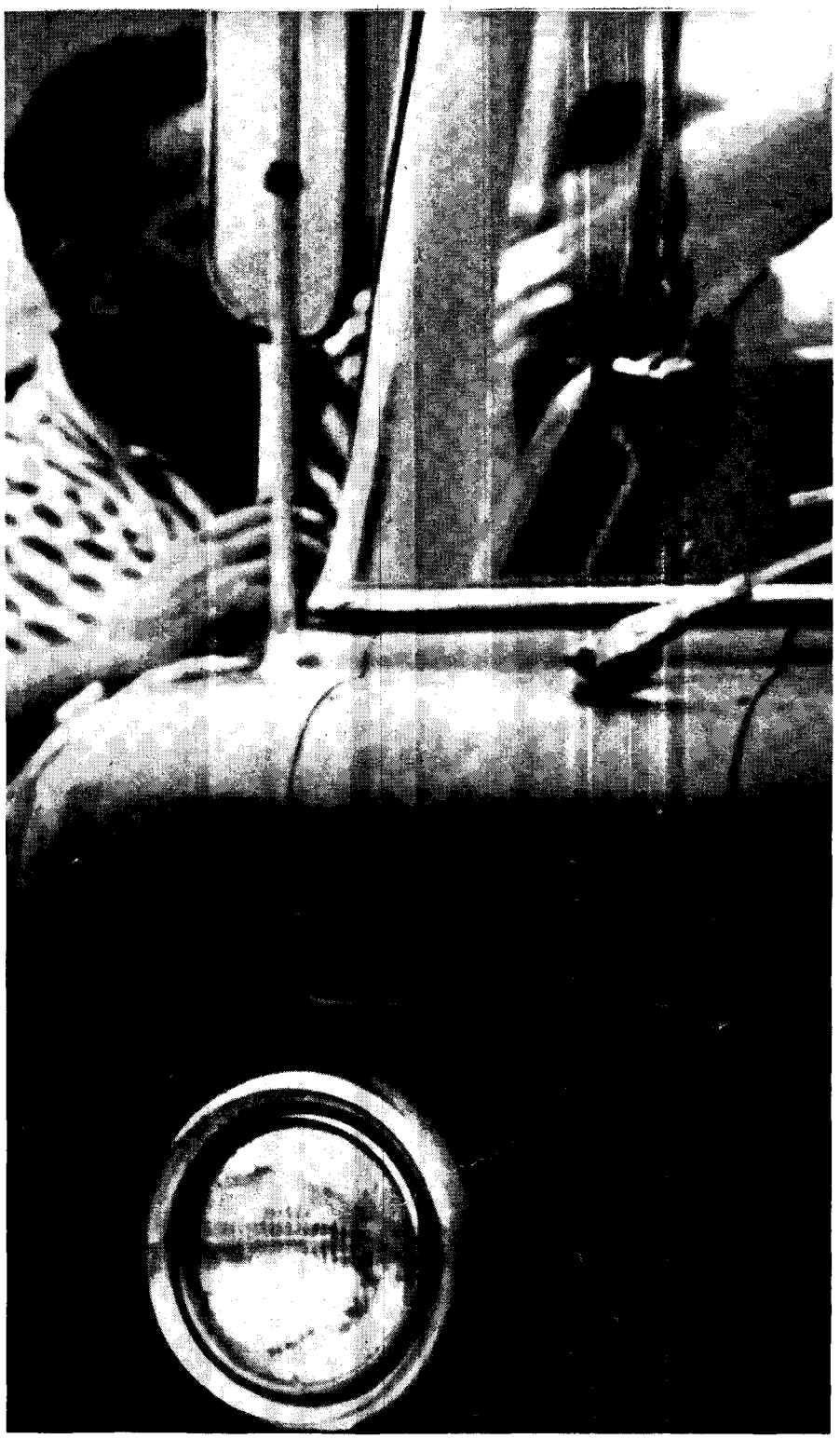


'attle. Moments later two farmers were crushed to death under the wheels.

keeping count of the hogs being shipped in and out of the station.

Smith, a soft-spoken man in his 20's, joined the N.F.O. three years ago, "the first time it was explained to me." Since he and his brother took over their father's farm five years ago, "We've just managed to hold on," says Smith. "We've earned nothing for our labor. If we had sold the land and not worked a lick, we'd be better off. That's why I'm doing this."

How was the strike going? "Real good. We've cut the volume at this station by fifty percent. Trouble? Not a bit. I don't bother them, and they don't bother me."

N.F.O.'s Staley sees such holding actions as part of "a war of nerves."

"We deliberately try to make each one a little different," he explains. "One time we may feint—hold a lot of meetings and then do nothing. We did that last year, and the packers bought everything they could get hold of, getting ready for a blow that never came. This year we hit 'em out of the blue. We have to make our power felt in any way we can."

Staley refuses to guess when the N.F.O. will be strong enough to control the market on any given commodity. "We aren't setting a schedule. That would simply build up artificial hurdles and give our opposition a chance to trip us up."

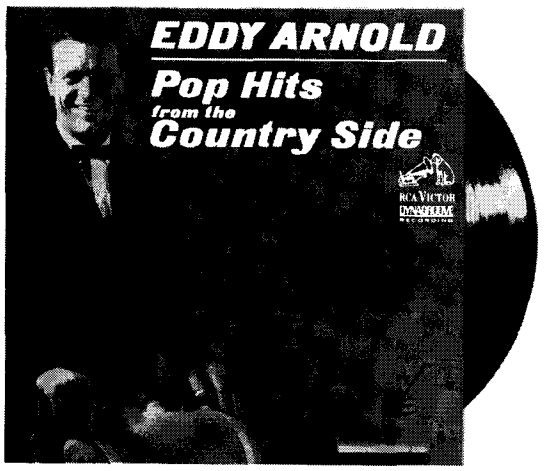
The payoff question about N.F.O. is, of course, will it work? Are U.S. farmers, notoriously skittish about taking orders from anyone, ready to be unionized?

Most experts feel the odds are against it. "N.F.O. is a daring idea," says a marketing professor at a midwestern agricultural college, who prefers to stay off-the-record because feelings run so high on the subject. "It can work, just as it has for labor, *if* farmers will accept the same ground rules. That is, if they abide by the discipline of their organization, permit it to control their output and thus make decisions for them. They must also be willing to take temporary losses—just as union workers lose wages during a strike—in the hope of long-range gains.

"I don't believe enough farmers will accept the discipline," he adds. "But this doesn't mean that the N.F.O. will fade out the first time prices turn up a little. When this thing first started, we thought N.F.O. would appeal only to the tail-enders, the small farmers on poor land. That's not the way it has worked out. Those green-and-white signs are showing up on many good, well-run farms. We haven't seen farmers so stirred up for thirty years." THE END

EDDY ARNOLD
sings country-wide hits!

This new album finds Eddy Arnold in an exciting new singing role, backed by a big orchestra with arrangements written and conducted by Marty Gold. Here Eddy performs songs that were big favorites with country-and-western fans before they became nation-wide "pop" hits. The collection is a natural for Eddy, as you'll hear when he sings "Tennessee Waltz," "Oh, Lonesome Me," "Your Cheatin' Heart," "Till I Waltz Again with You," "Half As Much" and seven other great numbers. Recorded in brilliant Dynagroove sound.



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The most trusted name in sound

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By Jacob Hay

Portaling

For the conscientious confidence man, any success is hollow unless it has been earned in a

Portaling had the indomitable naïveté of the great confidence men, which is to say that he coupled belief in his schemes with the single shrewd insight necessary to success in his field, which is to say that he recognized Greed as the driving force of Man. And, of course, he had the additional advantages of a presentable appearance and considerable charm.

Circumstances had made Portaling an expert on the subject of greed. His father had died, broken and bankrupt, at the height of the Great Depression, and his mother had gone to work as a practical nurse in a very good public school to keep young Archie, her only child, in a very bad one. There, by turns, Portaling had experienced and observed well nigh every conceivable form of greed.

As he had been shunted from reluctant relative to reluctant relative during his school vacations, so in the Army was Pte. Archibald Portaling shunted from post to post until an alert personnel officer noticed that for a brief period after the end of Portaling's schooling he had commenced on the course of training for junior-management employees of Bainsbury's, the great grocery chain. In consequence, Portaling was assigned to Officer Candidate School, but as he learned almost immediately, a commission in the Royal Army Service Corps, for all that it was the King's, was far different from one in the Hussars or even Somebody's Own Rifles. He was still very much on the outside. Indeed, the sole advantage of his lieutenancy seemed to be that his increased salary permitted his mother to stop working. And after the war, then what? Back to Bainsbury's? To checking crates of marmalade and kippers until, in the fullness of time, he was handed his gold watch and the pension due a loyal employee?

"No, Archie, my boy, you've got to swing it yourself," he told his shaving mirror from time to time. "The only thing in this world you know the first thing about is greed. Therefore, my lad, we will capitalize on the only thing we know—right? Let us keep our eyes open and our wits alert at all times, and who knows? Perhaps something nice will happen."

Shortly after his discharge from the R.A.S.C., Portaling promoted himself to lieutenant colonel, and soon after that he discovered the black market. It would have to do, he decided, as an expedient to finance his later plans, and so it did, very well indeed. Meantime, he continued to observe and study his special subject, until he finally realized that to take full advantage of his talents and experience he must leave England, where social tradition so firmly circumscribed the limits of his operations. He would go to America and let his accent—certainly not the best English accent—work in his favor for a change. In America a man's background didn't matter. And in America everyone wanted to make money.

The only question that troubled him now as his ship steamed toward the States was how he should proceed to carve out his portion of this enormous, juicy prize before the fairly imposing profit he had realized from the black market ran out. The solution to this problem was unintentionally provided by Howard M. Furbank, several times a millionaire and director of no less than sixteen corporations. Mr. Furbank and his attractive, youthful wife were returning from a vacation in Europe aboard the same liner which carried Portaling, and they had been assigned to the same table in the First Class Dining Room.

"Will this be your first time in the States, Colonel?" Mr. Furbank inquired at dinner the second night out of Southampton. Portaling said that it would, and to save Furbank the trouble of further tactful probing, added that he was traveling with a view to settling in America. Both of the Furbanks looked pleased.

"I have some little capital for investment," Portaling said modestly. "British taxes, unfortunately. . . ." He sighed and shook his lean, well-boned head. Mr. Furbank nodded sympathetically.

"Afraid you won't find much improvement in the States," he declared. "It's this Russian thing that seems to have developed since the war ended. Our government's running scared, if you ask me, and the rest of us don't know what's going on and can't find out. Of course—" Mr. Furbank paused cautiously "—well, I won't say that some of us don't occasionally get hold of some inside information."

"Oh?" A small gong struck gently in Portaling's head.

"Let me put it this way, Colonel: If I were you I wouldn't go putting my money into any outfit that has any good-sized investment in Luxembourg, for example," Mr. Furbank's smile was full of secret knowledge.

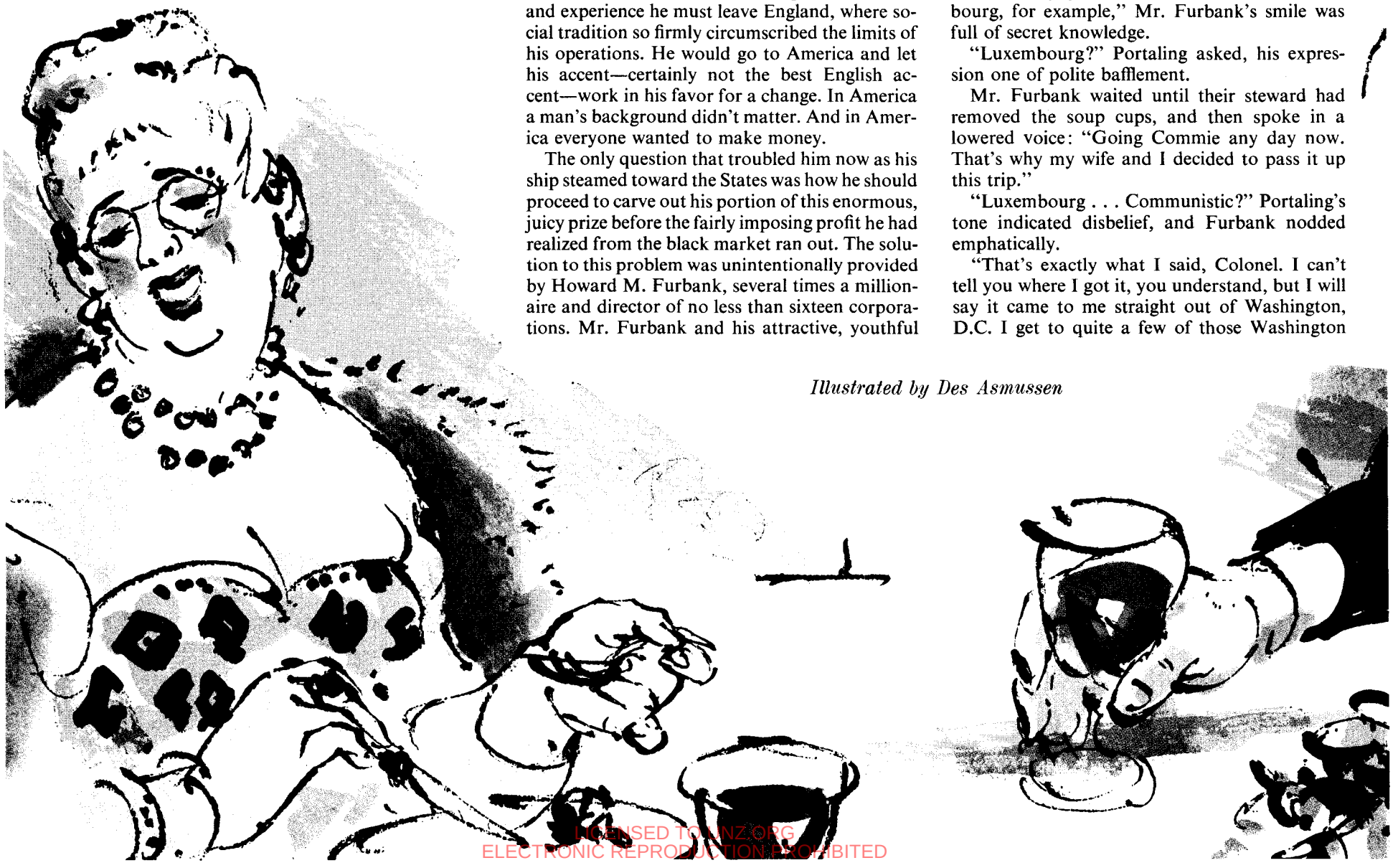
"Luxembourg?" Portaling asked, his expression one of polite bafflement.

Mr. Furbank waited until their steward had removed the soup cups, and then spoke in a lowered voice: "Going Commie any day now. That's why my wife and I decided to pass it up this trip."

"Luxembourg . . . Communistic?" Portaling's tone indicated disbelief, and Furbank nodded emphatically.

"That's exactly what I said, Colonel. I can't tell you where I got it, you understand, but I will say it came to me straight out of Washington, D.C. I get to quite a few of those Washington

Illustrated by Des Asmussen



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way that is genuinely fraudulent.

cocktail fights, and if a man keeps his ears open he can learn plenty."

Portaling chuckled appreciatively as the small gong sounded again. "I'll certainly have to bear that in mind," he replied sincerely as the waiter began serving the fish, and the conversation turned to other subjects.

Much later that evening Portaling took his brandy out on deck; he leaned over the rail and gave himself over to thought. He was analyzing the nature of Mr. Furbank's greed, which he recognized as a variant of his own driving force, and its possible significance for himself. Clearly Mr. Furbank longed above all else to be an Insider. Not just any old Insider, but a *Real Insider*, knowing all the dope, privy to facts unknown to even the leaders of the mob.

Portaling chuckled. Luxembourg going Communist, for heaven's sake. He snorted. His previous

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Portaling

business activities had taken him to the Grand Duchy often, and he knew there was as little chance of such an event as of Mr. Furbank's renouncing the world for a monastery. Yet, because this fable had come straight from the horse's mouth, so to speak, Furbank accepted it as gospel, and even with the opportunity of his European trip had refused to check the facts for himself. And so what if Luxembourg didn't go Communist? In a week or so Furbank would forget all about his rumor and be off and running with another, and another after that. A big man, Furbank; really knows what's going on in the world, yes, sir.

Surely Furbank was not alone in his yearning. There were certainly others who shared his special greed, and who almost equally certainly would be rich. And the rich were desperately afraid of the Communists and, for that matter, everybody who was not rich.

Portaling tossed off the remainder of his nightcap. There it was, as simple as that. Make them all feel like Real Insiders. It didn't in the least matter if the information you fed them was correct so long as they thought it came from the horse's mouth, the seats of the mighty. For that they would pay, and pay damned well.

On the strength of this insight, Portaling decided to treat himself to a second brandy. In this fashion Intel-Anyl was born.

Very soon after his arrival in New York, Portaling rented an apartment in the fashionable East Seventies. He next went to the Public Library, where with great care he compiled a list of 500 executives from the *Directory of Directors*. None of the 500 had any apparent British connections, and none lived in or close to Washington, D. C., where inside information might be a commodity less in demand. To each of these select gentlemen Portaling sent a letter typed under the impressive, engraved legend, INTELLIGENCE ASSOCIATES, LTD., followed by London, Paris, and New York addresses. Only the New York address was authentic, although the fictitious foreign offices were located in suitably fashionable districts. Portaling enjoyed composing the letter:

Dear Sir: More than ever before, today's business executive, British and American, faces a growing need for accurate information concerning developments in Europe, both commercial and military. Such information, frequently confidential, is not readily available to civilians or those not in government, although, in many instances, it could be vital in reaching decisions, especially those having reference to overseas investments.

To meet this need, Intelligence Associates, Ltd., have for some years past been supplying such information, gathered from unimpeachable sources in Europe, to British businessmen in the form of a biweekly confidential news letter.

At the urging of numerous American businessmen whose firms have British affiliations using our service, the Chairman of our Board, Brig. Sir Alastair Hawker, K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., (Ret.), formerly chief of M.I.7, has decided to establish a similar service in the United States, with the undersigned as managing director.

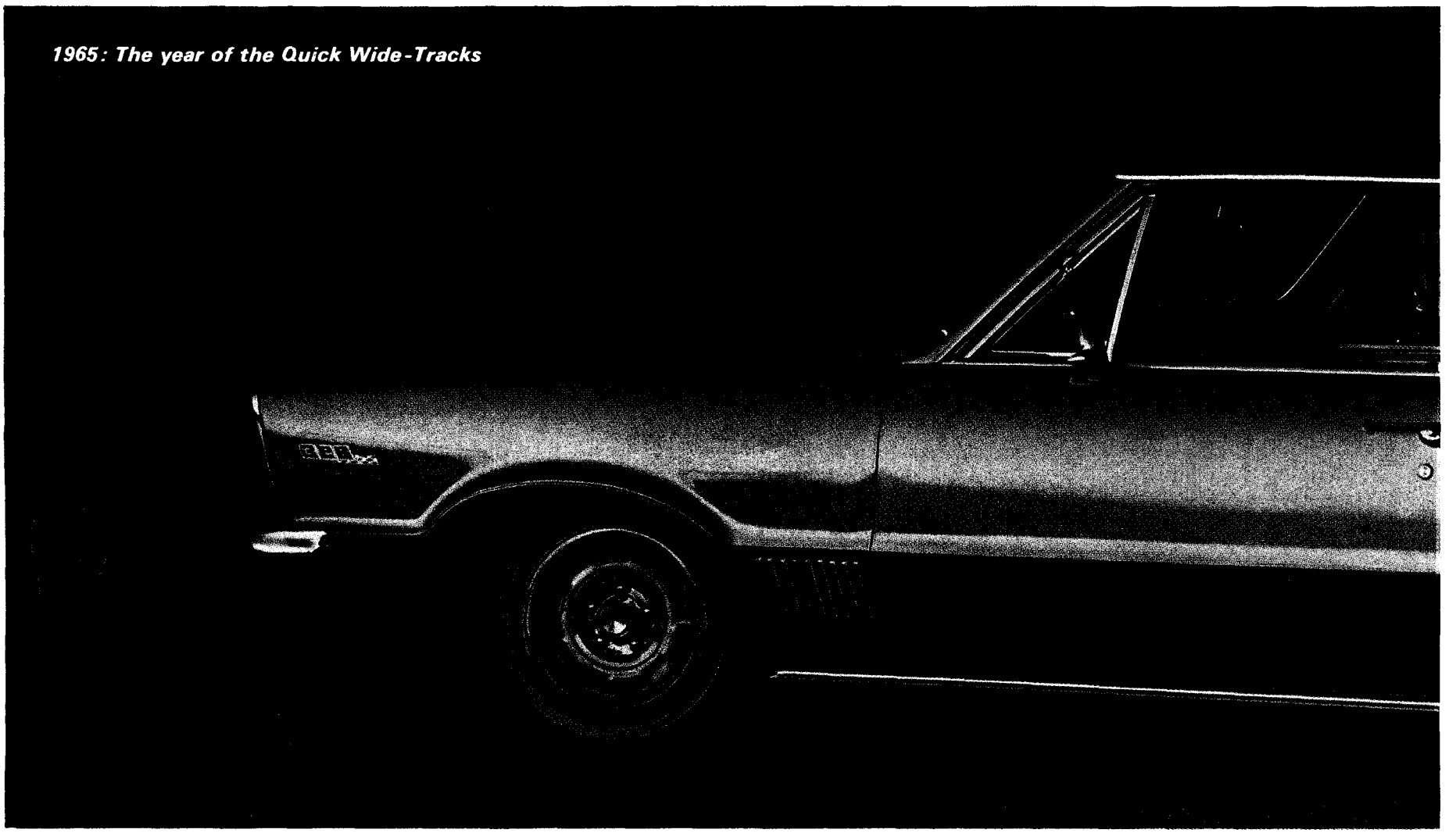
Due to the highly confidential nature of the information supplied, our original policy of limiting subscriptions to a selected number of executives will be maintained, in the case of the United States to no more than 500. Preference will be given to those executives who have held military commissions, although the lack of such rank is not necessarily a bar to subscription.

If such a confidential information service would be of commercial value to you in the area of decision-making, please inquire for details. A sample copy of the British edition of Intel-Anyl (Intelligence Analysis) is enclosed for your examination. It is expected that the initial U.S. edition will be published next month. The annual fee will be $125.

Subscribers will be asked to sign an undertaking that they will not divulge the source of the information they receive from Intel-Anyl to any person not

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I don't know what it's all about, but we seem to be in on the ground floor of something or other."



'65 Pontiac Tempest. Would you believe it? You could have one of these for what you pay for a low-priced car.

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also a subscriber. Additionally, it is recommended that copies of the monthly analysis be kept in a secure place.

Your interest is respectfully solicited.

Sincerely,

ARCHIBALD PORTALING, LT. COL. (RET.)

It was not, Portaling thought, too bad an effort. He was rather pleased with himself for the bit that appealed to the ex-officer types, and the pledge of secrecy. For the "British edition," he had simply taken a sampling of the current headlines and backdated them by a couple of months. There had been, by way of example, some difficulty on the Berlin *Autobahn*. Portaling had written: "Our sources in East Germany advise extreme watchfulness for incidents arising from troop movements on the Berlin *Autobahn*." He had then caused the printer who turned out the job to print this in red, underlined. He had also taken great care to include a number of predictions which were not quite right in all their details, and one which was definitely wrong. After all, no intelligence service could come up with the right answers all of the time, Portaling reasoned.

For all his high hopes, Portaling was dumfounded by the response. Of the initial 417 replies to his letter, 350 selected executives sent along their checks for a year's subscription. He sent the same letter to 500 more directors, and from the 327 replies selected 150 names to make up his desired 500. To the others he returned their checks with a stiffly formal letter stating that the subscription list was, unfortunately, closed. Perhaps next year. . . .

A lesser man might have been tempted to take the $62,500 haul and skip the country forthwith. Portaling, on the other hand, saw it as merely the first year's income. All he was obliged to do in return was write, have printed and mail a couple of pages of copy every two weeks, and while it would be a bore, it would also be child's play. All the information he needed was readily available in the Public Library Periodicals Department. It was simply a matter of presentation. Intel-Anyl had no need to be first with its information, so long as it looked and sounded absolutely authentic. Let Joseph Alsop do the legwork, along with *The New York Times* foreign bureaus, and others.

Mr. Howard Furbank brought his check personally to Portaling's apartment, full of humorous, hearty reproach. "Dammit, Colonel, why'n hell didn't you tell me what you were getting up to over here? Why, I'd've been the first subscriber on your list, if I'd known. And I'm really looking forward to that first issue."

"Well, I suppose I shouldn't be talking out of turn," Portaling said with seeming reluctance, "but in point of fact we've been receiving some rather unsettling stuff out of France. Industrial unrest; that sort of thing."

Mr. Furbank sat up sharply. "You don't say! France, eh? I'll have to keep my eyes open, then. I'm flying over next week on business, as it happens. Tell you what, Colonel, if I see or hear anything out of the way, I'll drop you a line. Of course, I'm no intelligence agent, but I think a loyal American ought to do whatever he can along that line."

"I'd be most gratified," Portaling said, and meant it.

Furbank might be foolish in some respects, but he knew industry and whatever he might report would be seen through expert eyes. And who could say? The brief story in that morning's *Herald Tribune*, datelined Dijon, might conceivably lead to something more than a localized strike of mustard workers.

Pondering at greater length, he decided that Mr. Furbank represented an unexpected asset that just might give Intel-Anyl an even larger appeal. Consequently, the first issue would carry a small paragraph noting that businessmen who traveled abroad were almost invariably experts in their respective fields who would take an intelligent view of what they saw. Upon their return they were invited to call upon Colonel Portaling for a "debriefing," during which they might convey to him their impressions. Their names would, of course, be held in strictest confidence.

Portaling smiled happily as he wrote his paragraph. Every one of his subscribers, he would have sworn, harbored the small-boy longing to live the danger-filled, glamorous life of an espionage agent, trench-coated, slouch-hatted, quick-witted. "Debriefing," he felt, was a good word. It had an official air about it.

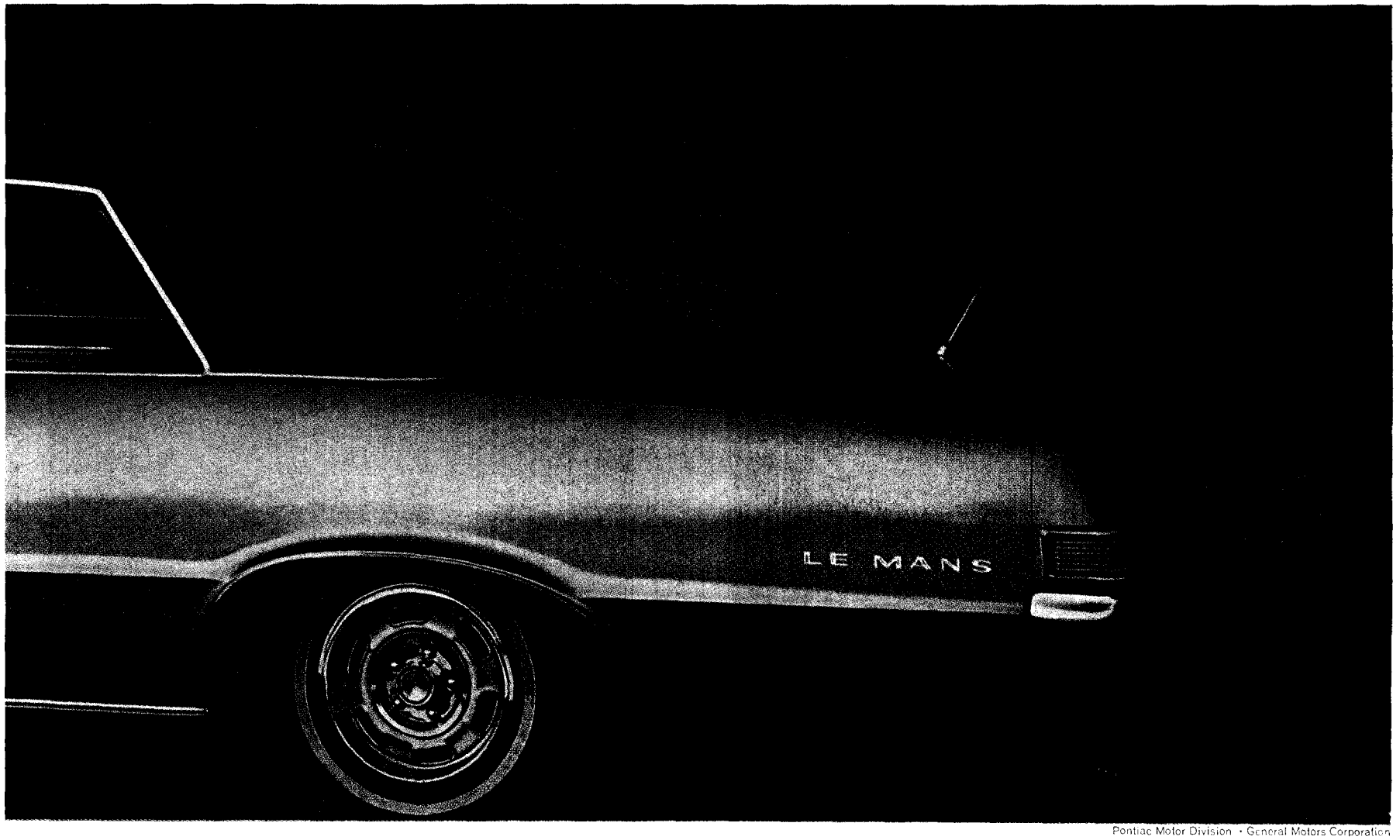
The first issue of Intel-Anyl, to judge from the enthusiastic letters of praise it evoked, was a smashing success, and Portaling settled down to enjoy life. He hired a bespectacled young man named Hartshorn, who held a Columbia Ph.D., to cull the daily papers and weekly periodicals and select what appeared to be significant items for Portaling's later perusal. To support Hartshorn's labors, he also retained a secretary, a Miss Bishop, as much for her superb face and figure as for her ability at shorthand and typing. Within a week, Portaling ascertained that Miss Bishop's talents were not confined to office work. She danced excellently and made a fine appearance in the better restaurants which Portaling favored; she was not without wit, and a keen appreciation for the pleasures of the senses.

Mr. Furbank returned from his European trip and came by Portaling's apartment to deliver his report. As Portaling had expected, Furbank's appreciation of the political scene was muddy and wildly colored by his own convictions, but his report on Italian steel and French automobile production and labor problems was concise and to the point. Portaling made careful notes.

The next edition of Intel-Anyl carried the Furbank analysis in considerable detail. It was credited to "one of our subscriber-observers," or S.O.'s, as Portaling soon abbreviated. An S.O., he felt, might easily come to think of himself as a Special Operative. That should please Furbank, Portaling thought.

Hartshorn was not unintelligent. "I can't help but feel that all we're really doing here is dishing out cold mashed potatoes," he complained one morning to Portaling. "Anybody could find out what we're printing by reading the morning papers."

"The people we're writing for are busy men, my dear Doctor," Portaling explained patiently. "They simply don't have time to read everything, so we do it for them, digest what we read and present it in analysis form. Simple? Moreover, my dear chap, I've been thinking that your work has really been much better than the salary we've been paying you. I've recommended to London that it be increased by fifty dollars a week, and they've agreed. I'm delighted for you."



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Who could look at this Le Mans hardtop and keep on buying the same low-priced car time after time? Not people who know a big money's-worth when they see it. Tempest is, after all, a Pontiac, right down to its Wide-Track wheels. Power: 140-hp Six or you can specify a tigerish V-8. Grrrrrrrr.

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Free! Famous cookware gift set when you buy a General Electric range.†

Bonus cookware by Wearever—A $24.95 value! This eight-piece heavy-gauge aluminum cookware set is yours absolutely free with the purchase of any General Electric free-standing range from a participating dealer.

There's a broad line of beautiful G-E ranges to choose from. Choose Americana* with famous P-7* oven that cleans itself electrically. Or choose *any* free-standing model—including the amazingly low-priced economy range shown below. Offer expires December 24, 1964. Your local G-E distributor can furnish a list of participating dealers in your area.

AMERICANA (Model J-796) with P-7, the oven that cleans itself electrically (in lower oven). Second eye-level oven; Calrod* surface units; one with Sensi-Temp* control; 2-level exhaust!

MODEL J-756. 30″ built-in styling. With P-7 oven, the one that cleans itself electrically. High-speed Calrod surface units; Sensi-Temp control; precise push-button controls; recessed cooktop.

MODEL J-486. Includes master oven with P-7, plus companion oven. High-speed Calrod surface units; one with Sensi-Temp control; Automatic Ovens and Appliance Timer; handy push-button controls!

NOW LOW PRICED AT ABOUT $149. (Model J-299.) The ultimate in compact efficiency. 23″ master oven, removable oven door; accurate push-button controls; high-speed Calrod surface units; No-drip cooktop.

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There were, thereafter, no further complaints from Hartshorn.

By the end of the third month of Intel-Anyl's life, London accepted another of Portaling's recommendations. (He used to wonder what ever became of the letters, dictated formally to the beauteous Miss Bishop and by her duly typed on the firm's letterhead and mailed to the nonexistent address in the West End.)

With the consent of the board of directors, the next edition of Intel-Anyl announced gravely, the managing director had yielded to constantly mounting pressures to increase the subscription list to 750 for the United States. As Portaling had foreseen, few of his original subscribers had been able to overcome the temptation to tell some suitably awed listener of their access to inside information. The additional $31,250 should more than cover the expenses involved in the salaries of Doctor Hartshorn and Miss Bishop. And Miss Bishop's apartment.

Despite himself, Portaling was swiftly becoming something of an expert on government and industry in Europe and Asia. It is unlikely that anyone who read as much as Portaling did—for he found himself actually becoming interested—could very well help but become something of an expert. And Hartshorn, whose doctorate was in European history, was invaluable. Intel-Anyl, in short, was fast becoming what Portaling had never intended it to be—a legitimate enterprise.

It was Mr. Miroslav Jurasek, however, who made Intel-Anyl seem infallible to its subscribers. Mr. Jurasek, of Des Moines, Iowa, was a Yugoslav immigrant who had realized the American Dream by parlaying his ability as an automobile mechanic and all-around tinkerer into the Iowa-Inter-American Farm Machinery Corporation, the General Motors of the combine-and-corn-planter industry. He had returned to his native land to visit his elderly parents, and upon his return had given Portaling his solemn opinion that Yugoslavia would shortly break its strong connections with Russia. He had spoken to men high in government, and with the peasantry, and he, Miroslav Jurasek, was no fool, or else what was Iowa-Inter-American Farm Machinery doing out there in Des Moines?

Portaling printed Mr. Jurasek's prediction, and Intel-Anyl was made, when less than two months later it came to pass.

Two days after the Yugoslav defection, what Portaling feared most happened. It began when Miss Bishop appeared at the door of the living room he used as his office.

"There is a Colonel Adair to see you," she said, her expression slightly awed. "From the British Embassy. In Washington."

"I'm afraid you'll have to tell him I'm out," Portaling said swiftly. "I'm frightfully busy, Elaine. Do try to get rid of him, would you? There's a dear girl."

"I couldn't agree more," said an amiable voice from behind Miss Bishop. "She is a dear girl, and dear girls oughtn't to be asked to tell fibs." A short, stocky, ruddy man, wearing the duplicate of Portaling's toothbrush moustache and elegantly tailored civilian clothes, slipped neatly past Miss Bishop and walked into the room to beam at Portaling.

"I think you'd better leave us, Elaine," Portaling said quietly, and to the colonel, "Will you have a chair, sir?"

"Thank you . . . Colonel," Adair replied, still smiling as he lowered himself easily into one of the armchairs flanking Portaling's working table. "The War Office, with its usual muddle, seems to have lost your records. They've got a *Lieutenant* Portaling on their books, on the other hand. Any relation, I wonder?"

"I think we may as well get straight to the point," said Portaling, his voice calm. He lighted a cigarette after Adair had declined his proffered case. "But not before I've seen your credentials."

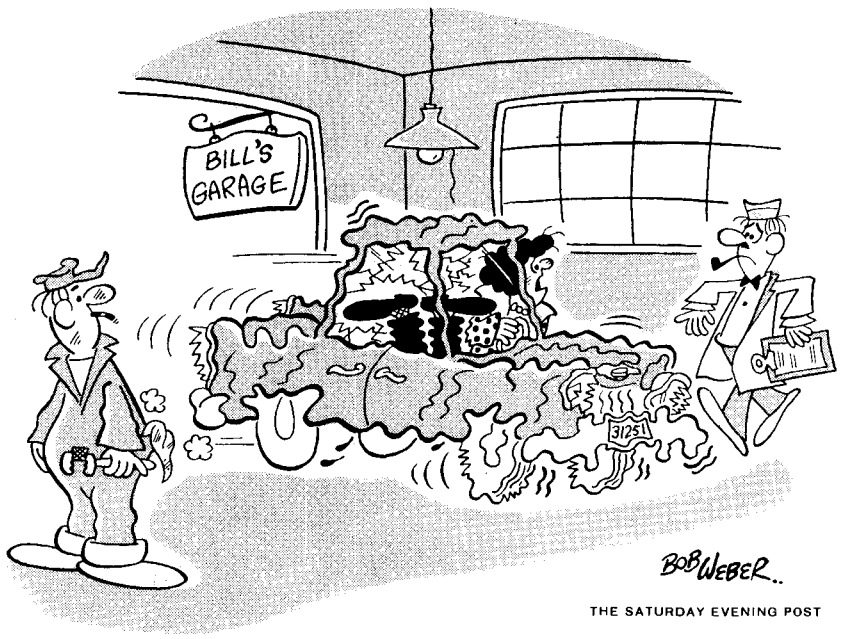
"Naturally not," Adair agreed pleasantly, and produced a small leather-bound folder from his breast pocket. "I think you'll find them all in order," he added, extending the folder for Portaling's inspection. They were.

"Well?" Portaling asked, leaning back in his chair.

"We've become rather interested in your operations . . . Colonel." Again the mocking hesitancy. "It's not every day, you know, that we run across a do-it-yourself intelligence system. Really rather fantastic, wouldn't you say?"

"But quite, quite legal," Portaling observed, smiling.

"Oh, I shouldn't wonder, I shouldn't wonder at all, my dear chap. Quite legal. You'd be sure of that, of course. The CIA has checked you out rather thoroughly, as a matter of fact. It was our American cousins who asked me to drop



"Could you hurry up and fix it before my husband comes to?"

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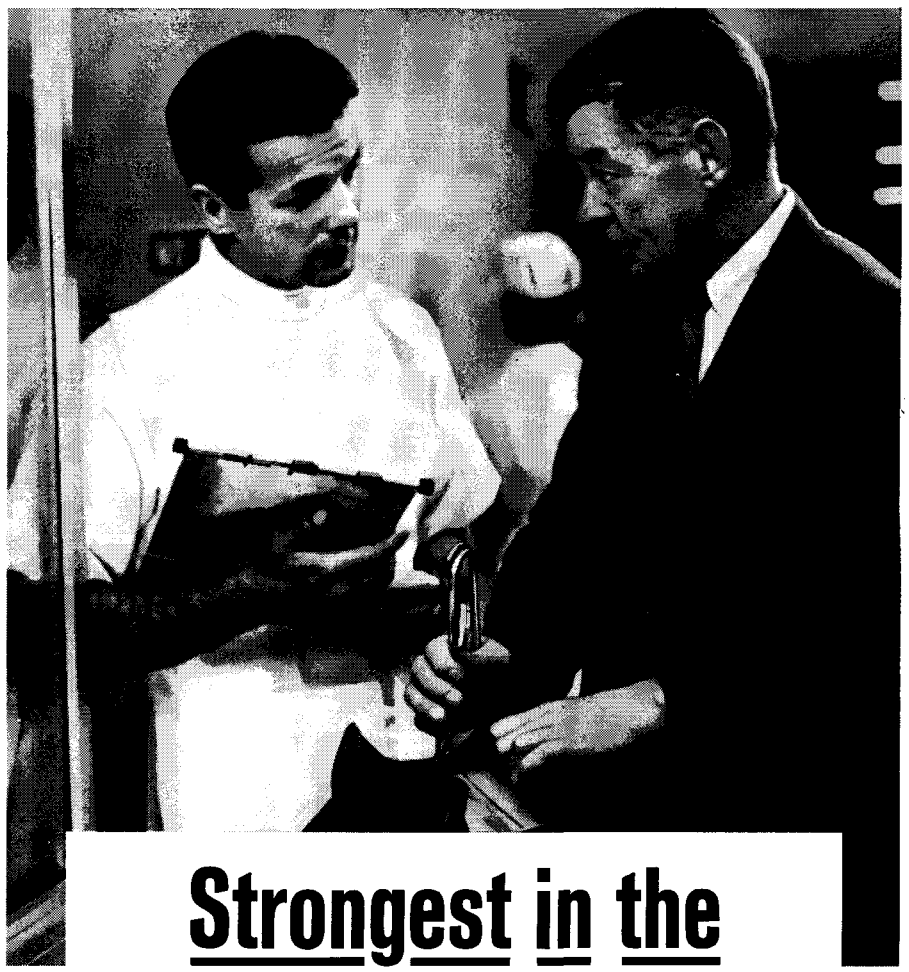
HEADACHE PAIN



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HOME for Christmas

This year, make it Christmas for the home, too. There's nothing more useful and thoughtful than the kind of gifts that bring lasting pleasure in the home over years of use. You'll find shown below a world of wonderful home gift ideas that will make this the happiest Christmas ever!

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by and have a little chat with you, although we were first alerted by your Miss Bishop, who called us for help when her letters kept coming back from London marked 'no such address.'"

Portaling sighed, but said nothing. Let Adair get on with it as best he could.

"They're worried about you, Portaling," Adair went on, dropping the bantering tone. "For that matter, so are we."

"I can't imagine why. You know perfectly well that I've no access to classified information. No organization, despite that letterhead." Portaling laughed, not without bitterness. "Unless you count my S.O.'s. Well, it was fun while it lasted, Colonel. I shall miss Intelligence Associates."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Adair appeared shocked. "Surely you don't think we want you out of business, my dear chap? Why, the whole purpose of my coming here today was to persuade you to transfer your operation to Washington."

For once in his life Portaling was speechless.

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"I think we'd best have a drink," Portaling said, his voice not entirely steady as he rose and moved to the tray of bottles set out on a sideboard. "Scotch?" At Adair's nod, he poured two massive dollops of whiskey.

"We've located what I think is an ideal location for you," Adair resumed, accepting his glass. "An estate in Maryland, just outside the District. Quiet. Secluded. Easily guarded."

"Guarded?" Portaling was startled. Adair raised his sandy eyebrows.

"Surely you know that for the past several months the Russians have had you under surveillance twenty-four hours a day?" Adair said. "As have we," he added, smiling grimly. "Your little news letter has been too uncomfortably right too often. Nothing would please our Slavic chums more than if you were to have an accident, preferably fatal."

"Well I'm damned," Portaling said.

"We'd rather you weren't," replied Adair. Portaling began to chuckle, and then he began to laugh at the splendid absurdity of it all. Adair watched him in grave silence, and then began to chuckle himself.

"I doubt if we can do much for your Brigadier Hawker," Adair finally said, still chuckling, "but I'm certain the War Office will be able to dig up those promotion records of yours, Colonel." And this time there was no hint of mockery in his voice. "And if you'll set up a real London operation, we'll supply you with a brand-new brigadier to be going on with. A real one, this time. I wish we'd had you with us during the war, Portaling."

Later, after arrangements for the move to the Maryland estate had been concluded and Adair had left, Portaling poured himself another Scotch and sprawled in an armchair to reflect upon his situation. Just before he had gone, Adair had mentioned casually that the head of the CIA was most anxious to meet him, Portaling, at the earliest possible moment to exchange views upon the possible expansion of Intelligence Associates to obtain information in Latin America.

It was incredible. The head of the CIA wanting to talk to Archie Portaling! Colonel Archibald Portaling, (Ret.).

The boy from the wretched school, the snubbed lieutenant of supplies, the quondam black-marketeer, the grocer's apprentice hoping only to become a district manager for Bainsbury's, had done it. Now, perhaps, there would be time to give thought to those things he had been forced to neglect while he strove to satisfy his greed. A wife. Children. Perhaps a couple of horses. Portaling smiled at the vision of himself pounding over the Maryland countryside in hunting kit, top hat and all. At long, long last. Archie Portaling was a Real Insider.

But his smile turned to a wry grin beneath the scrupulously trimmed moustache. Perhaps, he thought, considering his credentials, the joke is really on me. "I wonder," Archie Portaling mused aloud, "how many more of us there are." And at the same time a sobering thought erased his grin. If he couldn't tell how the other Real Insiders had made it, he must ever after act to conceal his own devious route to success. He had finally gained the Real Inside, but, Portaling realized with a sinking heart, the penalty was respectability and rectitude. And he already wondered, just a bit, whether it was worth the price.

THE END

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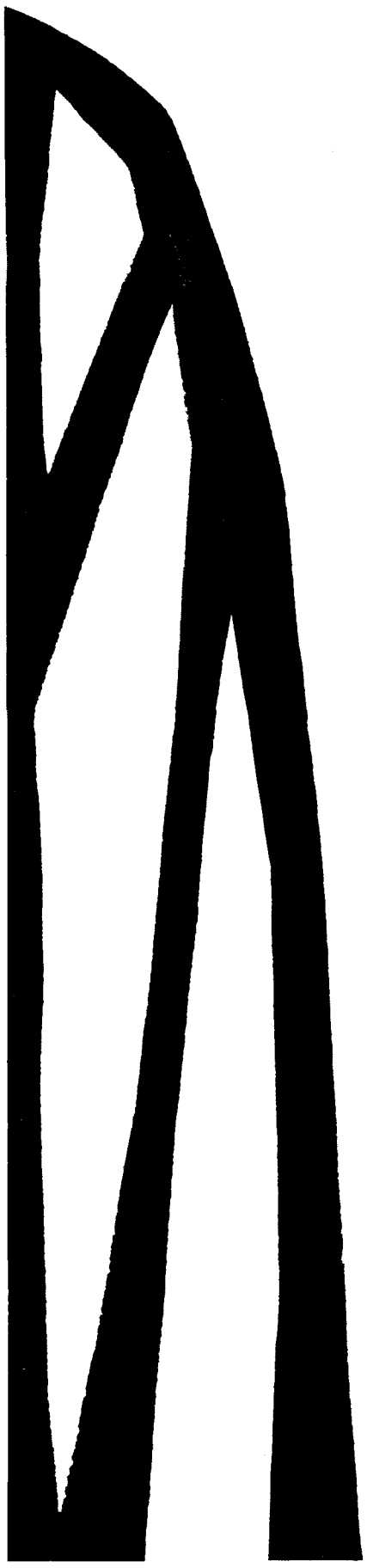
By Malcolm Wood

THE PROJECT

God's love is limitless, but it's easy for Him because He understands everything.



I CAN now see a special and somber meaning in the text of Al Nichols's Vespers sermon. At the time, I was simply pleased at the way my roommate gave the students and faculty a surprise. There had always been grudging respect at the seminary for Al, but he had been a kind of maverick too, and no one really expected such a sermon. Characteristically, Al had been too busy to pick up his suit at the cleaners, and he mounted the pulpit in a tan sport coat.

His opening was grim. Al had been an infantry lieutenant in Korea, and when he said that man's history has been a chronicle of plague, famine, and brutality, he made you admit it to yourself. Then he told of watching a schoolgirl board the Ames Avenue bus and sit down to struggle with her algebra. In the seat ahead, a five-year-old Mexican boy turned around and rested his chin on the back of his seat to watch her. The boy could have known nothing about algebra, but he saw instantly that the older girl was puzzled and in difficulty, and his own small brow wrinkled, and for several minutes he studied her, his eyes saying plainly that he sympathized, that he would help her if he could.

And then Al described a painting of mother and child that hangs in the seminar room, and he cited Joseph and the goblets, and he spoke in a kindly way of the feeling that housewives have for characters in TV dramas, and he mentioned our laughter, laughter of relief, in a current movie. With these simple examples Al made you see, for the first time, it seemed, the universal human talent for sympathy, for caring how others feel. And from sympathy Al went on to love, and to deeds of love. And somehow, listening to Al, you started with a small boy on a municipal bus, and you looked again at the world around you, a world Al himself called terrible and bleak, and you saw in it the sympathy of people for each other, and their love, and you felt you had a new inkling, finally, of God's love for us.

That was Sunday night. I didn't see Al during the day on Monday, but I heard much favorable comment on his sermon around the campus and I looked forward to telling him about it.

As I came up on the porch that evening, I heard Mrs. Hays, the widow who had moved in downstairs, shouting at her boys, "All right, who scratched that table? Tell me, you damn little brat. . . ."

There were slapping sounds and I started up our stairs quickly. I could hear a record playing upstairs and I recognized the clear, bell-like notes of Bix Beiderbecke's trumpet. Al loves Bix Beiderbecke. He has told me more than once that Bix's music is joyous and innocent, that it could have been recorded in a Sunday-school room, that Bix carried his trumpet in a paper bag and died at the age of twenty-eight from gin, that he was a "lamb of God." I paused in the living room to open my mail, and I could hear Al out in the kitchen, reciting from Isaiah:

. . . and the daughters of Zion are haughty,
And walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes,
Walking and mincing as they go,
And making a tinkling with their feet.

Strange. Al knows scripture, but he seldom quotes it. The Bix record ended and he made no move to change it or turn it off. I snapped off the player and went into the kitchen.

Al was alone at the kitchen table. Before him were his Bible, a glass, a bottle of bourbon whiskey, and a saucepan full of ice cubes. He splashed liquor over the ice in his glass and raised it to me:

Instead of sweet smell there shall be stink;
And instead of a girdle a rent;
And instead of well-set-hair baldness;
And instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth;
And burning instead of beauty.

He nodded. "That'll fix 'em, eh, Howard?"

Illustrated by Ellen Raskin

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The Project

I looked at him as acidly as I could. He's a wiry-built guy with jagged, hatchet-like features and eyes that are quick and yet honest somehow. That night his eyes weren't so quick. About a fourth of the whiskey was gone from the bottle. "What brought this on?" I asked.

"Listen," said Al. He pointed down at the floor. There were sounds of argument from Mrs. Hays's apartment.

"So?"

He shrugged. "It's mostly over now. She was screaming at them a while ago." Al squinted at me and raised one eyebrow as if he were about to say something incredible. "You know something? I sat here listening, and all of a sudden I was shaking."

I believed it. Mrs. Hays's rampages at her boys would bother anyone, but they seemed to upset Al especially. One time she shouted, "Damn it, Jeff, no *wonder* nobody will play with you." There was a note of hatred in her voice that was really frightening. You sensed that she resented everything about her life and blamed it all on the eleven-year-old boy and his younger brother. The boy whimpered something and she screamed, "No! I *don't* love you. I don't even *like* you." There was scuffling and she locked them both out on the porch. That time, Al turned gray and his whole body trembled.

"Try not to let it get you down," I said. I glanced at the whiskey bottle. "What good will that do?"

"I'm celebrating, Howard." His voice was deep and reedy, and he sounded discouraged. "Celebrating my tribulations."

I put coffee water on to heat and leaned against the refrigerator. I tried to control my exasperation. After the successful Vespers sermon—much significance is attached to those sermons at the seminary—this relapse didn't make sense. Al lowered his chin and intoned,

> ". . . *And instead of a girdle a rent;*
> *And instead of well-set hair baldness. . . .*"

He snapped shut his Bible. "It's not fair," he said. "The daughters of Zion adorn themselves for *us*, the men. Then we rebuke them. It's that Old Testament mind." There was a long silence. Finally Al straightened up in his chair. He seemed suddenly serious, and tired, and almost sober. "Maybe the dean was right, Howard," he said. "Maybe I don't have any business trying to be a minister."

Several weeks before, Al took me and Saul Jameson and a couple other students down to the Dawn Club to hear Louis Armstrong. Al only had a couple of beers, but he ran into an enlisted man from his old platoon, and somehow he landed on the bandstand singing *Auntie Skinner's Chicken Dinner*. Al's a musician himself—he often plays his clarinet along with his jazz records—and he did a good job on the song. But the Army buddy was on the stand with him, and the Army buddy was drunk. The story got back to Dean Abernathy, who had Al in on the carpet.

Before that, during Christmas vacation, Al and one of his girls chaperoned a Y.M.C.A. dance. Apparently their standards weren't sufficiently rigid. Dean Abernathy reproached Al for that too. At the time, Al didn't seem bothered. But now he was drinking and worrying himself. Personally I had few doubts about Al's potential for the ministry. "What you need is a little self-control," I said.

He shook his head. "Whiskey's not the problem. That's the symptom." He looked at me with an intent, beseeching expression. "I'm worried, Howard," he said. "I'm afraid I don't have it deep down. In here." He put his hand over his heart.

He began quoting Scripture again, and talking about love, and saying there was nothing inside him but pride—selfishness and pride. I argued with him. I reported the favorable comments on his sermon. I reminded him of his hot-rod club. Al likes tough kids and he likes cars (he had a chopped, blue '36 Ford roadster himself) and somehow he had organized a hot-rod club down in the annex. He got the kids an old warehouse for a shop, and raised $1,200 for tools, and spent all his Saturdays down there with them. He may have done as much to combat delinquency as the regular social agencies in town. It was the same at the Y. Because he liked it and needed the money, he worked three afternoons a week as assistant physical director. He was enormously popular there too. And his practice preaching had been successful. Even at the seminary, in spite of his recklessness and exuberance, he'd been a sort of leader. I reminded Al of these things. I told him, "People don't accept a person as a leader unless they sense some depth."

"Nuts. Leadership is a knack," he said. "A trick of having some energy and a couple fresh ideas. Anyway, my trouble is with women." He was silent for a minute, then said in a low voice, "I think about my own mother sometimes, Howard, and I almost hate her. I try to make allow-

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ances. I remind myself that she had it tough. It's no good. I know she had good qualities, but I think of her sometimes, and I can't remember that I ever loved her."

He fell silent then, and I spooned coffee into the boiling water. I could tell that these weren't drunken ravings. Al was troubled. I found him studying me cautiously. He seemed to debate whether to tell me something.

"Howard," he said finally, "This may sound silly—I'm a little drunk, I know—but I've got a project. Those people are in trouble." He pointed through the floor at Mrs. Hays's apartment. "If anyone ever needed help, they do. Well, I've set myself a project, as I said. If a person could just *love* Mrs. Hays a little. . . ." He looked up at me sharply. "I'm not trying to be funny ——"

I nodded.

"I mean, if a person could just *understand* her, make things easier for her, and help her feel better about those boys. . . ." He rubbed his forehead and looked worried. "A minister *ought* to be able to cope with trouble like this. Anyway, I'm going to try."

I said nothing. We were quiet for a time and I poured the coffee.

Al roused himself and took the whiskey bottle to the cupboard. He sat down again and lifted his coffee cup to me in the gesture of a toast. "Will you drink to my project, Howard?"

I hesitated. How drunk was he? Drunk or sober, his project seemed forced, as if he were compelling himself to submit to an impossible test. The connection was obvious between his doubt about being able to love, and this contrived "project" concerning Mrs. Hays. Still, you had to respect the idea. Crude and headlong though it seemed, there was a sincerity and intensity about it that was typical of Al. I compared it with the preoccupations of most divinity students. Of course they were younger than Al and I. But with vastly more time for study, they were forever worrying about grades. If they had doubts, they concerned the doctrine of the Trinity, or the validity of Christianity itself. Very few were thoughtful enough to have doubts about themselves, or to take an interest, however compulsive, in an unhappy widow. I raised my coffee cup to Al.

"Above all," he said, "hold unfailing love for one another. . . ."

I finished it: "Since love covers a multitude of sins." We grinned and drank our coffee in silence. There were no sounds from the apartment down below.

With Al and me, Mrs. Hays had always been brisk but friendly. Shortly after she moved in she invited us down for coffee and the three of us talked until after dark. "Don't think it isn't tough," she said that afternoon. "I get migraine headaches so bad I think I'll go crazy. And I get so *down* over the way I've loused things up. Sometimes I think I've just *got* to get a man in the house again." She made a face. Her complexion was a bit coarse, and there was something grim about her mouth, but her eyes were candid and she could smile sometimes. She was thirty-seven and had quite a good figure. "I don't know what it is," she was saying. "I seem to attract the immature ones. They think I'm the motherly type." She laughed mirthlessly. Then she complained about the boys, particularly Jeff. "He can't make friends," she said. "He can't find anyone to play with. He doesn't try." She gave us a fed-up look. "I don't know what it is. *I* don't have any trouble making friends."

There was a darker side to Mrs. Hays, the side that swore so savagely at the boys, and struck them sometimes, and locked them outside, and took pleasure in making them wretched. I attributed some of this to her headaches, but Al was less tolerant. I remember a night shortly after Jeff, the older boy, got his new bicycle. We were startled out of a sound sleep. "*Get out there!*" Mrs. Hays was screaming. "I don't *care* if you're barefooted. One more stunt like that and I'll sell the damn bike." There was whimpering, and the door slammed several times. Jeff had left the bike out on the sidewalk and his mother was making him put it away.

We lay in the dark a few moments, then Al snapped on the light. It was quarter of two. "God," he said.

"She must be having one of her headaches," I said.

"So what?" Al exploded. He got out of bed and kicked viciously at a slipper. "Is it the kids' fault she has a headache?" He got a drink of water and went back to bed, but in the morning he said it had taken him two hours to get back to sleep.

The kids bore the marks of this treatment, but they were still pretty good kids. Even Al agreed to this, and it puzzled him. Jeff, the older one, was a bit pale, and he held his shoulders in a strange, high way and wore a hang-dog expression, but he seemed fairly normal except for his lonesomeness. The younger one, Lee, was healthier-looking, and seemed to make friends more easily. The two of them

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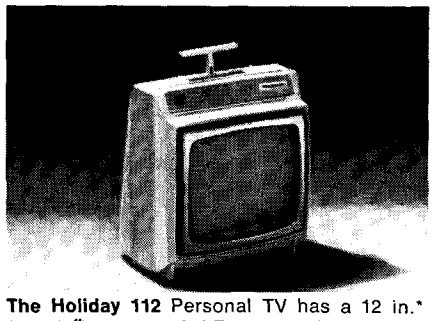

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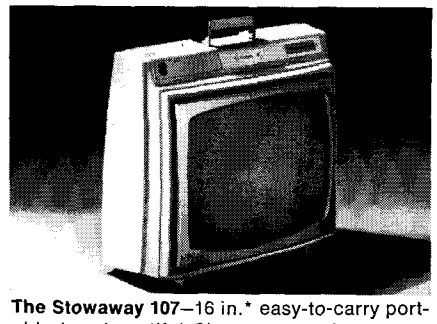

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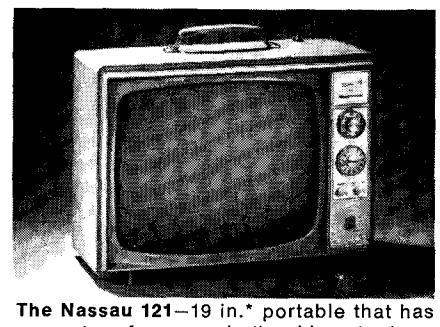

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argued and fought a good deal, especially when Mrs. Hays was at work, and Jeff would shout at Lee in the same tone his mother used with him. But they played together some, too, and stayed out of serious mischief.

Al was serious about his "project." His strategy was to perk up the boys first and gradually get into Mrs. Hays's confidence. He got Lee, the younger one, into the swimming and gym classes at the Y.M.C.A. immediately. Jeff refused to go to the "Y," but he did like to play catch in the street, and as spring came, he got interested in watering the lawn and mowing it, and along one side of the house he planted flowers.

June was approaching, and for Al and me this meant extra work getting ready for graduation and ordination. Al found another sponsor for the hot-rod club and he gave up that activity. The club members began coming over to our place on weekends, and frequently there were hopped-up cars in the driveway, with kids in black jeans and leather jackets watching other kids adjust their carburetors.

Sometimes Al would be in the yard playing catch with the Hays boys, or helping Jeff mow the grass and trim along the sidewalk. When some hot rodders arrived, Al would chat with them and Jeff would always hang around. He would climb in and out of the cars, and occasionally he succeeded in wheedling short joyrides out of their owners.

None of this was lost on Mrs. Hays. She seemed to like Al, to appreciate the things he did for the boys. She soon showed an almost excessive respect for him. She talked to him about her problems with the boys, and about her efforts to find a husband. At his suggestion she enrolled in a night-school class. Once when Al had taken Jeff and Lee fishing down at the pier, she said to me, "Mr. Nichols is pretty wonderful, isn't he?"

I agreed that he was.

"He'll make a wonderful minister."

"Tell him so," I said. "He could use some encouragement."

"Really?"

"Everyone needs encouragement," I said.

Mrs. Hays's brow contracted in thought. Finally she said, "I can say this—he's the first man I've ever really *trusted*."

I pretended to be offended. She laughed. "Oh, I trust you too. But I was talking about people I've known real well."

One night in May Mrs. Hays brought home the Australian sheep dog. Jeff and Lee went wild. "Here, Oscar," they shouted. "Here, Oscar," and they wrestled him, and made him shake hands, and ran him around until his tongue hung out, and he trotted away from them and stood looking out at the street.

"Let's feed him, Mom," said Jeff.

"Darn!" said Mrs. Hays. "I forgot dog food. Well"—she winked at Al and me—"go inside and get a can of Spam."

Oscar jerked and gulped at the Spam and the boys sat on the grass nearby and watched him. Mrs. Hays and Al and I sat quietly on the steps. Al broke the silence. "That was a swell thing to do," he said. He was talking to Mrs. Hays. "Getting the dog, I mean. There's nothing better for kids than having a dog."

"Well," said Mrs. Hays, "he'll be home alone all day when the kids are in school. He'll probably tear up my good furniture. But I thought ——" She didn't finish the sentence, but I noticed that her expression was almost radiant. She was proud of herself for buying the boys a dog, and she was especially pleased that Al approved.

Al made progress with the boys, but I realize now that he wasn't making much progress with himself. An undercurrent of animosity toward the widow kept coming to the surface. Once, when we overheard her rebuking Jeff for not making friends, Al burst out, "She doesn't care about Jeff. She's just afraid that if he's unhappy, it's a reflection on her." When she bought Jeff the bike, Al was sarcastic. "Sure it's a good bike," he said. "She's buying off her conscience."

He even found a drawback to Oscar. One Sunday he took Oscar and the boys and Mrs. Hays to the lake for a picnic. Mrs. Hays decided it was too cold to let the boys swim, and she wouldn't let them climb a nearby hill, or ride the ponies, or buy Popsicles, or even squirt the water fountain. Al played ball with them for a while, and walked them around the lake, but the boys were frustrated and bored, and according to Al they took it out on Oscar. They tied him on a leash and made him miserable by jerking at him and shouting unreasonable commands and prohibiting him from doing the things that are natural for a dog to do. Al said the picnic was a failure. It reminded him of the cartoon where the boss bawls out the man, and then the man quarrels with his wife, and the wife scolds her little boy, and the little boy spanks his kitten, and all the kitten can do is to hide behind the stove.

Whatever were Al's deepest feelings, he was skillful at hiding his hostility from Mrs. Hays. I remember the evening Lee Hays got into a fight with an older boy up the block. He came home crying. Mrs. Hays pushed him right out the door again. "Go hit him back," she said. "Don't come bawling to me."

Al was coming up the walk just then—I was watching from the upstairs window—and he loitered on the front steps talking to Mrs. Hays. "We had another pleasant little scene," he announced when he finally came upstairs.

"I saw it," I said.

"She felt guilty, anyway. She tried to sound me out on whether she'd done the wrong thing."

"What did you say?"

"I felt like telling her, 'Give the kid some affection once in a while.' But I told her it must be hard, that after all, she has to be father as well as mother. She's got to inculcate the stern virtues as well as gentle ones." He shrugged, almost cynically it seemed. "I've learned a trick," he said. "When she does something annoying, I think up a justification, and I mention it to her. Usually she's reassured. She doesn't feel I'm making judgments."

I guess I frowned. I had begun to recognize Mrs. Hays's profound need of Al's approval, and there was something about his manipulation of her feelings that troubled me.

"Don't misunderstand," said Al quickly. "I just figure that's the best way to work with her." His eyes were glum and uncertain.

Al's grades had always been good, but during that last semester, in spite of the time he devoted to the Hays boys, his work at the seminary took a spectacular turn. Earlier, in February, he had received money from some family farmland in Nebraska and he was able to give up the Y.M.C.A. job and devote more time to studying. As a result, two of his course papers, one on authority in the Pentateuch and one on the book of Isaiah, were accepted for publication in scholarly journals. On top of that, he won the Hopworth Prize in Hebrew. To be sure, he had started the semester on the dean's carpet, but that wasn't generally known. And he had given the best Vespers sermon of the year. The upshot was that two weeks before graduation he was chosen to deliver the valedictory sermon. Dean Abernathy announced it at Friday-morning devotionals. No one, except possibly Al himself, was surprised.

I didn't talk to Al on the campus during the day, but in the evening back at the apartment I found him sprawled on the couch with one forearm flung across his eyes. "Congratulations," I said.

He lifted his arm off his face a moment and looked at me. His face was haggard.

"You look bad," I said. "Are you sick?"

He shook his head and grunted unintelligibly and then sat up on the edge of the couch. "It's not physical," he said. "I'm seized with an evil spirit." He tried to grin. "Like the poor devils in the Gospels."

I waited for him to explain, but he just sat there, staring at the floor.

"You should be elated," I said. "Have you started working on the sermon yet?"

"I feel empty inside, Howard."

"Don't worry. Something will come."

"It's not the writing. It's not the sermon exactly." He shook his head in exasperation. "It's just—it's just the *difference*, the difference between what people see, and expect, and what *I* know I am. It drives me crazy."

He stood up suddenly and shuffled into the hall and toward the kitchen. I remembered the bottle. It struck me then that the last time, when he had bought that bottle, was just after his Vespers sermon was so well received. I couldn't understand it. It seemed that he just couldn't bear success and recognition. I wished I had thrown away that bottle.

He came back into the living room with a full glass in one hand and the bottle in the other. "Don't say a word, Howard," he said. "I can read it on your face."

He scowled and pointed at Mrs. Hays's apartment below. "You should have seen what I saw tonight."

"What?"

"Jeff. Apparently he was appointed to the traffic guard at school today. He had on one of those red jackets, and the yellow cap. When he heard me on the steps he ran to the door and peered out. I guess he thought I was his mother." Al swirled the whiskey and took a quick swallow. "Howard, you never saw such a look of pride, and anticipation, and happiness on a kid's face."

"So?"

Al shrugged. "I mean, it was pathetic," he said. "The kid's got such potential. He was so proud of himself. I think he actually loves her." Al took another swallow from his drink. "I don't know, Howard. I've tried to like that woman, to help her ——" He shook his head.

I said, "Liquor won't do any good."

"I know, I know."

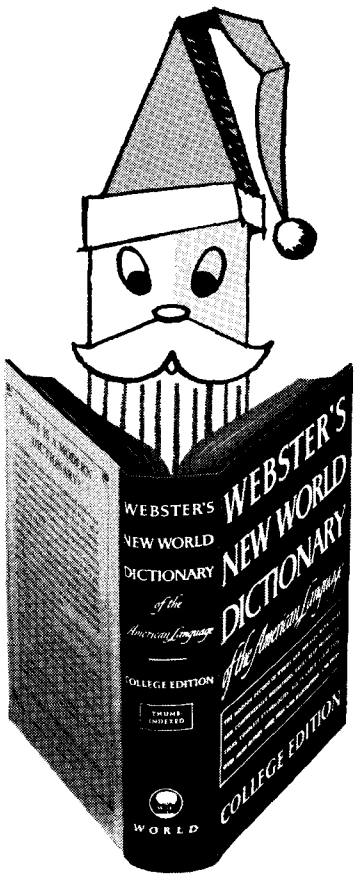
"It's not just a question of propriety," I said.

He held up his hand. "Don't tell me. It's a symptom of profound spiritual disorder. If anybody knows, *I* know."

I stood up suddenly. "All right. *Do* something about it!" I was beside myself. I walked to the door, then turned back toward Al. "Frankly, I doubt that you're worse off than anyone else," I said. "But if you are, *do* something. Try praying or something." I went into the other room and slammed the door.

I tried to read for a couple of hours and I tried not to think about Al. I heard Mrs. Hays come home from night school. At eleven o'clock I went out to brush my teeth. Al was still in the living room. He was working under the reading lamp with his clipboard and pen.

He looked up at me. "I've started on



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the sermon," he said. Seeing my look of uncertainty, he added, "I threw the whiskey away." He grinned broadly and I grinned back. I doubted that my outburst had had much effect, but something must have. I was encouraged.

"Why don't you hit the sack?" I said. "You'll feel fresher in the morning."

He opened his Bible and read from it, "'Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep sleep in the night; and they that be drunken are drunken in the night.'" Al looked up and clapped his breast like an actor. "'But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love.'" He smiled bleakly.

It was daylight when Al finally climbed into his bed. I got up and dressed a little later, and I saw that during the night he had finished several pages of his sermon.

I assumed he would sleep all morning. It was Saturday and there was nothing urgent to do until three o'clock, when we were expected at a faculty tea.

Al got up at nine, ate some breakfast, and complained about having to go to "that phony tea." He drank several cups of black coffee and settled down to work again on his sermon.

At one o'clock I urged him to knock off and eat some lunch. "You've got two weeks," I said. "Why the big rush?"

"Because I want it to be halfway good, that's why," he snapped.

During lunch he complained again about the tea. I reminded him that it was no ordinary tea: Church leaders from all parts of the state would be there. In a sense, the faculty was showing off the graduating seniors, and no doubt some calls to churches would be at stake.

Al snorted. He seemed nervous, tense, as if he were walking some kind of invisible tightrope. During lunch there was a sudden thump downstairs in Mrs. Hays's apartment, an ordinary sound such as the boys made a dozen times a day. It startled Al and he knocked over his glass of milk. After lunch, Al returned to his sermon, and I had to make him stop and change clothes. By the time we were ready to leave it was 3:30.

Mrs. Hays was standing beside her car in the driveway. She and the boys were about to go somewhere. She looked drawn and tired, and I wondered if she had broken with a boyfriend, and if that had upset her. I remember thinking it was nice that she and the boys were going somewhere together, and I thought again how good it was that the boys had Oscar. At the moment they were trying to catch him to lock him in the house.

"Come here, Oscar," Jeff called, and he slouched up toward Oscar in his high-shouldered way. Oscar waited until Jeff was within three or four feet and then trotted easily out of reach. Oscar knew what was in store for him.

"Darn you, Oscar," Jeff shouted. "Wait till I catch you. You'll be sorry."

"That's right. *You'll* be sorry," echoed little Lee.

The boys made several rushes at the dog and Jeff began to lose his temper. A note of rage entered his voice. "Stop that! Oscar! Come here!"

"Oh, shut up, Jeff," said Mrs. Hays. Al and I were walking past her then and she gave us an exasperated smile.

Jeff screamed again at Oscar.

"You don't have to holler like that, Jeff," said Mrs. Hays.

Al stopped suddenly. He turned toward Mrs. Hays. There was a distraught expression on his face that startled me. Glaring at the widow, he snapped, "Do you know *why* they shout at Oscar that way?"

Mrs. Hays looked puzzled.

"Because that's exactly the way you shout at them. And I'm sick of it. We hear you in there night and day."

Mrs. Hays's face took on an expression of disbelief, then of shock. Al turned angrily away, but seeing that I paused, he turned back in time to see Mrs. Hays's full reaction.

I suppose Al expected, as I did, that she would get mad and snap back at him. Instead she looked at him for a full twenty seconds with a kind of horror. Then she choked with grief. She covered her face with her hands and with a sob she ran up the steps and into the house. The front door slammed shut, startling Al back to his normal self. "My God, Howard," he said, "what have I done?"

"You caught her by surprise," I said. "Maybe ——"

"Did you see her expression? What have I done, Howard?"

He stood uncertainly on the sidewalk, looking up at the front door. Jeff and Lee hadn't noticed his exchange with their mother and they were still trying to catch the dog. "Come *here*, Oscar," they shouted.

"I ought to apologize," Al said. He strode suddenly up the front steps and rang the doorbell. I waited on the walk, half curious what he would say, half exasperated at being late for the tea.

Mrs. Hays didn't come to the door. Al rang the bell several times and knocked on the glass, but she didn't answer. He came down the steps finally and joined me. He seemed to be in a kind of daze. We walked a block in silence. "You can't do that to a person," Al said suddenly. "I tricked her." He slowed down, as if he couldn't think and walk at the same time. "She tries. . . . She does what she can. . . . She thought she was doing OK. . . ." He stopped altogether. "I'm going back, Howard."

He turned toward the house, walked a few steps, then broke into a run.

I hesitated, and then I thought of the anguish on Al's face, and of Mrs. Hays, and it scared me to see Al going down the block at a dead run. I started after him.

Al was alone on the porch, trying to peer into the front hallway. "She won't answer the bell," he said. "I sent Jeff around to the back door. I've got to see her. The door's locked." He peered anxiously into the hall again. "They caught the dog," he mumbled.

We heard running footsteps in the back of the apartment and then Jeff was tugging at the door and crying. The door came open suddenly, and he fell backward into Lee. "Come quick," he cried. "Mamma hurt herself."

Mrs. Hays was on the kitchen floor. She was already unconscious and blood was pooling. Al collapsed on one knee in the doorway, then stood up and pushed me and the kids back into the living room. "Take them upstairs," he sobbed. "Call an ambulance. She's slashed her wrists."

I took the boys upstairs—they were absolutely silent—and I called the police for an ambulance. I prayed aloud, which seemed to bewilder the kids, and I wondered what Al was doing. Just as I started downstairs to help, the police and the ambulance arrived.

Mrs. Hays was still unconscious when the ambulance took her away. A police officer questioned Al, and then Al stayed upstairs with the kids, and the officer questioned me. An uncle, who lived in Pleasantvale and of whom we had never heard, arrived. He was a small, irritable man with rimless glasses, the loan officer of a bank. "I might have known Anne would pull something like this," he said.

He did make sure the boys were out of earshot when he phoned the hospital. He talked with a doctor, then announced, "She died from loss of blood. And shock." He hung up and compressed his lips. "I'm not going to tell the kids. I'll let my wife tell them."

He took along some of the boys' clothes, but he wouldn't take their bicycles. At first he refused to let them take Oscar, but Al, his voice shaking, persuaded him to take the dog. After they had left, Al said in a dead voice, "You see what kind of life they'll have out there." He closed his eyes. "I've got to clean up the kitchen."

My stomach turned over, but I offered to help.

"No. I'm the one. You stay here."

I shouldn't have let him go down there, of course, but my mind wasn't clear. He was down there a long time—perhaps it took a long time—and when he came upstairs his face was ashen. He sat weakly on the sofa and his breath came in gasps. "The kids have the best room," he said. "She's fixed it up nice, too."

He vomited then, and he kept vomiting. It was strange he hadn't done so earlier. Between spells he lay silently on the couch and finally he fell asleep. His breath still came in dry gasps and his eyes were squinted shut hard. He didn't rouse when I spoke to him, so I covered him with a blanket and let him sleep.

Al lay there in his clothes most of the night, which surprised me. I guess I expected that he would buy whiskey, and that I would listen, as I had listened before, to him wrestling with his devils.

When I got up next morning, he was seated in the chair by the reading lamp, working again with his clipboard and pen. He's working on the sermon, I thought, and I reflected that it could turn out to be a tremendous sermon indeed. I learned later that he was writing letters.

He joined me for breakfast, buttering his toast and eating a soft-boiled egg in silence. "You understand, don't you?" he said finally, in a low, tight voice. "She cared. She cared plenty. Otherwise it wouldn't have hit her that way. The kids could tell. Sure, she had her headaches and abused them. She could be cruel. But she *tried*. The kids understood. . . ." His eyes seemed to film over. He mumbled something I couldn't hear.

I told him to be patient, to pray. "You can gain from this a deeper understanding," I said. I made the usual remarks about suffering, about God's will, God's way. Al listened politely, but it was obvious he wasn't paying attention. He interrupted finally.

"Listen, Howard," he said. "You'll go to the funeral, won't you?"

"Of course."

"I won't be able to," he said.

Twenty minutes later he was gone. He would say only that he had to "get out into the valley where it's warm." He spread two blankets on the floor. In the middle he put a pair of cotton pants, socks, a couple of shirts, and, for some reason, his old binoculars. He didn't put in his Bible. Then he rolled everything up into a duffel. I could find no way to talk to him, to make him reconsider. He seemed totally composed. He told me to turn over his roadster to the hot-rod club. "They can sell it and put the money in the treasury," he said. I reminded him of graduation, of his valedictory sermon, of his life ministry. He showed me an envelope he'd addressed that morning. "I've written to the dean," he said. He might have been talking about an excuse for cutting a seminar meeting. He told me to keep his books and clothes, and to give his clarinet and jazz records to Saul Jameson.

He picked up the duffel and held out his hand. "Good luck, Howard," he said. He smiled exactly as if we had gotten our degrees, and had been ordained to our pulpits, and everything was all right.

I thought of calling a mental hospital, or the police. But what would I say? Except for his clouded eyes, and a kind of numbness in his manner, he seemed as normal as anyone could seem. In desperation I telephoned Dean Abernathy, but Abernathy was away.

I followed Al to the bus stop and tried once more to reason with him, but he had said good-bye; he wouldn't talk. He climbed on the bus, and I stood helplessly on the curb in my bedroom slippers. "Write sometimes, Al," I said desperately. "Let's keep in touch." The bus door closed and he was gone.

Someone else gave the valedictory sermon. I couldn't help comparing it with the pages Al had finished. It wasn't Al's intention to take a cold religion out into the world. He wanted to bring the world, with its liveliness, its beauty, into the church to awaken our religion.

It's now late summer. I keep the apartment here, and each weekend I serve as relief minister in remote country parishes. Last week I preached in a church near Riggsly, in the valley. I peered at every figure along the road, at every dark group of workers in the fields and orchards. It was hot, and I stopped for a soft drink at one of the "Giant Orange" stands that dot that country. There was a railroad spur behind it, and an old timber platform for loading stock, and a fruit tramp was dozing in the shade. For an instant I thought it was surely Al.

Where is he? I ask myself. What does he do? I have a feeling that he is following the harvests. Sometimes I'm afraid he has killed himself with whiskey or muscatel. Then I remember his sarcasms (quick grin, bushy eyebrow raised), his greasy pants legs sticking out from under some kid's old car, even his reedy voice singing *Auntie Skinner's Chicken Dinner*, and I'm encouraged. I sent a circular to all the churches in our western council, asking the ministers to be on the alert for Al. So far there have been no answers.

Still I hope. I am keeping for him his books and clothes, his records, his clarinet, even his roadster. Today after services I stopped for a few minutes and listened to the band playing in the town park out in Ramsey. It was a familiar scene: old people under the shade trees, children at the popcorn wagon, couples eating ice-cream cones and holding hands. The bandsmen wore blue uniforms and they seemed serious and proud. The notes of the first cornet reminded me of Bix Beiderbecke, Al's "lamb of God," so lively they sounded, and so pure. I smelled butter on the popcorn, listened to those silver notes, and told myself that it would be at such a moment that Al might forgive himself, might forgive us, might at last accept God's grace and return to life. THE END

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Charity may begin at home all right, but the trouble is that it almost never ends there.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE

By TOM COLE

The Ralston family was at the dinner table in their ample Northern suburb, fifteen minutes from the factories. On the tablecloth were silver, blue glasses of milk, peas and green beans in one bowl and roast potatoes in another. There were butter-colored margarine in a glass boat, salt and pepper in perforated turrets that gleamed beneath the chandelier, intertwined cruets of vinegar and oil, mustard with a Lilliputian spoon, forsythia and pears and grapes in the center, and a slab of beef brisket circled by whole onions on a platter at the far end. It was April of 1945, and American armies had already crossed the Saar and the Rhine, had taken Iwo Jima and invaded Okinawa. Curtains waved in the warm dusk. The children were laughing at their mother because of the Red Cross.

"'Lo 'z Miz Roastin' at home?" one of them said, imitating the voice of a telephone petitioner.

Another chimed in. "Ah'm sorry, honeychile. Miz at home, but she ain't *roastin'*. She's *eatin'*." It was a game.

There were four children, who took turns running to the telephone on Red Cross nights. Then they brought mimicry like a prize back to the table: of the soldiers and the female kin of soldiers who called in sickness, disrepair, tears, contrition—poorly feigned, well feigned, or unfeigned—to plead for emergency home leave through their "local Red Cross representative," who was, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, Hannah Ralston, the mother of this family. Her flying, iron-colored hair was never quite combed. Now she hurried to the hall telephone amid the riot of skeptics, saying "Hush," apologetic, blushing.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Ralston. Now if you could wait just a half second until I find my pencil. . . ?"

This soldier's voice, like many, was Southern, and clumsy with alcohol, and the oldest sister had reported a telltale jukebox in the near background playing Benny Goodman's record of *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise.*

A child's voice at the table: "Maybe she ain't roastin', but brother, you is stewed!"

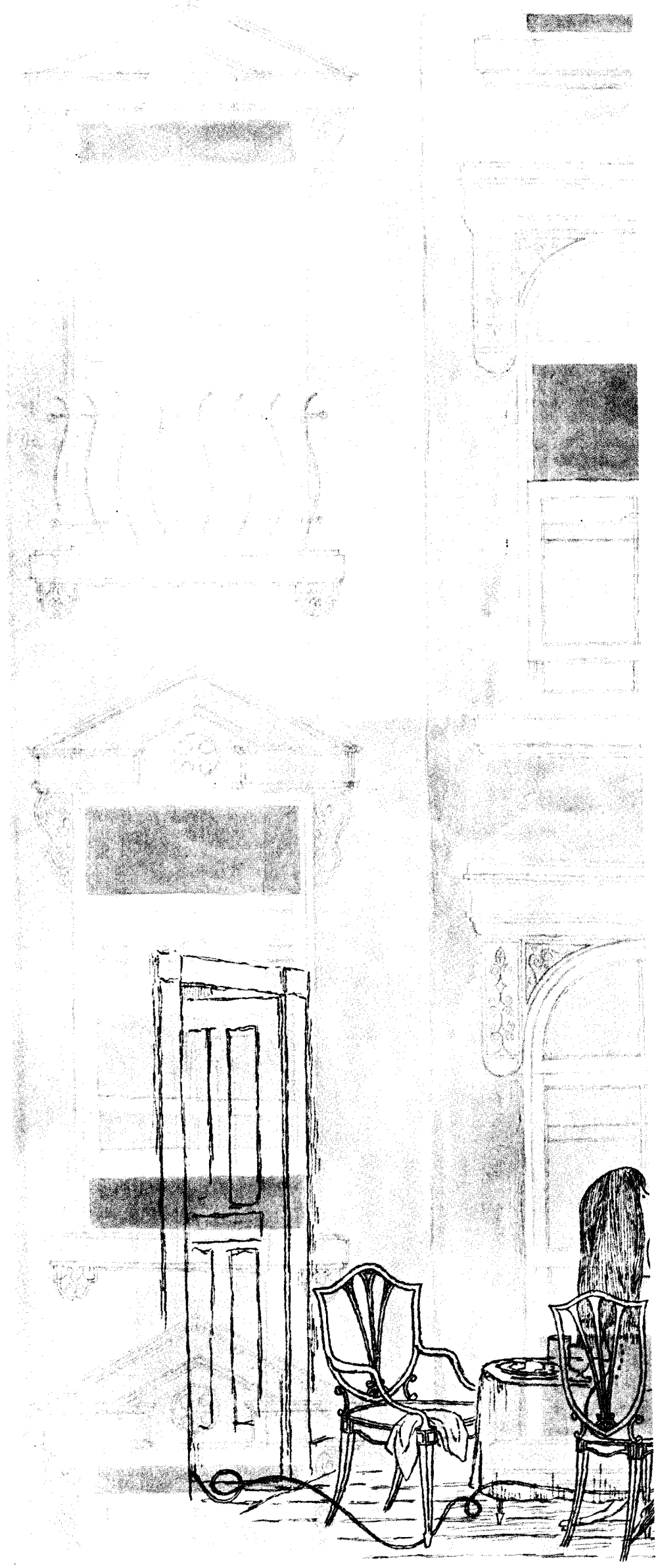
"I see," came the mother's official telephone voice around the corner. "Now, we would have to have a doctor's verification on that. Does your aunt *normally* live with the family? . . . Mm-hm. . . . And has she had heart trouble before?"

"No'm," chimed the older sister, home for a week's vacation from Radcliffe. "Why, she-all lived in the jukebox, and it's her *ear* that's giving her the trouble."

Second daughter: "Oh. Well, we'll arrange your discharge right away. I'll wire your post commander. Where did you say that jukebox was?"

"Why, it's raht hyeah, Miz' Roastin', raht 'tween mah grandpappy's deathbed and the baby's trichinosis."

The children knew their soldiers' tales. They were a girl eighteen, boy sixteen, girl thirteen, and boy ten, all healthy, all heedless, all earners of honor grades; and the father, a federal



Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker

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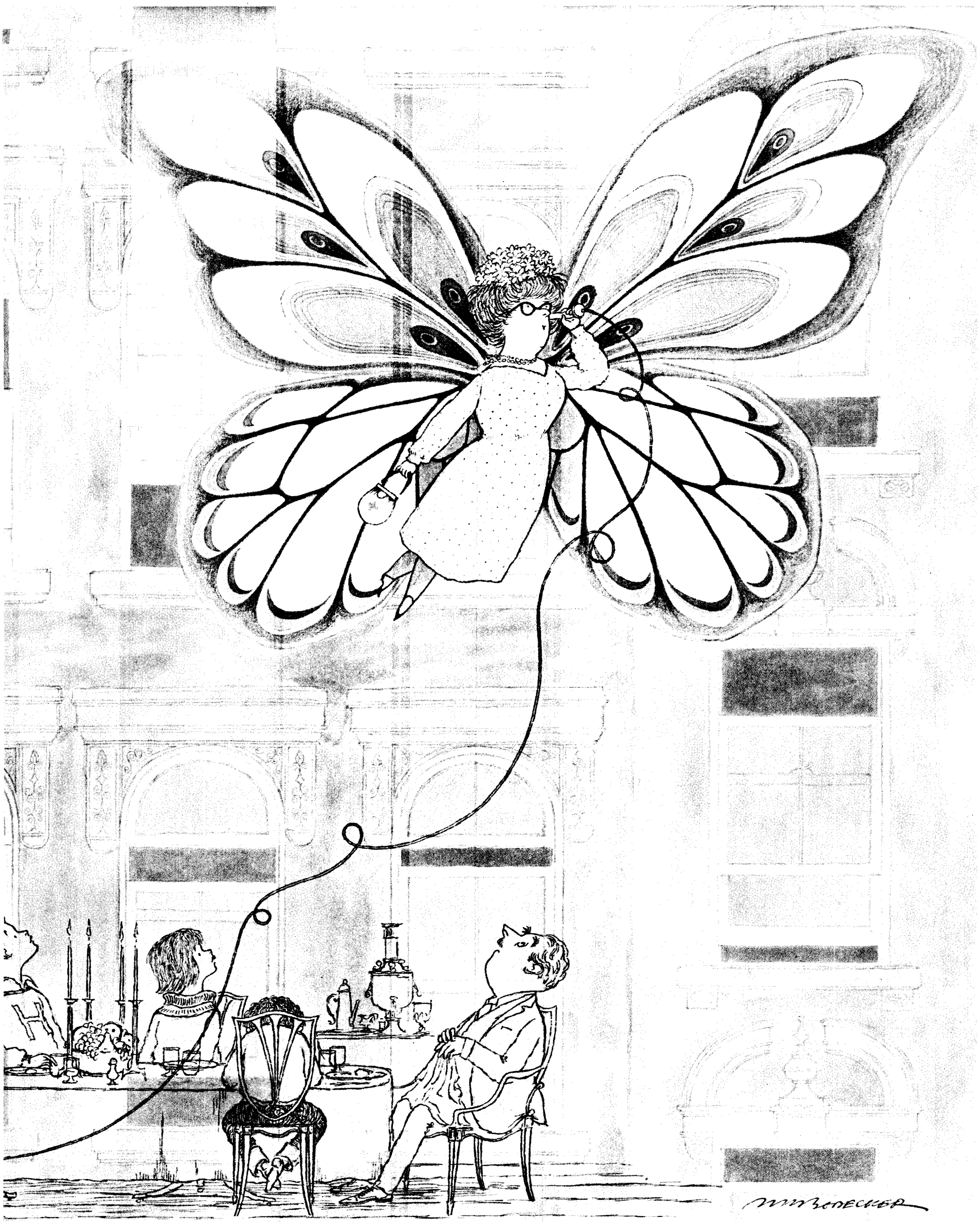

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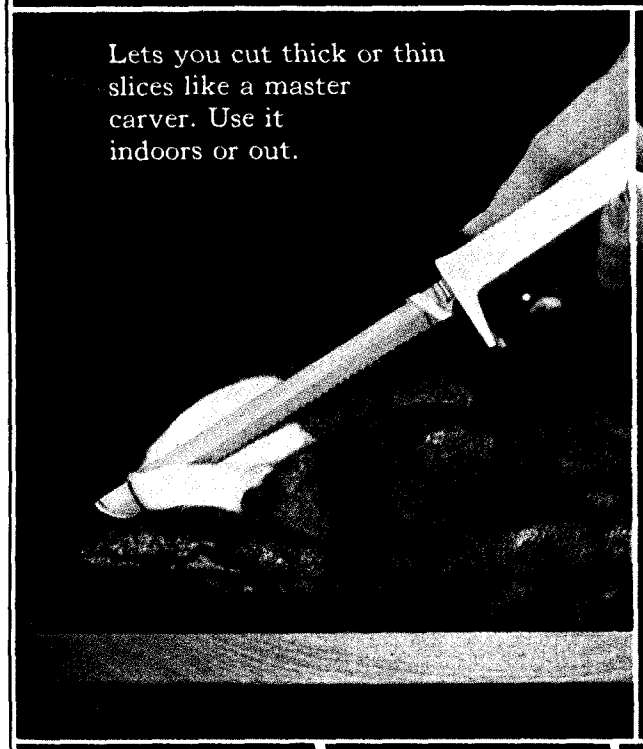
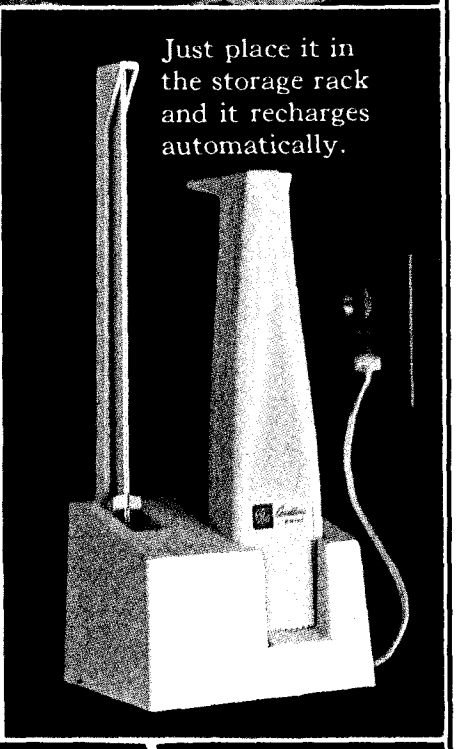
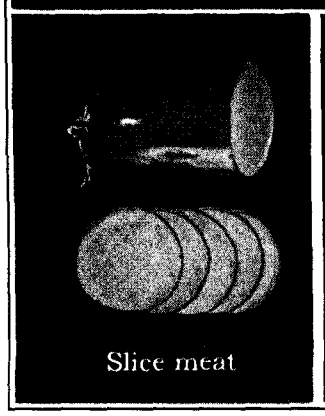
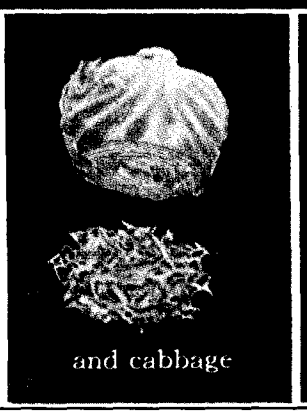
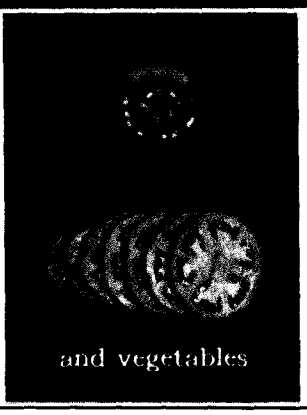




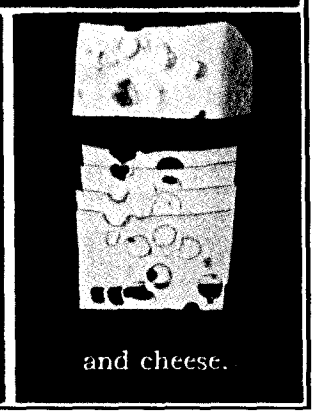

Slice meat


and cabbage

and fruit


and vegetables

and bread


and cheese.

General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Local Representative

district judge, watched their burlesques with mirth.

The mother's hand appeared in the doorway, desperately waving them down. Behind it, her voice: ". . . of course, corporal, your aunt *is* immediate family, in that sense. But you see. . . ."

From the table, two sopranos, a baritone, and a ten-year-old countertenor began to sing at the tops of their lungs: "Dear one! the world! is wai-ting for the *sun*-rise; Ev-ry rose . . ." until they had the hand in the doorway leaping and diving like a hooked trout.

The mother's voice explained, with vivid courtesy, that she would have to wire the district and field representatives and the corporal's unit commander, that she had no authority . . . "Yes, but certainly, but you see, corporal . . . Yes, do call back. We'll have to wire the facts and then follow up. . . . All right, not at all, you're very welcome. . . ."

Her reentrance to the dining room was cheered. It's Florence Nightingale! It's Clara Barton! It's Superwoman!

She wore high color, not of anger, but of guilt. When a telephoned plea was so blatantly false, she felt accused before them. When it wasn't false, she also felt accused.

She sat down at the table, ran a hand through her hair, and took up a serving spoon. "Query," said the father. "Can our armed forces spare you long enough for your family to have its dinner?"

He kept abreast of the important periodicals and shrewdly taxed the lawyers who argued before him; he had his full head of hair and a precipice of gray eyebrows; he was tired.

Peas, beans, roast potatoes, brisket, whole onions, natural gravy and salad were distributed. Milk and water poured from the frosted pitchers. Indignation cooled.

Now the business of life was restored, and conversations were of the following:

The father flirted with his oldest daughter through belittlement; he would believe Radcliffe's New Charm when he saw it. Until then, he relied on the jokes of his own Cambridge days. "Do you go to Radcliffe? No, a horse stepped on my face."

"Well, Daddy," she said airily, "those were other days, other wars."

They were, they were. He admitted that, and shook his head to the dance of time, while she turned again to her sixteen-year-old brother with her campaign that he quit reading Ring Lardner and begin on Proust, Mann and Joyce. "It's too late when you're already in college," she said.

But he *wasn't* in college yet. The family began to debate the Swarthmore-M.I.T. question again. What if he was accepted by both?

The thirteen-year-old sister hoped, passionately, that he would be turned down by both, and get drafted. She would find herself a Red Cross job just for the pleasure of telling him over the phone to go straight to hell in his foxhole.

"Barbara!" said the mother. "What a thing to say."

The little brother praised the New York Giants and complained that the rolls were cold.

The father told of his lunch with the Governor and had just begun to quote from their talk, with particular attention to the use of first names, when the telephone rang again.

It happened this time that the plea was legitimate—a soldier's wife with serious chest trouble, family with history of TB, the doctor present in the room to verify—but when Hannah came back the plates and napkins were a greasy shambles, the mollification of plum cake had not arrived because the older daughter had flared into an argument when she was halfway toward the kitchen; she was clutching the back of her chair as a barricade against both the father and older brother. The curtains whipped and flew now—all the children would prefer not to close the windows, to complain instead about having a "fresh-air fiend" for a mother—and as Hannah went to close them the daughter was saying, "You're both cracked! That *was not* the base line!"

Father and brother threw up their hands in despair, and the mother said, "Dear, do you think you might fetch the cake instead of getting into a tizzy about baseball? I'm sure the men know more about it." But they had not been arguing about baseball; they had been arguing about a Handel chorus, and so they all turned on her instead.

"Oh, Mother, for crying out loud! Don't butt in if you can't stay around to listen."

"Look at them," the father said. (The brother and sister glaring, the younger sister in her pubescent pout, the little brother rolling dough balls and humming to himself.) "Potential delinquents, the whole brood. Deprived of their mother's care by every alcoholic pfc. in the area."

"In the *district*, Father."

"Oh, righto. In the district."

"Heavens," Hannah said, "you'd think I were the alcoholic, the way you all look at me."

"What do you think, friends?" said the father. "Would it be better if she drank? Let's have a vote on vices—how many for drink and how many for the Red Cross?"

"If Mother was only an alcoholic," said the ten-year-old, "she wouldn't have a uniform to march in on Memorial Day."

"If Mother *were* an alcoholic," said the Radcliffe sister.

The telephone rang again.

It was Lily. Lily had first called two months ago, from the depths. Very pregnant, very sick, very frightened; she had been deposited here in the rattiest room in a downtown sewer of a neighborhood because her man said the South was no place for a colored girl alone. War or no war. The Red Cross had found a doctor and a somewhat less ratty room, and bought a police lock for her door. But she couldn't make friends up here, Miz' Roastin'. Everythin' was *outa tune* for her. How old are you, Lily? Sixteen, ma'am; could I get workin' papers after the baby comes? Now the baby was about to come, but the soldier's words had ceased. No words, no money, he was missing, she just *knew* he was missing, it was two weeks already. Missing in action. And she abruptly wept into the mouthpiece, because she was so "bad." She knew it was right that she should be punished, but she was so scared, Miz' Roastin', and the child . . .

The mother's telephone voice carried around the corner. "All right, I'll come right over. As soon as we finish dinner here. Yes, all right, we'll follow that up."

"Following up" was what one did with various officials—representatives, doctors, unit commanders. She had a theory, ill founded, that the family would approve of all moves that smacked of social mechanisms and organizational tables. She had already followed up Lily's case by sitting with her once a week in Lily's room. Lily's case, and others.

When she came back to the dining room, she found that the coffee had grown cold in its pot, the cups had remained in stacks on the sideboard, the youngest brother's pyramid of dough balls rose like cannon balls before a Civil War monument. Father had brought his evening newspaper to the table; he read stolidly of German retreats. The girls sat with folded arms.

"The family's on strike," said the thirteen-year-old.

"Oh, really, young lady? Well, as of now, the right to strike is canceled. For the duration. Up you get."

The eighteen-year-old was already up, and stacking. "May I make a suggestion, Mother? As an outsider?"

"Of course, dear." Busy undertone. "But what a thing to say."

"Either drop altruism or hire a full-time maid."

"Hear, hear!" Stentorian voice from the head of the table. "Ah, the clarity of mind, when education is fresh."

Hannah was balancing the salad bowl on a column of plates on her left arm; in her right hand the coffeepot, to be reheated. "Oh, I know, I know. But I've told you. I can't deal with help. I simply *cannot stand* having a girl working under me."

"I can stand that, Mama," said the first son, who had been mulling. (M.I.T. versus Swarthmore: to be ambitious or to be human?) "You hire them. I'll deal with them."

Younger sister looked down, father looked pleased, older sister said, "Honestly, the filth that collects in that boy's mind."

Little brother looked up from his dough balls. "If Mother was an alcoholic, she'd be a mess every day, instead of just Tuesdays and Thursdays."

Uproar. Even the judge laughed. Mother smiled: the crueler the laughter, the quicker the amnesty.

The older sister said, "But no, you forgot about the harpies."

Conspiratorial giggles.

"Ah, yes," intoned the father. "Tuesday and Thursday, awol warriors. Monday and Wednesday, the harpies."

The business of life was resumed, the cloth brushed, plum cake sliced and served, fresh coffee poured, fresh fruit and domes of ice cream provided, education and love and the Governor's first name again called to the table for talk, grape pits deployed in military formation where the dough balls had been. That the little boy abhorred a vacuum in his zone of tablecloth was one of the many things that the mother was not allowed to correct as long as she had her own "mess," her "awol warriors," her "harpies." The harpies were the crippled old Jewish ladies whom she drove for their hospital visits on Mondays and Wednesdays. On the telephone they spoke a delirious, cracked, muddled English all their own; they called often, and if any of the children answered, they moaned, "*Oi*, your mother—an angel! Do you know it, how she's an angel? Too good, believe me, too good for this world," and often they wept. For the most part, their afflictions were hopeless and their husbands were dead. Each hospital trip required three preliminary telephone calls—"Just you shouldn't forget about me, darling, who could blame you?"—and three afterward, for gratitude and a review of how bones ache, how organs fail. "Your mother shouldn't get up from the table," they would say to whichever child answered; "just tell her ——" But already Hannah would be hurrying, with blushes fit for an assignation, would take the telephone warm from the hand of a mocking child, and paraplegic Mrs. Plotnick would proceed to tell her directly.

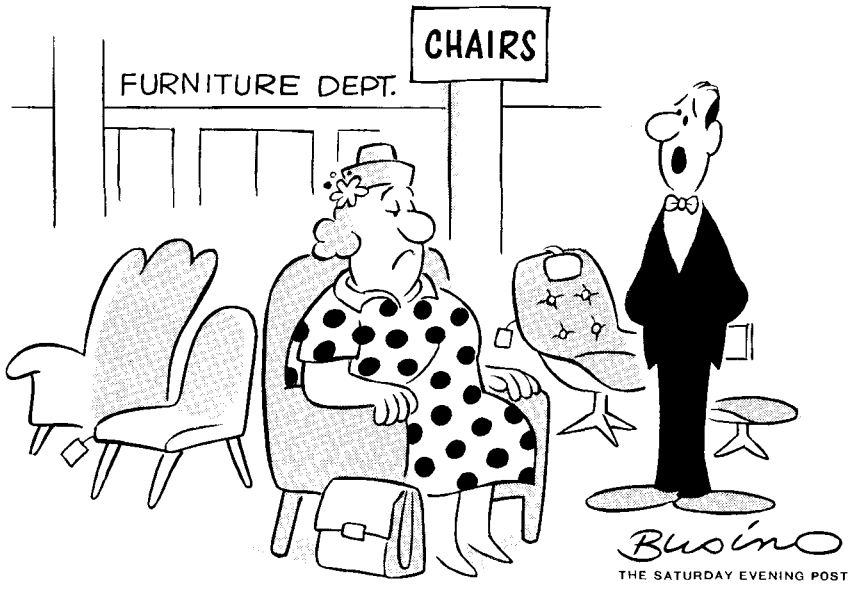
On even Sundays she drove a load of children to Sunday school, taught one class of Bible history to first-graders ("Let's all take our crayons and color Joseph's coat"), and on odd Sundays she visited, with prune pastries, certain of the judge's despised relatives who had never recovered from 1929. There were also irregular auxiliaries and clothing drives, and field trips to the zoo for the children of the poor.

No Ralston over the age of twelve denied that there was need in the world around them (the starving children in Europe hovered, hollow-ribbed and scurvied, over every serving of succotash and Wheatena). But their objection was triple: that Mother was a soft touch even where the need wasn't real; that no one person had to spend *all* her time dabbing at society's sores; and, above all, the chaos. They had learned to say true and wounding things.

First daughter: "Mother will simply *never* have enough children."

First son: "Mother has a Christ complex."

Second daughter: "Mother thinks if you run around all the time poking into



"The chair may seem a bit uncomfortable, Madam. One of our salesmen is sitting in it."

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Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itching—Relieves Pain

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Local Representative

everybody's business, everything'll come out just great."

Second son: "Hey, look!" (Sticking out his belly, pulling back his skeletal elbows.) "I'm a starving child in Europe!"

In response, she blushed and said, "Oh, stop it!" Perpetually she ran for the telephone, combed her hair in doorways, held her part-time maid's hand at the dentist's, stammered and hung her head when isolated figures in blighted rooms accused her of being late again.

Now the telephone rang again; truce of plum cake broken.

She raced her daughters. It might be Lily, and Lily must be shielded from their laughter. But it was the corporal with the heart-troubled aunt again. He wanted to know whether his extension had come through yet. *Saturday Night Is the Loneliest Night in the Week* boomed in the background. No, I'm afraid I haven't wired yet . . . (mutters of drunken vexation) . . . Corporal, I think you should realize that your case . . .

Within a few seconds, their interview was a shambles. She called into question his concern for his aunt, considering the time and place, the racket, the jukebox; he made various obscene suggestions about the private lives of Red Cross ladies. They hung up.

Of course, it could not have been Lily. Lily would balance on a thin edge through a whole night, chewing her knuckles, but would never call again.

Hannah rushed. The table had still to be cleared; time raced. The father rustled his newspaper, cleared his voice: "Exactly what is it you're following up tonight, Hannah?"

On the run, she mumbled, "District representative . . . home office . . . medical report . . ."

"Translated: one of your downtown orphans?"

"Lily's a poor girl up from the South, Jack. She's just been abandoned, doesn't know a soul. It won't kill me, for a quarter hour." She touched Kleenex to the lipstick at the corners of her mouth.

"Where?"

"Your friend Morrison's block." She was powdered now, poised, her wristwatch ticking at her.

Painstakingly he perused enciphered trivia in his paper: New York stocks and bonds and futures, the temperature in Houston, Seattle, Detroit. "Poor she may be. But don't tell me she's lonely. In that swarm of humanity down there?" Raised gray eyebrows.

"You mean to say you don't believe a colored girl can be alone?" she said.

The children were following closely.

"Jack, this happens to be one thing you know nothing about. It's a kind of life that I see and you don't. You're just not entitled . . ." She flushed.

"Oh, I know. Absolutely. What can anyone know of this world, outside the Red Cross? Remember, friends, avoid law, politics, the Navy, if experience is what you want. Join the ladies' auxiliaries. Have a waif in every port."

"Jack ——"

The older son said, quietly, "Don't argue with the judge, Mama." But she found in her son's eyes something cool, something newly level in his look toward both of them, first toward one end of the table, then the other.

"Peace, Hannah," the judge said, and returned to his coffee and ciphers.

The house had passed into its evening. The judge and the thirteen-year-old sister were at the cleared table, tracing atlas maps with index fingers; she had asked about the exact place where the Russians were going to meet "us," to which he had flowered into a disquisition on the role of the Elbe in history, on the halves of Europe, but Barbara stayed in thrall, as the mother saw—not so much to the Elbe as to the measure and rumble of his voice, to his tobacco and the jogging of his Adam's apple. They nodded without looking up when Hannah left: good-bye. At the piano, beneath pictures of graduations and classical ruins, the older brother and sister played four-hand Schubert, as they always did on the first day of her school vacation—a fantasia in the spring air, lamp-lit, the joy and run of articulate hearts, elbows jostling: good-bye, without looking away. The little brother was on his bed, aligning his baseball cards and listening to the *Hit Parade* on the radio: he gave her cashmere coat an absent-minded hug.

The magnolia trees were specters in the last dusk. Early maples puffed beneath streetlights; squares of light from mock-Georgian and Tudor windows fell across the lawns. She passed beyond the foliage and into streets where the harpies lived as well as they could above dry cleaners or delicatessens and behind bilious brick; neon flashed on and off against their windows. She drove faster, braking only at the last second, not to be late, and shifting into neutral whenever possible, to argue that she was not burning gas for pleasure driving. Crowds of boys appeared on the street, in bright short sleeves; she crept along in second; they knocked on her fender and made as if to be run over. A truck blocked the way—Carnival Meat Market—and there was laughter. She reversed a long block against the human current, touched at her hair in the rearview mirror—why?—tucked and smoothed her gloves, locked all four doors of her car. She traversed a street—broken shades at the windows, boys pitching pennies on the sidewalk—of locked beauty shops and open bars and storefront sects in prayer. Near Lily's place the sidewalk heaved once and split, sprouted a barren sycamore; policemen and dogs regarded her. From a radio blared: "*They're either too young or too old, they're either too gray or too grassy green. . . .*"

She smelled the urine on the stairs; she did not inquire about certain strewn objects, certain sounds. The man who owned this slum, and others like it, was a trustee of the judge's country club, a smiler at poolside. Lily leaped to answer her knock and voice, but still had trouble releasing the police lock, tugged at the bar of iron, pulled and rattled, said, "Ah'm sorry, Ah'm sorry." The door pulled away abruptly toward green iron lamp, wooden chair, cracked wiring, blotched ceiling, Jesus on the wall, ant traps, and the hot plate with kettle whistling for its guest. Then Lily from behind the door, throwing arms around her, lowering her head and trying to keep her swollen belly from pressing too hard, weeping, "Oh, Miz' Roastin', you all I have. You all I *have!*" Hannah Ralston took the room's sourish smell, patted the wiry head, made sounds to soothe the lost, thin shoulders. Her feelings flowed, one against another, and her thoughts, comforting, pitying—grateful, almost, that she should have so many waifs in so many ports. But then, as always, she felt the rising, unstanchable surge of her guilt: I do too little. I do too much.

THE END

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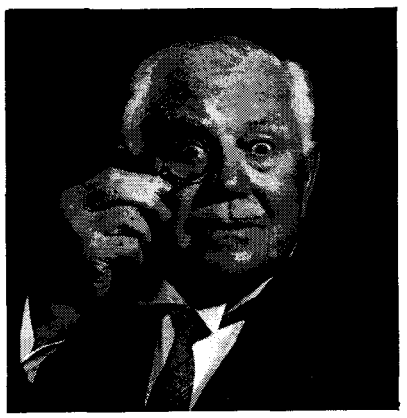
You'd be surprised how many people on your Christmas list would appreciate receiving THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

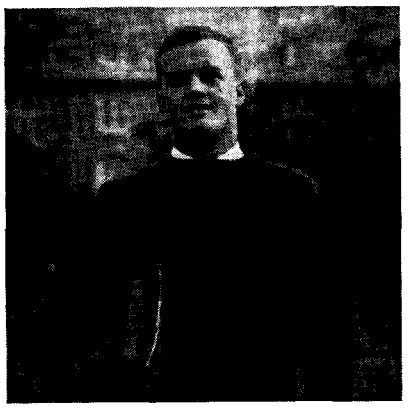


A RICH UNCLE

A NIECE IN COLLEGE

A BROTHER-IN-LAW

A DESERVING SECRETARY



A BOY IN SCHOOL

A FAVORITE SISTER

Check over your Christmas list. You'll find many names where the POST will offer the perfect gift solution. And each subscription costs only $5.00 when you order more than one. It's a gift that lasts all year long. We'll announce each gift with a card hand-signed in your name. No need to pay until later.

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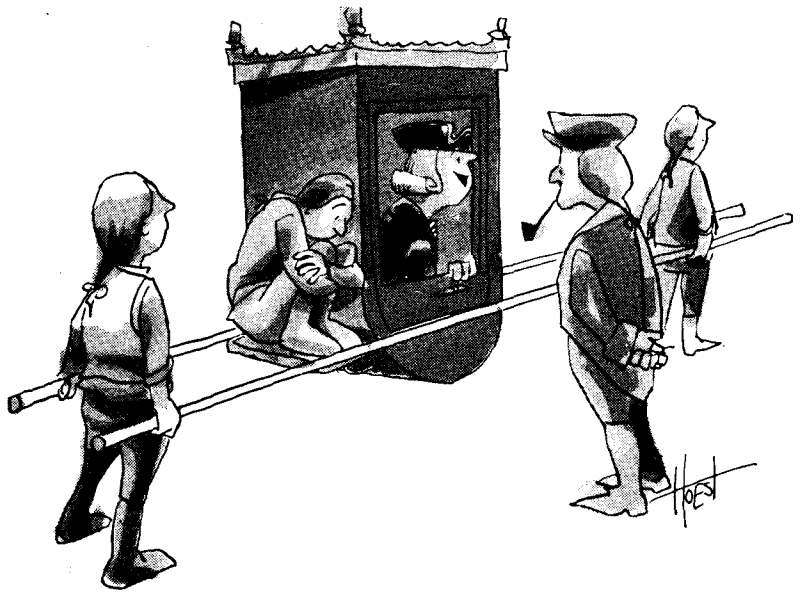
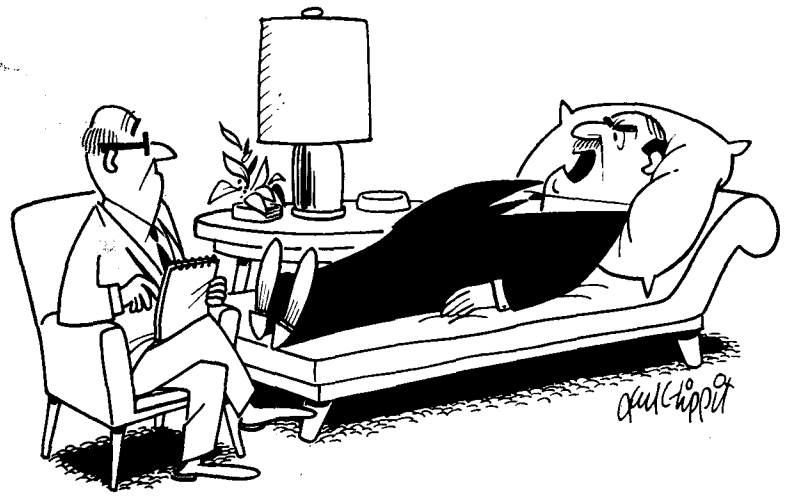
post scripts

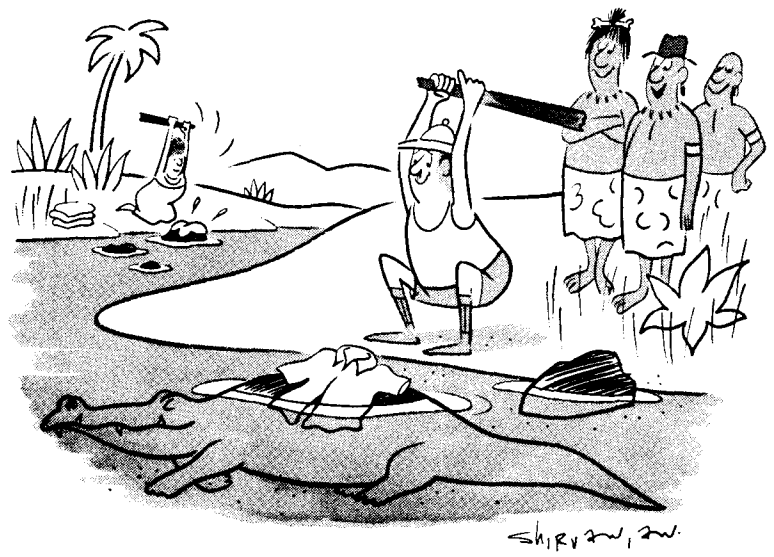


"I always carry a spare."

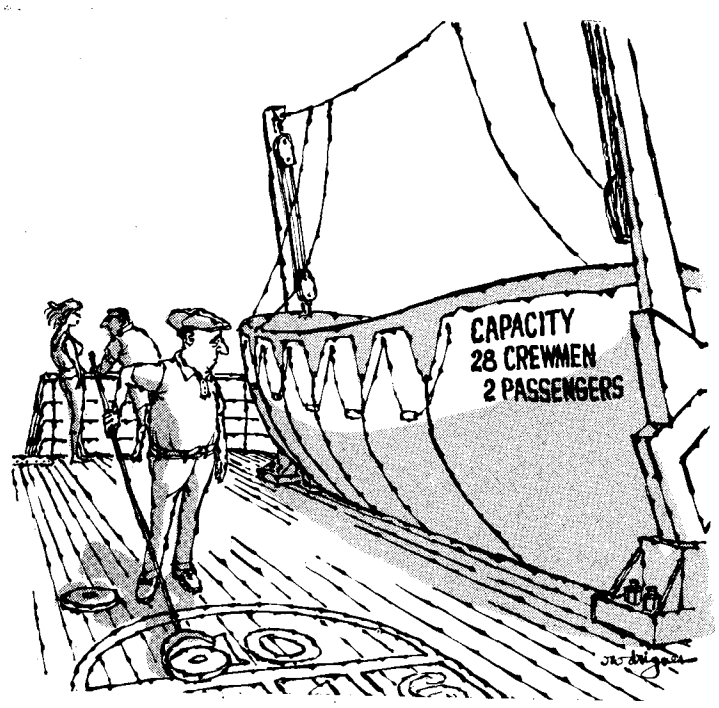
"Miss Merkle is moonlighting as a Bunny. Pass it on."

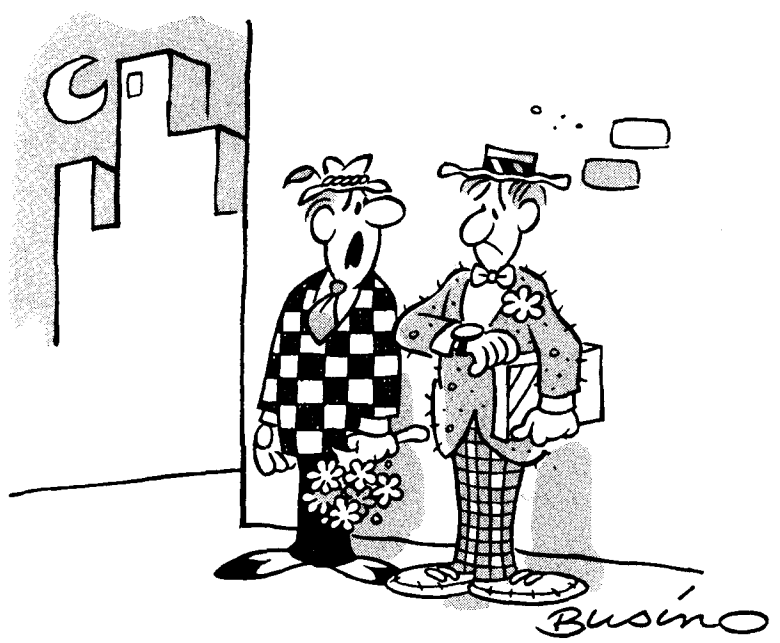


"Here's one head you won't shrink."



"That's it, Bwana. Now whack it with the stick."





"I don't see how they missed us—I gave them a perfect description."

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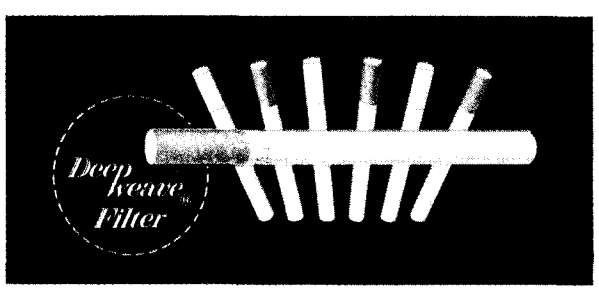
Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter for the taste that's right!

Viceroy is scientifically made
to taste the way you'd like a
filter cigarette to taste.
Not too strong...not too light...
Viceroy's got the taste that's right.



SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands and you'll agree: some taste too strong . . . while others taste too light. But Viceroy—with the Deep-Weave Filter—tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. That's right!

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There are five requirements a heating system must have to be truly modern: ❶ it must be clean heat ❷ be dependable in all kinds of weather ❸ circulate air for comfort ❹ be adaptable to air-conditioning. And ❺ do all these things at reasonable cost.

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BLUE STAR HOME

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De Kooning is responsible for many dazzling technical innovations associated with abstract art, including exploded bodies and wide, swashy brushwork.

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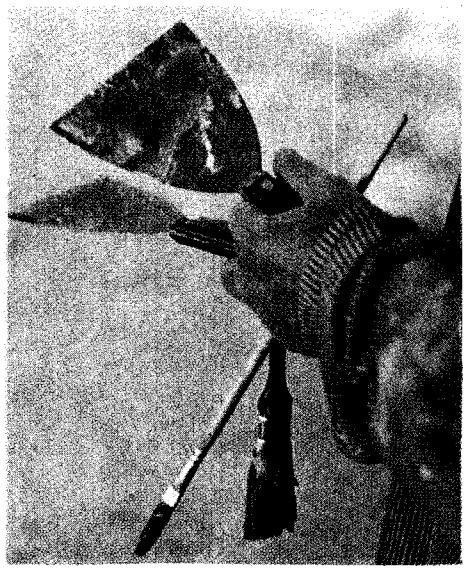
Photographs by Dan Budnik



Once a house painter, de Kooning still uses the tools of his former trade, like these big paint scrapers, and he still paints on doors.

THE STRANGE EYE AND ART OF DE KOONING

THE GREATEST MODERN PAINTER IN AMERICA LIVES LIFE TO THE LIMIT, HEEDLESS OF THE PUBLIC, DEBUNKERS AND MORALIZERS.

By GEORGE DICKERSON

In the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh hangs a large painting of a woman, done in violent swatches of color that leave her features and torso mutilated, and cause many people to turn away with disgust. A private collection contains quite a different woman, a pencil-drawn portrait of such realism that it might have come from the best classical artist. Another well-known picture hangs in the Museum of Modern Art in New York, made up solely of black shapes outlined by white lines. If you stare long enough, you might find what looks like a man's hat in one corner. Just as unorthodox is the picture in The Art Institute of Chicago entitled *Excavations*, suggesting disengaged parts of human bodies in agitated motion. All of these disparate productions are the work of Willem de Kooning, the man whom most experts and numerous well-heeled collectors consider America's greatest living painter.

Although many people find his art totally incomprehensible, a large new de Kooning canvas sells for $35,000, and a single picture was sold by one collector to another for $60,000. President Johnson recognized de Kooning's preeminence by awarding him the Freedom Medal. But one famous art critic insists that de Kooning is too much of a perfectionist, too neurotic, to become a good painter. He is, in fact, such a perfectionist that collectors have been warned never to lend him back one of his paintings because he might try to repaint it.

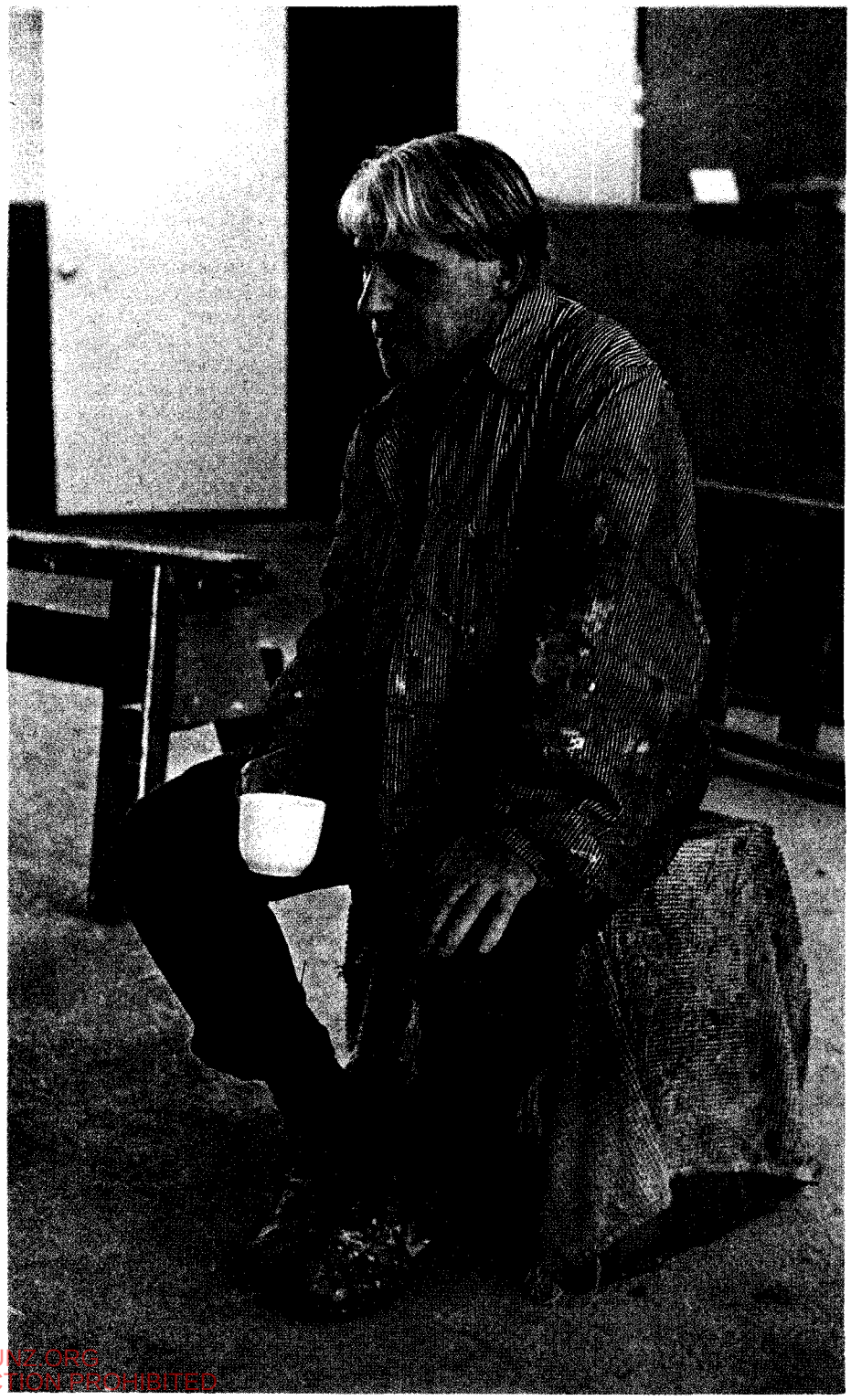
Other art critics, such as Harold Rosenberg who writes for *The New Yorker* and *Art News*, call de Kooning "the most important American painter of the postwar period." And Allan Stone, a New York art dealer who trades handsomely in de Kooning resales (not the new pictures), states, "De Kooning is *the* modern master. He wants to be the greatest painter, the greatest drinker and the greatest lover in the world."

Whatever the critics' attitudes, de Kooning has been the leader of America's modern artists for almost three decades, and has helped make New York the current center of world art. In the late '30's, when most of his fellow painters were still involved in realistic paintings of downtrodden workers, de Kooning was beginning to rearrange and abstract the significant forms of modern city life. By the late '40's many prominent American painters, following de Kooning's lead, were creating a whole new art—abstract expressionism—which omits most recognizable forms and lets the brushstrokes and colors become forms by themselves.

But in the early '50's de Kooning, always a maverick, placed a recognizable human figure—a monstrous woman—back into abstract painting, uniting the two in a way which chagrined some of his more dogmatic followers. By the late '50's the human figure was lost once again in abstract forms. De Kooning was then painting what are known as interior landscapes—pictures that represent the artist's emotions toward his subjects and do not show concrete subjects as such. Today he is at work on other new conceptions, doubling back to paint women again with an outlook that promises to stir up the art world once more.

But most important, de Kooning's work has an interior power and value that de Kooning calls "the artist's moral attitude." That power is still evident in the vivacious appearance of the 60-year-old painter. He appears to have just walked off the freighter that brought him to America from Holland in 1926. His face is handsome, weathered, with high cheekbones, and a strong nose. His eyes are dynamic, wandering into space or piercing directly into you. Elaine de Kooning, a prominent artist whom he married in 1943 and was separated from in 1954, recalls her first impressions.

"I met Bill in a bar in 1936. I thought he had seaman's eyes that seemed as if they were staring at very wide spaces all day. He had an inhuman look—vacant, limpid, angelic. I visited his studio several days later with a friend. It was the cleanest place I ever saw in my life. It had painted gray floors, white walls, one



His work pattern as tidy as his smock, the artist has an irregular coffee break.

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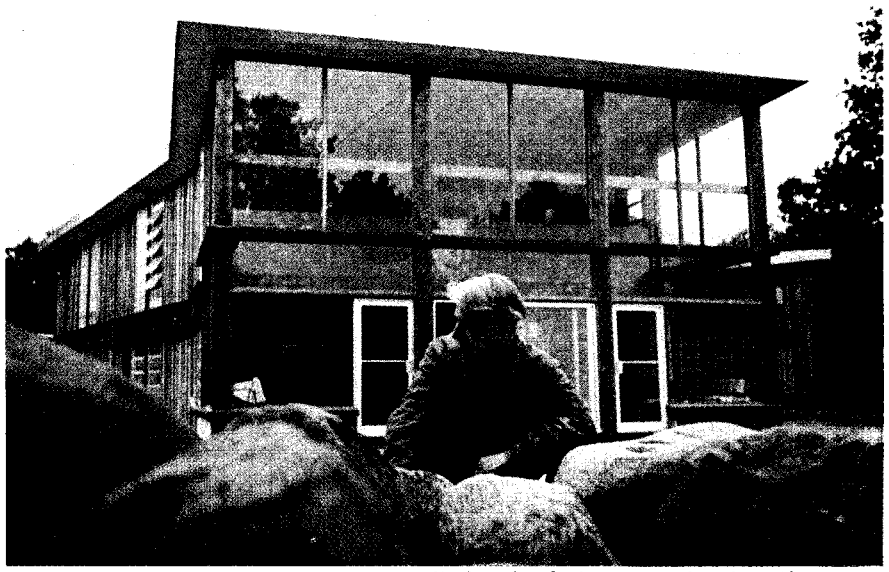

Upstairs the new Long Island studio has five bedrooms and a door that opens onto thin air. It has two curved staircases "for a ball with beautiful women."

"AN ARTIST SHOULD BE A MAN FIRST."

De Kooning

table, one bed, four chairs, one easel, one fantastically good phonograph that cost $800 when he was only making twenty-two dollars a week, and one painting—a man—on the easel. The whole effect was that this man was great."

His hands are impressive—muscular, blocky workman's hands with tapered fingers. They chop the air when he wants to hammer down a conversational point. De Kooning is an extremely articulate man. He will argue about the racial crisis, unionism, the moral state of the nation, and might end up with a crack at Freudianism: "Freud messed up *all* of modern thought, because he made formulas out of it. There were other men such as Dostoevski who knew much more and could go anywhere." Or he will sit back and wait for you to trap yourself in your own argument, and then laugh.

De Kooning can lend large sums of money to his friends but can also brag about his frugality in finding a cheap salad oil to use for an emulsion in his paints. His reactions are frequently the reverse of what you might expect. "One day," a friend relates, "I was driving Bill around Martha's Vineyard, showing him the estuaries, the farmlands and harbors, but he had no comment. Then we drove into Vineyard Haven, where he saw some tremendous gas tanks coming out of the ground, and Bill said, 'Now that's what I really like.'" De Kooning clarifies that story in his odd fashion by adding, "Martha's Vineyard is all right, but it's too sweet, and the old ladies are too powerful there."

One summer when he was teaching a class at Black Mountain College in North Carolina, he and Elaine were at a party together, and Bill began to feel overwhelmed with the chatter and atmosphere of a great many intellectuals. "Let's take a walk," he said. They walked for about 15 minutes, surrounded by mountains and a star-studded sky overhead. Bill suddenly said, "This all gives me the creeps. Let's get back." He hated the chatter scene, Elaine recalls, but the universe was just too much for him.

If you get taken in by de Kooning's seeming lack of sophistication, he will turn around and hit you with a discussion of existentialist philosophers, Marxists, or avant-garde film makers, writers and art critics. And although some of the latter have hurled manifestos at him, he states without bitterness, "I believe an artist should be a man first. I hate artists who are always complaining about their unfortunate position in society."

De Kooning claims that he had no intention of becoming an artist when he came to America. At the age of 12 he was apprenticed to a painting and decorating firm in his native Rotterdam. He also studied at art schools in Rotterdam, Brussels and Antwerp for eight years—but thought of art as only being "good for men with beards"—and continued working as a decorator and sign painter. When he was 21, he walked into the bar his mother owned in Rotterdam and spoke with some sailors about going to the United States, claiming Paris and Berlin were too old-fashioned for a young man. "I used to love to see the old American Western movies in Rotterdam—ones with Hoot Gibson and Tom Mix. And I saw magazines from America with pictures of cars and houses. Those illustrators were way ahead of everyone in Holland, so what I really wanted to be in America was an illustrator." But he had little money and no immigration papers. Taking the sailors' advice, he stowed away aboard their ship, jumped ship in Newport News, Va., worked his way to Boston on a freighter, then joined the Dutch community in Hoboken, N.J. It was many years before he could afford to leave the country and return legally with his American wife, Elaine, to obtain his citizenship.

Whatever de Kooning's intention, he was never destined to become a magazine illustrator. For six months he worked as a house painter in Hoboken and did stage sets in Miami. At last New York provided the impetus for serious painting. "I went to the galleries in Manhattan," he recalls, "and saw Modigliani's, Soutine's and Paul Klee's work for the first time. And I met painters and began to paint myself." New York's influence ran deep. Modern machinery, modern buildings and billboards, the intensity of modern life—all had an instant impact on a young man whose heritage was the Old World.

Then came the depression, a time when most Americans couldn't have cared less about painters. Elaine recalls, "The first studio we had together was in the Chelsea section of New York, ten years after Bill's arrival, and we were thrown out after a year because we owed six months' rent. That devastating poverty seemed the most important thing in our lives together. It didn't stop until 1954 when he finally became famous with collectors. Of course, he had already been famous with artists in 1937 and famous with the critics in 1950."

At first de Kooning supported himself by house painting. His big gamble began when he went to work in 1935 on the Federal Arts Project of the WPA to create murals for the 1939 New York World's Fair and started painting full time. What the WPA created was a community of artists, and that community soon focused on de Kooning, following him when he later moved down to 10th Street on the East Side of New York. There, surrounded by artists, de Kooning became the unofficial head of what was to be known as "the New York school."

In the late '40's the artists, no longer supported by the WPA, formed a social club—known unofficially as the Eighth Street Club—which met every Friday night in a loft. Drinking, dancing, lectures by guests such as Zen masters and existentialists, and debates, with de Kooning as a leading performer, provided an uninhibited social climate and a forum for new ideas.

But de Kooning had no wish to revel in a school of followers. Art for him was an individual practical problem. The practical problem of the late '40's was finding enough money to eat and still buy paints. He turned to painting on everything from plywood to packing crates, using only cheap black and white enamels, because he couldn't afford canvases or expensive oil colors that wouldn't deteriorate. He did a series of paintings with wriggling black and white lines and biomorphic (life-shaped) forms. Background and foreground were interchangeable, an effect like combining the negative and positive of a photograph.

The success of these paintings drove de Kooning on to further explorations. He returned to color and proceeded to shock the art world in the early '50's by painting his controversial *Woman* series, something entirely new to the art world. *Woman I*, for instance, was grotesque—composed of slashing streaks of acid greens, ocher yellows, reds, soiled pinks and muddied flesh tones. All the *Woman* paintings had a sense of animal pain and a ludicrous aspect, some with mouths cut from posters and pasted on.

"Women have always been a preoccupation of Bill's," says Elaine. "Bill's own mother, who still lives in Rotterdam, is a real doll, but she has a ferocious aspect!"

During the *Women* period de Kooning spent one summer, in 1954, with Elaine and a group of painter friends in a place named the Red House, which Elaine refers to as Hangover Haven, in Bridgehampton, Long Island. Here, despite success and good times, the de Koonings' 18-year struggle together against hardship ended in separation.

Bill became involved with a young woman who had been frequenting painting circles. Two years later she gave birth to de Kooning's only child, his now eight-year-old daughter. In character with the complex emotional lives of many artists, de Kooning no longer lives with the mother. But he has a great love for his daughter, sees her often, and writes letters to her, "drawing them," he says, "the way a child writes." (She will have her own bedroom in his new house.)

Meanwhile de Kooning was painting in a new direction. When Sidney Janis, his dealer, thought he would be able to sell nothing but the shocking *Woman* paintings, de Kooning, to Janis's distress, began to submerge his women into abstract "interior landscapes," giving still another new twist to modern art. His brushstrokes grew bolder, and finally themselves became the image, like distant cousins of oriental calligraphy.

These innovations have helped create a few misunderstandings. Allan Stone points out that "things in his paintings that look haphazard are really laboriously worked out and contrived." Sidney Janis adds, almost ruefully, "Bill destroys far more things than he accepts. Sometimes he destroys great paintings—not wantonly, but by trying to carry them further and failing. It's very frustrating to the gallery owner."

Today, at an age often considered a time for retirement, de Kooning retains his physical strength and mental vitality, remaining indifferent to what people expect him to be. He has changed his life again by removing himself from New York to live in relative isolation near the eastern tip of Long Island. "I'm tired of the rat race," he says, "but I need my friends around. Here I'm still within the circumference of New York, and I can look at the trees. Also, I want to live as well as the dealers."

To live as well as the dealers, he is building an ultramodern house and studio which will cost over $200,000. De Kooning proudly leads you into the building that has been a major preoccupation during the last two years. "I have a nostalgia for new things," he remarks. "All the old rotten lofts I've lived in remind me of *The Fall of the House of Usher*, where everything was falling down. I wanted something totally new. I don't like home sweet home."

Inside the very un-home-sweet-home studio, approximately 52 by 54 feet and 30 feet high, which opens into the living quarters of the house, you get the impression of standing on the inside of a bridge that is stretching out into space. Four rows of white, bridge-type steel girders start from the floor and open in pairs, forming giant V's as they shoot up to support the roof. Other steel girders, that start at each end of the studio from the ceiling and move down slightly to meet, create wings. Light cascades from every direction.

Standing in a chest-high trench for storing paintings, which runs the width of the studio, de Kooning tosses out the most recent example of his craft. "I've been working on this new painting for the last two months, changing it two or three times every day. I've scooped it off a lot. There must be twenty paintings under it." Then, pointing to another picture, "I keep this one as a key painting to work from. I did it very fast—in about half an hour—but maybe it is better than the one I'm working on for so long."

De Kooning has again turned to painting women. The present *Women*, seen so far by only a few people, are quite gay. In contrast to the shocking *Women* of the early '50's, they seem whole and feminine. They are in motion as if dancing.

"I'm going back to what I used to do," he said, referring to these paintings, "but now I can do it better. I feel competent and yet still in enough of a huddle to feel excited." After all, Willem de Kooning is 23 years younger than Picasso, and there remains time for a new explosion from the American master. THE END

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A decade ago de Kooning shocked the public with the raw brutality of his Women *series. Today's* Women, *like the one on this door, have a female charm.*

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THE ALL-AMERICAN SAINT

Columbia quarterback Archie Roberts performs feats on the gridiron that are incredible. But off the field, he is positively unbelievable.

By Edward Linn

Back in the '30's there was a standard college movie musical in which the star halfback—let us call him, for want of a better name, Dick Powell—was a spectacularly handsome chap full of charm and whimsy and golden notes. But since heroic figures must have heroic flaws, a lamentable weakness in school spirit inevitably conspired to make him miss the start of the big game. (He did always manage to race back onto the field in the closing seconds to score the winning touchdown and lead the chorus in the big dance number.)

The star's roommate—let us call him something like Tom Brown—was a solid chap who was far from the best football player on the M-G-M lot, but easily led the league in sincerity and good cheer.

The point we are making is that Archie Roberts, who has been called both "the best college quarterback in the country" and "Columbia's incumbent saint," plays football like the hero and plays the game of life like the roommate. If put to the test, he could probably sing.

In fact, there are times when Arthur James (Archie) Roberts seems to be a figment of somebody's imagination. For one thing, at Holyoke High in western Massachusetts, Archie Roberts was All-America not only in football but in baseball and basketball as well. As perhaps the most sought-after high-school football player in the country, and a top student as well, Roberts was approached by hundreds of colleges. As a shortstop of remarkable ability, he was courted by 18 of the 20 major-league teams. Archie had decided upon a career in medicine, though, and after spending a year at Deerfield Academy, he decided to go to Columbia on a grant-in-aid scholarship.

Columbia University, acrawl with ivy, has never majored in football and yet, for some reason, it has turned out great passers—Sid Luckman, Paul Governali, Gene Rossides, Mitch Price, Claude Benham. Roberts had such a spectacular reputation that from the moment he enrolled it was taken for granted that he would be the best of them all. He has disappointed no one. In his first varsity game, in 1962, Archie completed 13 of 18 passes against Brown and was voted the Ivy League Back of the Week. After he had completed 13 of 18 against Yale, Eli coach Jordan Olivar called him "the best sophomore quarterback I have seen in eleven years in the Ivy League."

By the halfway point of this season, Archie had broken almost every passing record for both season and career in the Ivy League—attempted passes, completed passes and yardage. By this Saturday when Archie plays his final game for Columbia, it is quite possible he also will own the Ivy career marks for percentage of pass completions and for total offense.

One other thing. In today's game the offensive quarterback is usually benched on defense, so that he can be rested, instructed and—most of all—protected. But Archie Roberts also happens to be a great defensive back, and Columbia coach Buff Donelli plays him both ways. Archie, in fact, has averaged 49 minutes a game, more than anybody else on the team.

Records are broken every year, though, and this season great backs seem to be riding across the landscape in massed formation. What makes Archie unique is not merely his athletic ability but his personality. To talk about Archie is to sound as if you are making the nominating speech at a presidential convention.

During his first three years at Columbia Archie was up at 6:30 A.M. to deliver newspapers in the dorms, a campus job that came with his scholarship and earned him about $200 spending money a year. He is a member of the Newman Club, the Citizenship Council, the Premedical Society, the Dormitory Council and the Undergraduate Athletic Advisory Council. Despite all this activity, he has maintained a solid B average in one of the toughest schools in the country.

Archie is a giver, not a taker, and just before he came to Columbia, he spent the summer working with retarded children in a Holyoke playground. "I had read about what a problem it is for their parents, and the unfortunate way society reacts to the kids," Archie explains. "And I wanted to help."

Archie's giving extends into the area of school spirit. He was so upset in his junior year by what seemed to be an indifferent student body at Columbia that he volunteered to do a postgame broadcast over the university's FM station, in the hope that he could whip up student interest. That show, now heard before games, has become an integral part of the Columbia football season. Archie being Archie, he does it exceedingly well.

He would seem to have done about everything anyone could possibly expect of him, except win a brotherhood award. Well, no. During the Class Day ceremonies at the end of his freshman year Columbia University awarded him the Morningside Brotherhood Award for working with neighborhood kids as a volunteer coach, starter and man-of-all-purposes in a track meet held over three consecutive weekends.

Since this Columbia program serves a broad area of the city, Roberts found himself working with a racial mixture ranging from upper-middle-class white kids to the most underprivileged Negroes. There is no doubt that it has been the opportunity to work with Negro boys that has appealed most strongly to him. "I think," he says, "that I could play the old game of eenie-meenie-miney-mo in a mixed group by now and use that foul word 'nigger,' and no one would be surprised or insulted. Because I think they know that everybody *is* the same to me."

Last year he recruited a couple of other athletes to help out. "He's the only boy who's ever done that in our eight years," says Jim Young, director of the program. "He has a kind of missionary zeal."

He also has a sure touch with kids. His closest friends at Columbia call him "The Pied Piper of Baker Bowl," because he cannot walk off the practice field without youngsters flocking around him. It is normal for Archie to remain on the field an hour after practice to romp with them.

"At first people think he's too good to be true," says Len DeFiore, who was Archie's understudy for two years. "What's so hard to understand is that what you see in front of you is exactly what he is."

Because Archie is exactly what he seems to be, his teammates—who could have easily turned mutinous at both the amount of publicity he has received and the sticky form it takes—have taken to viewing it all with what might best be called affectionate condescension.

The players call Archie "Hercules," "Galahad," and, to sum it up as neatly as possible, "Greek god." If Archie swears—when sorely vexed he has been known to mutter, "Oh, hell"—someone will be sure to say, "Better watch that kind of talk, oh Great Greek God, or we'll turn you in to the man from *The New York Times*."

Archie accepts it all happily. "It's good for the morale of the team," he says, "that someone who receives a lot of attention gets that kind of kidding. It's one way of getting rid of any tension you might feel inside you about it."

Ask for any of the traits a folk hero should possess, and Archie qualifies.

Modesty? In Archie's first year he had led the freshman baseball team to nine straight victories going into the final game. That evening freshman-football coach Jack Armstrong and his wife bumped into Archie and learned they had lost to Seton Hall, 10–9.

"Did you get any hits?" Armstrong asked.

"A couple," Archie said.

Later the Armstrongs learned that Archie had hit three home runs.

Compassion for the failings of others? Last year Columbia lost to Princeton, 7–6, as John Bashaar, Columbia's field-goal specialist, missed all three of his attempts. A sports reporter wandering into the locker room found Archie slumped on a bench, so dejected he had not even taken off his uniform. "Boy," Archie said with a sigh, "I'll tell you one thing. I'd hate to make my living coming in cold off the bench to kick field goals."

The ability to rise above personal injury? Archie, who is normally indestructible, was banged up so badly by Dartmouth in his sophomore year that he could barely lift his throwing arm to his shoulder, but in the game against Pennsylvania the following week he completed 11 out of 14 passes to lead Columbia to a 21–7 victory.

The great influence on Archie's life has always been his father, Arthur Henry (Archie) Roberts, who was the quarterback on the great N.Y.U. teams of the late 1920's. The senior Roberts coached at Holyoke High for 19 years, quitting a winner in 1959, after his son led his team to an undefeated season and the national high-school leadership in both offense and defense. Mr. Roberts is now athletic director and assistant principal.

Archie, a star passer from the time he was in the eighth grade, came to his father's team as a 14-year-old sophomore. He immediately became the starting quarterback. As the coach's son, however, Art knew he had to walk a narrow line. "My father," he says, "always rode me a little harder than the others. I was expected to win the wind sprints, and I was probably the only player he'd criticize in front of the rest of the squad. He always reminded me I had to toe the mark off the field and in school, because people would be looking up to me as the son of a teacher as well as the coach. My father *commands* respect."

The one place where Archie asserts himself strongly is in the huddle, where he insists upon being in total command. It is certainly not irrelevant that his father was one of those rare high-school coaches who felt that if football means

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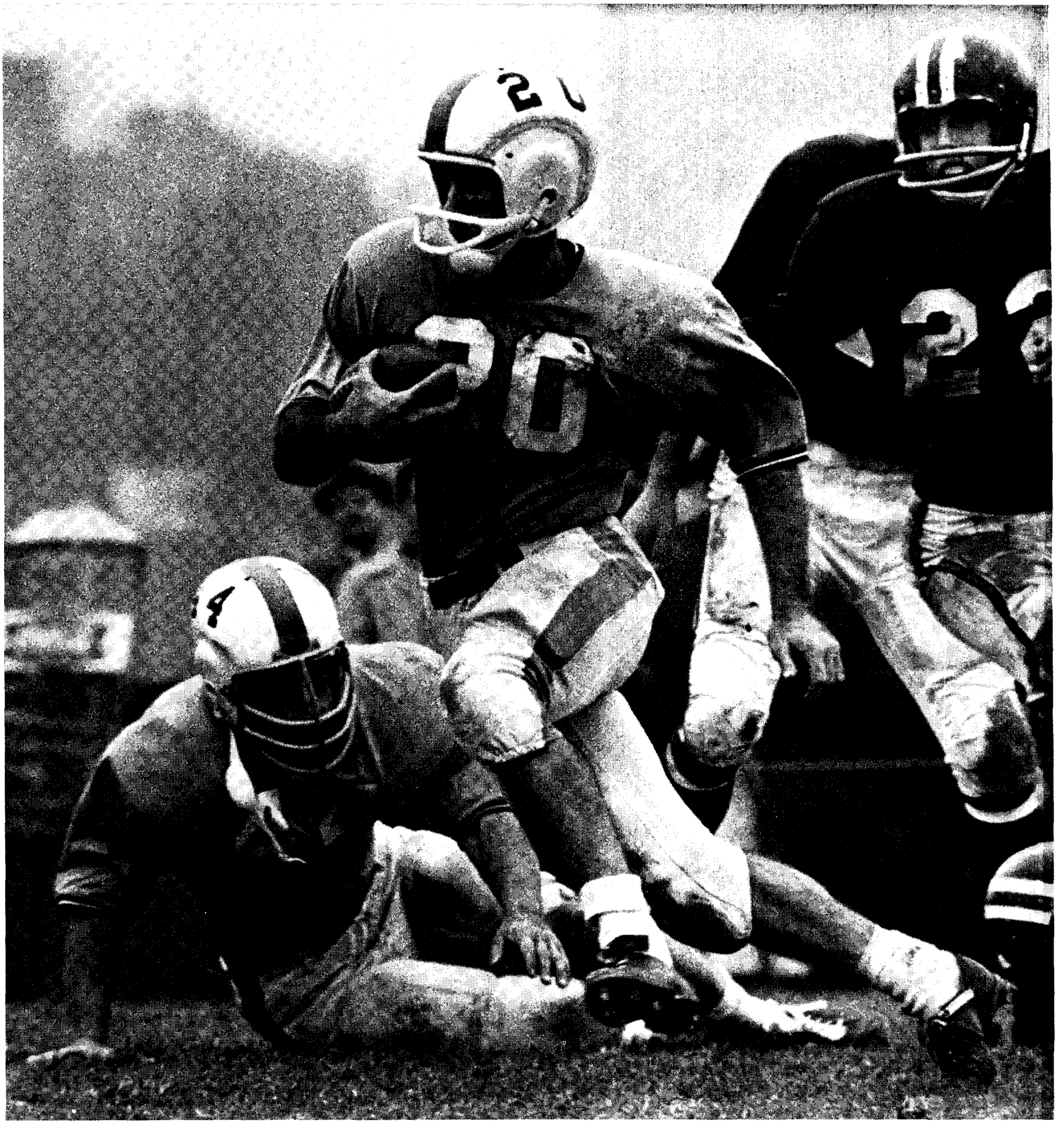

Six-foot, 190-pound Roberts grinds out yardage against Penn. He's known as the Pied Piper of Baker Bowl, because neighborhood kids flock around him.

anything in building character, then the quarterback should call the plays and the defensive captain should set up the defenses. "You can suggest something to him," the Columbia players agree, "but don't ever try to tell him what to call."

If Archie does have one bad habit, it is his inability to be on time for appointments. "Waiting for Archie" has become a full-time occupation for his friends. Chronic lateness is sometimes the defense of a man who is rebelling against the kind of life he is leading—but in Archie's case that may not be the explanation. Coach Roberts is well known for being late for his appointments too.

Still, the first signs of rebellion may be coming to the surface—at least from Archie's teammates. When a team captain was chosen this year, it was assumed Archie's election would be automatic, but halfback Ed Malmstrom was picked. Ironically, the muscular, bullnecked Malmstrom originally came out for football only because the coaches asked Archie to talk to him. Archie not only convinced him but became his roommate, and spent the whole sophomore year tutoring him in the finer points of the game. In his junior year Malmstrom was second only to Archie in minutes played.

"They felt Ed would be the best man to lead them," says Archie. "It was a good decision. I feel I've been given a lot of recognition at the expense of my teammates. This is an equalizing factor, and it has brought the whole team much closer together."

On August 8, three weeks before preseason practice opened, Archie married another med student, Barbara Hudson. Mrs. Roberts, a small, slim young lady who often eschews makeup, manages to leave the distinct impression that she feels too many people are more worried about Archie's image than about Archie.

"Basically he's rather shy," she says. "He's certainly not an extrovert. He's had to develop the personality he has because he's been in the spotlight so long. He's under a lot of strain. People are always telling us what to do and what not to do. There's pressure on him all the time to be Archie Roberts, good guy."

Good guy he most certainly is. And whether he says and does the right thing out of long practice or by instinct is a question that is probably irrelevant.

After he had performed in his usual heroic way in a recent losing game, a sportswriter caught him at his locker and asked in front of his teammates, "What are you going to do for us now, Archie? Walk on water?"

Archie gave him his open-faced, beaming smile and answered pleasantly, "Why no, sir. To tell the truth, I can't even swim very well." THE END

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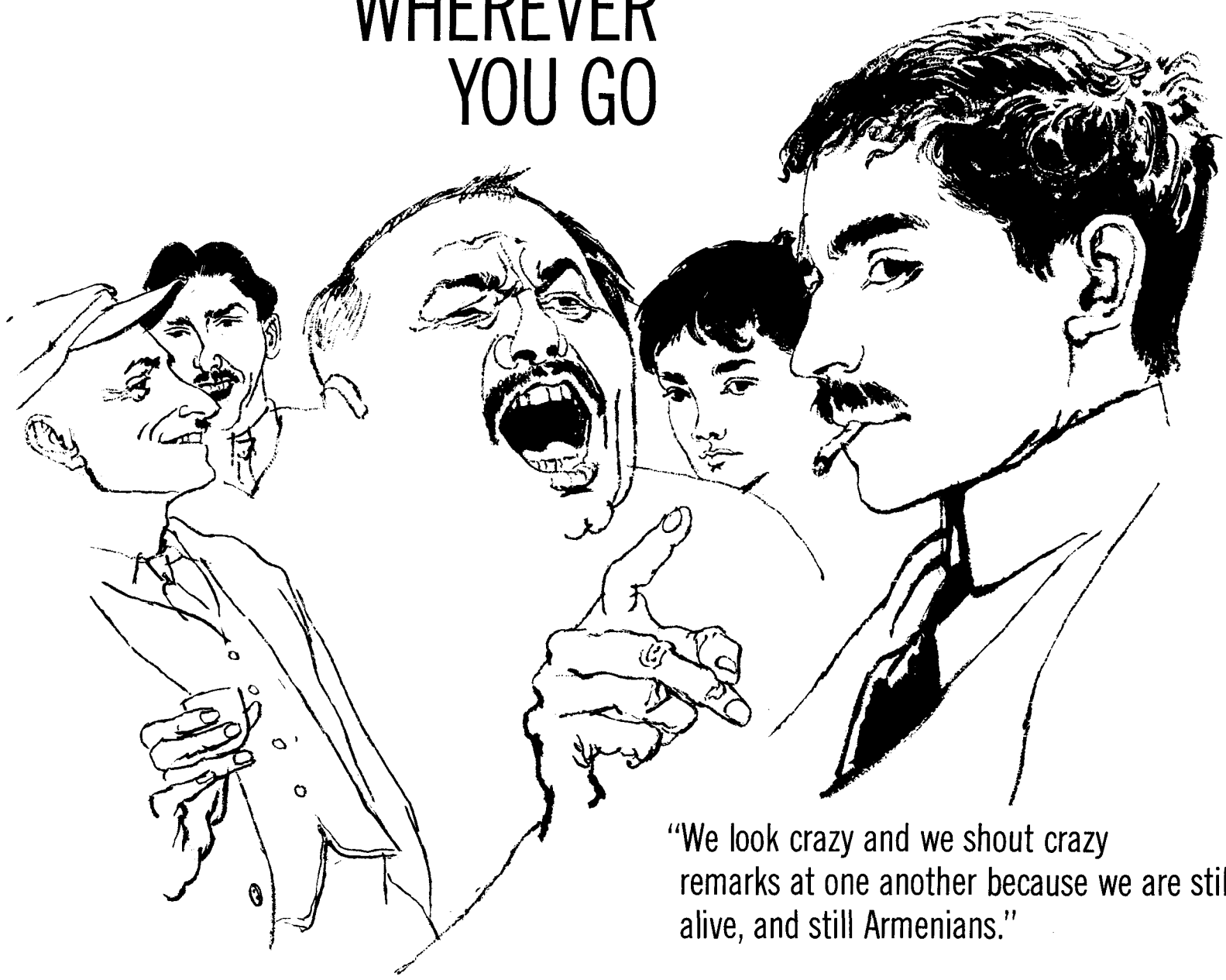
SHOUT ARMENIA WHEREVER YOU GO

By William Saroyan



"We look crazy and we shout crazy remarks at one another because we are still alive, and still Armenians."

The lousy War of 1918 is over, and already the Fresno soldiers have been back in town and out of uniform for two whole years.

Well, peace makes people cheap, but I've *got* to sell twenty copies of the *Evening Herald* every day in order to keep my corner. Now, though, selling only *ten* papers is hard work, because people just don't come up and buy one, they have to be *sold* one. The paper carries news of every country in the world, including a couple of new ones like Lithuania and Albania, but there is almost never any news about Armenia.

All the same, it was known among the older men that something was going on over there, and they gathered together in the coffee houses and talked about it.

"Well," one of them would say in the Arax Coffee House on Eye Street, "we are an independent nation at last—after two centuries, we have our own government and our own boundaries."

"Why not *three* centuries?" another would say. "But just let the killing stop and we will have back all of our dead in less than twenty years."

"We have lost a million of our people."

"What million? We have lost *two* million, perhaps three."

"How could we lose three?" somebody would shout. "There were less than two million before the war *began*."

Somebody else, also big and not especially well-informed, would shout back, "Why do you say such a stupid thing? In 1898 we were five million souls, and now we are less than a million. If we are going to get back our five million we are going to need at least *forty* years of peace. As soon as I'm *sure* that we *are* free and independent, I will pick up my seven sons and go back. This is no life."

"Are you saying our life in Fresno is no life?"

"That is *exactly* what I'm saying. What *are* we here? We are Armenians here, that's what we are."

"Of course."

"And what *are* Armenians here? Aren't they nothing, or *worse* than nothing? We are not loved."

"Why should we be loved?"

"I am simply saying in another way that we are hated. They have only to look at us, and we *know* we are hated."

"Who is it that is looking at us with this hatred you speak of?"

"You know perfectly well it is the Americans who are looking at us with hatred."

"I have never had the experience, but as *you* have, it is necessary to *look* at you in order to see if it is possible to discover *why* the Americans are looking at you with hatred." Whereupon the speaker would look carefully at the other, and then say, "I don't blame them. Why don't you trim your moustache?"

"Are you saying you are an American, to ask me to trim my moustache? Why don't you *wear* a moustache?"

Somebody else would say, "Gentlemen, it is not a question of moustaches. If we are not accepted by the Americans with love, it is desirable for us to ask ourselves why."

"What is *your* theory?"

"On the whole, I think we must acknowledge that most of our people in Fresno are not from the upper classes of Armenia."

"There is only one class of Armenian in Armenia, in Fresno, in the world—a *live* Armenian. Upper, middle, or lower is so much nonsense. We have two classes—the living, and the dead. If we are hated by the Americans because we belong to the living class, and this hatred is too much for us to bear, we can do one of two things—kill ourselves, or ignore the hatred."

"We shout too much, just as you are shouting now. Americans in the street know from our shouting that the Arax Coffee House is an Armenian place."

"Why shouldn't they know it's an Armenian place? It *is* an Armenian place. Would they rather it were an Englitch place?"

"*English* is the way it's said, and in any case, I believe they would rather it were a *civilized* place."

"We were civilized before America was *discovered*, even."

"The Americans do not shout."

"They haven't got the *breath* to shout *with*."

"It is futile to discuss civilization with an Armenian."

"Go, then, among the Americans and be an American. You are clean-shaven and pale. Go and help *them* to become civilized."

"Gentlemen," another would say. "This is a coffee house. We are here to sip coffee, smoke cigarettes, play backgammon, and cards."

"Only incidentally, sir. We are here for news. I want to know what is happening in Armenia."

"We are free. We have our own government, our own army, our own language, church, law, order, art, trade, press, and all of the other things which a proud people are entitled to."

"I thank God."

"You thank God. For *what*, may I ask? That four million of us are dead, and a handful of leftovers have proclaimed themselves free and independent? Are you a Protestant?"

"I belong to the Mother Church."

"Then, please be good enough *not* to thank God for giving us the distinction

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For past blessings . . . a time for gratitude

At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Springfield, Massachusetts / organized 1851

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of having since the turn of the century five times as many dead as living. Thank God for water, if you wish, because without it our coffee could not be prepared, and the tobacco in our cigarettes could not be *grown*. Idling away our wretched lives in a coffee house instead of being proudly killed, are we going to pretend that we are *still* Armenians? Well, *you* may pretend if you like. I cannot."

"If you are not an Armenian, what are you?"

"I am trying to *become* an Armenian again, and to provoke *you*, and the others in this unhappy discussion group, into having the courage to make one of two crucial decisions. If we *are* Armenians, and if we *are* in fact free and independent, what in God's name are we doing here? Let us decide that we must all return to our own country, or let us decide that from now on we are no longer Armenians, and then let us keep our big mouths shut."

"Is it not possible for us to be Armenians unless we go back to Armenia? Is that what you are saying?"

"I'm saying my three sons are not even able to *speak* understandable Armenian. They neither read nor write. They do not like their names—Vartan, Dikran, Haig. They call one another Walt, Dick, Ike. Furthermore, they do not want their *family* name, either. It is too great a burden for them to carry. Karadenizian. *My* name, my father's name, his father's name. At Emerson School an imbecile teacher has changed Karadenizian to Gardner because her little dainty mouth couldn't pronounce Karadenizian. And so now their name is Gardner."

"What kind of a man are you to permit your sons to reject their true name? *Your* name?"

"They have a mother."

"Is she English? Is that what you are saying?"

"She is Armenian, but a graduate of Mount Holyoke, God help us, a speaker, reader and writer of English since childhood, perhaps she imagines she *is* English, I really don't know."

"Is she *fair*?"

"As well as blue of eye and red of hair."

"English, then, from the Crusaders. They left their mark upon whoever they came upon. By now you have little choice in the matter. Let her sons, *your* sons, become English, then, too."

"*American*, not English. She has said, 'We shall be Americans. It is our patriotic duty. We have come to the greatest country in the world. Let us give to our new country the best that is in us.' Under such circumstances, what are we to do? I have told my sons that Armenia is independent at last. This has meant nothing to them. I might have said, 'There are green leaves on the muscat vine in the garden.' They do not even reply in Armenian. They say, 'Dad, we're glad.' Not Father, not Hairik—*Dad*. The very word sickens me. 'Dad, we're glad.' That's all. I tell them, while their mother stands by smiling her Mount Holyoke smile—that they must go to Armenian school and learn to read and write, and to speak *properly*, so that when the time comes to return to Armenia, we shall be prepared to assume our responsibilities. So then all three of them smile—the same smile their mother is smiling—and it drives me out of the house, it drives me *here*, because at least here, in this smoke and noise, a little of the spirit of Armenia is still alive."

"Your problem is personal, not national."

"*All* problems are personal," somebody says for the troubled father. "They *become* national. This good man's problem is the real problem of Armenians all over the world. Are our sons and daughters to be Armenians, or are they to be Americans? Or if we happen to have gone from Armenia to France, are they to be French? And so on. *We* remember Armenia, our children don't. Can we expect them to care less for the only country they *do* know than for the country their parents know? And for how long? No, I am afraid Armenia must be Armenia only for the Armenians who are *there*."

"There are not enough of them there," the troubled father says. "We need every Armenian in the world if we are to go on being free and independent."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"One of your brainstorms?"

"And your three sons—what are their names again?"

"Vartan, Dikran, Haig."

"Yes. And you yourself say they not only refuse to return to Armenia with their father, they even refuse to go to *Armenian School*."

"And they call one another Walt, Dick, and Ike," the father says with disgust.

"Yes. Well, Walt, Dick, and Ike—and that other name—Gardner, did you say? Well, we must write them off. They are no longer Armenians. They are not dead, but they *are* Americans. They will do nothing for Armenia. The question is, What will *we* do for Armenia?"

"What *can* we do?" somebody else asks.

"Drink coffee, smoke cigarettes, play backgammon and cards, and talk."

"We do *not* talk, we *shout*. The Americans hate us."

On and on, making me try to understand—not Armenia necessarily, but any nation. And not Armenians, but any people. What *was* the truth about them?

There were three coffee houses in Fresno, and after the War I made it a point to visit each of them for two or three minutes every day, because almost nobody was buying a paper on my corner in any case, and I was willing to risk having the corner taken away from me. I had to see the old men again, and to hear more about their country. Our country. *My* country.

The Arax, named after the river, but meaning in a sense Armenia itself, was the biggest, the most crowded, and the noisiest. All it was was a big empty store that had been rented by three partners who shared the work of preparing and serving coffee.

Along the right wall they had installed twelve tables at which backgammon and cards were played, and twelve along the left for sitting, coffee, cigarettes, and talk. Each table for sitting had a large pitcher of water on it and four glasses. Soft, shredded, golden tobacco from Izmir in large boxes was sold, for rolling, which everybody who went there preferred to do. Also for sale were waterpipes, or *nargilehs*, to take home, and smoke.

Although there may not have been a law against it, no woman ever entered the place. It simply wasn't done, just as it had never been done in the cities and villages of Armenia. The coffee house had been brought into being in the first place so that the men could get away from the women. The men went to the coffee houses. The women visited one another, served refreshments, sewed, talked, and lived.

On my visits to the Arax, and to the Yettem, which was on Mariposa near Eye, and to the Ararat on Eye near Tulare—all of them within easy walking distance of my corner—I believed that I *might* sell a paper, although I had never actually done so. It didn't matter.

Now and then somebody borrowed a paper, studied the first page a moment, quickly turned the rest of the pages, straightened out the paper, and handed it back, sometimes with a nod of thanks, sometimes with a word, sometimes with an expression of anger, perhaps because there had been nothing in the paper about Armenia. This did not annoy me. On the contrary, I was glad that somebody had given me an excuse for hanging around and listening, because there was something about all of them together in a place like that, shouting at one another, calling out the rolled-dice numbers of backgammon in Turkish, shuffling, dealing, and banging cards on the tables, something about all of it that had great worth for me, something that gave *me* meaning, importance, or even a kind of valuable *unimportance*, of having the self placed into the race, into the totality, the memory, struggle, and failure, which nevertheless had in it still, by the very fact that they were *there*, a noisy truth of livingness that rejected and repudiated failure.

"This is us," I felt. "And just *look* at us, just *listen* to us. We *look* crazy, and we *shout* crazy remarks at one another, because we are still alive. We are still Armenia *itself*." And then suddenly I would feel, "And the hell with Armenia, too. The hell with our crazy faces, crazy anger, and crazy loneliness. Every man for himself, and me for *me*. What do I care about these strangers with their big eyes, and their big black moustaches, and their everlasting anger, and restlessness, and discontent?"

Now and then I would see a member of my own family, or he would call out to me, and we would laugh at the sight of one another, my mother's cousin Hovagim at backgammon, for instance, and me with eighteen papers to sell. Or her kid brother Aram. Or Aram's uncle, Aram's father's kid brother, Garapet, whose great black moustache was now white, who, if we happened to be face to face, would say in his slow, clear speech, "Boy, Willie, why do you come to a place for useless old men? You cannot earn a nickel among these poor homeless souls—these bankrupt vineyardists, idle packing-house workers, dentists with no rotten teeth to fill, lawyers with no clients, editors with nothing new to put in their sad editorials (looking about at a vineyardist, a packing-house worker, a dentist, a lawyer, an editor), every one of them a soldier without a rifle, without a country, without a *real* enemy even, excepting at last himself."

And he would fish into his pocket for a handful of coins, to pick one out for me, because he knew I would not accept it.

"No? You will not accept half a dollar? This is my niece Takoohi's Willie, gentlemen." And he would put the money back into his pocket, and say, "Forget us old men."

But I couldn't forget them, and I couldn't forget what they couldn't forget—Armenia, or in our own language *Hayastan*, the land of the *Hais*—a faraway highland place I had never seen. How could I forget a country like that just because I happened to have been born in a town like Fresno, in a place like California, in a nation like America? The old men were myself, whether I liked it or not. And whatever else Armenia might be, Armenia was also myself. At the age of twelve I wasn't ready even to *try* to forget myself. I was too busy trying to find out who I was—an Armenian, a Saroyan, a newsboy, a witness, and all the rest of it.

Back in the street shouting the headline, wasn't I actually shouting Armenia, and my own name?

Damned if I would forget. Damned if I could—ever. THE END

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Little Bart put Mrs. Sherwood's Maytag back in diapers again

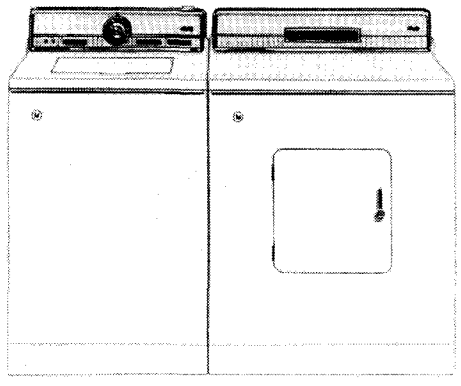
Eight-month-old Bart Sherwood of Fairfield, Connecticut, is the third member of the family to have diapers done in mom's 6-year-old Maytag Automatic Washer. Which of course has also been doing all the other wash for this family of 10, as well.

Every day of the week, Mrs. Sherwood does at least three full loads of laundry (not counting Bart's diapers). In spite of this steady stream of work, the Sherwood's Maytag has yet to need a major repair.

Because dresses are the most dominant item in the Sherwood laundry, Mrs. Sherwood is especially fond of the wash 'n wear cycle on her Maytag. Best of all though, she likes Maytag's day-in, day-out dependability.

That's obvious, Mrs. Sherwood.

For a complete guide to all Maytag Washers and Dryers, send 10¢ in coin to: The Maytag Company, Dept. 365P-11, Newton, Iowa.



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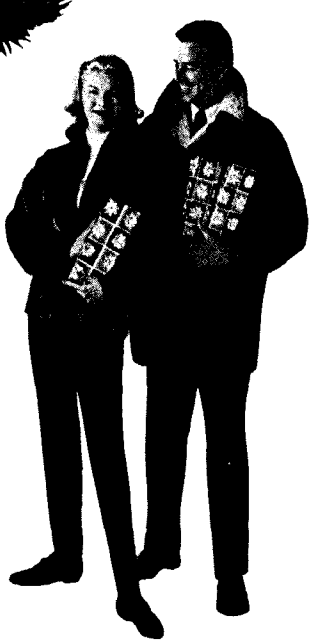
They're modern people. But they go for an old-fashioned Christmas—and give the old-fashioned bourbon. It even comes in an old-fashioned decanter (not that we won't sell you the regular bottle). Gift wrapping for both? Of course! Extra charge? Of course not! Give bottles of Old Taylor 86 this Christmas. Who knows? If you've been good all year, maybe somebody will give you one.



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Ky.

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CORE:

THE SHOCK TROOPS OF THE NEGRO REVOLT

whip up controversy with militant tactics that call for human barricades and chained pickets.

By Martin Mayer

New York CORE members, wearing "Freedom Now" signs, have themselves chained outside a courthouse.

"What do you want?" cried the young man with the shining brown face, standing at the microphone on the postage-stamp stage in Kansas City's Municipal Auditorium; and the 400 people in the hall shouted, "FREEDOM!"

"Let me hear that again," said the young man. "What do you want?"

"FREEDOM!"

"When do you want it?"

"NOW!" The shout rocked the building.

The young man grinned. "Sounds like CORE people," he said.

It did, and it was. The occasion was a lull in the proceedings of this year's CORE convention. Like all conventions, this one felt a need for assertions of group solidarity, the singing of songs and the chanting of slogans. For CORE members, however, such assertions are central, not peripheral, to the business at hand; and a meeting comes alive when they occur. The basic gesture is the interracial line of crossed arms and clasped hands, the group together in a single gigantic handshake; and the song that accompanies it is *We Shall Overcome*. "CORE," says its general counsel, Carl Rachlin, who has been working with radical causes for a generation, "is a very romantic movement."

Now that CORE has survived the twin shocks of summer riots and the Goldwater nomination, the organization's songs and gestures will again be part of the mid-century American street scene. There may not be so many picket lines as before—"The demonstration," says Gordon Carey of CORE's national headquarters, "can't be the basic tactic for desegregating a school system"—but the commitment is still to "nonviolent direct action," a capacious bag that holds many different tactics.

The pattern was set by the first demonstration in 1942, when a group led by a white University of Chicago divinity student named George Houser descended upon a small restaurant near the university, which had refused to serve Negroes. "We really bollixed that place for a day," says Houser, who was CORE's unpaid national director from 1943 to 1955, and is now executive director of the American Committee on Africa. "It was a small place, and when we sat at the tables we filled all the seats. Finally, the lady who owned it broke down and served us."

Next came a ring of hands blocking access to the box office of a segregated roller-skating rink (ironically called White City); and for this demonstration the Chicago group formed a permanent organization and named it the Congress of Racial Equality.

Such sit-ins and barricades show exactly what is meant by "nonviolent direct action": You do something that drastically inconveniences people, forcing them either to negotiate with you or to be violent against you. The tactic was inspired by the sit-down strikes of the 1930's and by Gandhi's "passive resistance" to British rule; CORE's Chicago founders had been active in the "Quit India" movement.

CORE's "nonviolence" has sometimes taken on a character which Gandhi might have had trouble recognizing. In San Francisco, a CORE group has attacked a chain of supermarkets by loading shopping carts with groceries, then dumping them on the

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'We're more militant than Malcolm X,' says Farmer. 'We're activists.'

CORE

floor around the cashiers' tables. In St. Louis, pickets have blocked access to a bank that had refused to hire Negroes. In Cleveland, CORE members have thrown themselves in front of a bulldozer working on the site for what would be a segregated school; one of them, a young white clergyman, was killed when the driver backed the bulldozer away, not knowing someone was behind him. In New York, CORE members have dumped garbage in the roadway to block a major bridge at rush hour, chained themselves to construction cranes, and jammed the stairs to a union office to keep the officers from going in or out. It was Brooklyn CORE that tried unsuccessfully to tie up traffic on the roads leading to the World's Fair; and it was a congeries of CORE chapters that briefly barricaded the doors to both national political conventions.

Such tactics are possible only in the North, where public opinion is vaguely sympathetic to civil-rights groups and public authority is only mildly hostile. Half of CORE's $900,000 annual budget is spent in the South, and more than half its 40-odd paid "field staff" are there, setting up CORE's own voter-registration and desegregation drives in Louisiana, operating in uneasy alliance with the eager youngsters of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in Mississippi, working in somewhat happier collaboration with Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Council in Florida. The three young men murdered in Mississippi were CORE workers, but two of them were from the North, and CORE remains essentially a northern movement. Of the 117 CORE chapters recognized at the national convention, only 24 (mostly very small) are in the Confederate States, where half the Negro Americans still live. An even more striking symbol of the movement's northern orientation is the fact that about two fifths of the members are white; until a couple of years ago, CORE was more than half white. "When I got involved in 1959," says Alan Gartner, a Newton, Mass., schoolteacher who is chairman of Boston CORE and treasurer of the national organization, "Boston was a *de facto* segregated chapter. There were almost no Negroes in it."

A CORE activist forces policewomen to arrest her during a sit-in that blocked trucks from entering a construction site in Brooklyn.

Boston CORE, which is now about three fifths Negro, provides an unusually clear example of the sort of thing a hundred people can accomplish in a city of 700,000, using CORE techniques. "We were sitting around one night in the summer of '63," Gartner recalls, "and one of our people said, 'There aren't any Negroes in the banks.' None of us could think of any time we'd seen a Negro working in a bank, except maybe sweeping floors. First, we surveyed Roxbury, the ghetto, and there were none. Well, if there were none there. . . .

"Our people went to each branch of each bank at least three different days at three different hours. Then we went to the vice presidents in charge of personnel, asked, 'What's your procedure for hiring people? How many Negroes are there in your banks?' We sent Negroes to test the procedures, and they didn't get jobs.

"Then we went to see the presidents of the banks. I think they were genuinely shocked—there really was no policy. The personnel people saw no Negroes, and assumed there *was* a policy.

"We urged not just equal treatment but aggressive recruiting. We've gone through three stages on this employment thing. We used to demand that they stop discrimination. Then we'd say, 'If we sent you a good Negro, will you hire him?' Now we place the burden on the employer—he's in the hiring business, and we're not."

One major bank was reluctant to grant CORE's demands. "We asked for seventy-five jobs in sixty days," Gartner recalls. "First they wouldn't give us a racial count. Then they asked for 120 days, and nothing happened. We took the case to the streets—we picketed their Roxbury branch, then the main office. It was a most un-Bostonian thing to do. We're very lucky in Boston—a picket line still gets a front-page story.

"We called it off on their agreement to hire new personnel at all entry levels at a rate of about one third Negro. We feel they've been acting in good faith. And they've made it socially acceptable in Boston to do business with civil-rights groups."

Most CORE chapters, though their first claim for themselves is always the number of new jobs they have won for Negroes, are divided about how much social acceptability they want. Members are pleased when national director James Farmer is invited to the White House; they are also pleased when he goes to jail. Progress has usually been made by negotiations rather than by demonstrations (if only because demonstrations can reveal the intrinsic weakness of an organization with fewer than 100,000 members nationally, only about 10,000 of them really active in the movement); but the demonstrations are what set CORE off from the N.A.A.C.P. and the Urban League, which also negotiate for the same objectives. Acceptance of the risks of assault and imprisonment permits CORE members to hoot at the N.A.A.C.P. as "black bourgeoisie," and backs up Farmer's claim that "CORE is the hard-cutting

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In a Mississippi church, national director James Farmer leads 250 Negroes in freedom songs. "CORE," says a leader, "is a very romantic movement."

edge of the civil-rights movement. We're much more militant than Malcolm X—we're *activists*."

As the only national spokesman for CORE, Farmer has become for most people the personal embodiment of the most aggressive wing of the Negro movement. Alone of all the major Negro leaders, Farmer refused to participate in the march on Washington in 1963. At leadership meetings, he had fought unsuccessfully for a demonstration far more irritating than a simple mass meeting. When the day came, he was in jail in Plaquemine, La., serving a term for "disturbing the peace and obstructing the sidewalk." (He could easily have appealed this conviction if he had chosen to, which would have left him free on bail to join the march.) His absence from Washington caused great offense among the other civil-rights leaders, as did CORE's refusal this summer to join the established Negro groups in calling for a suspension of demonstrations after the Harlem riots.

Outwardly, Farmer does not seem cut out to be a firebrand. Now 44 years old, a big man with powerful shoulders and a casual manner, he was the son of a professor in a Texas Negro college. He was raised to be a gentleman, started to study medicine, and then decided on the pulpit of an A.M.E. (African Methodist Episcopal) Church. Entering college early, he completed his studies in divinity at Howard University in Washington when he was 21; then he rebelled and refused to accept ordination into a segregated church. Instead, he went to work for A. J. Muste's Christian-socialist-pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation, creating the job of race-relations secretary. He was a member of the original group of Gandhians who started CORE, and as the only one whose work took him around the country, he was the natural choice for national chairman.

A certificate from jail

In 1946 Farmer became a trade-union organizer, and he did not return full-time to the civil-rights movement until the N.A.A.C.P. hired him in 1959 to be its national program director. His tenure as CORE's national director began in 1961, and his first contribution was to coin the term "Freedom Ride" for the bus trip which tested compliance with Supreme Court rulings on the desegregation of bus terminals. As a souvenir of his participation in the 1961 Freedom Ride, Farmer has hung over his desk at CORE's shabby headquarters near New York City Hall a certificate reading, "YOU, JAMES FARMER, HAVE BEEN COMMITTED TO THE HINDS COUNTY JAIL. . . ."

From his early years, Farmer has retained the rich voice and orotund phrasing of the preacher; he *produces* statements on demand, after a brief pause during which one can almost see the machine turning on. His friends consider him a rather gentle person, whose temperament is that of the student and analyst rather than that of the fanatic.

He has an odd, pawky wit. Speaking of the decision not to join the call for a suspension of demonstrations, Farmer said, "It will be necessary for an organization like CORE to maintain some demonstrations, particularly in the light of the poverty program. If we stopped demonstrating, our people might all apply for government jobs."

Farmer feels his role is to defend and to justify the actions of his fellow Negroes—there are plenty who will condemn them. In the endless verbal war between "militance" (a synonym for "good" in the civil-rights movement) and "responsibility" (a synonym for "good" among observers of the movement), Farmer will always come down on the side of militance. If anyone alleges discrimination, Farmer accepts the allegation without question. When young colored hoodlums break windows in subway cars and rob the passengers, Farmer will denounce only the system that made these kids what they are. When a colored summer student at a school in a white neighborhood is shot down by an off-duty white policeman, who claims that the boy came at him with a knife, Farmer will instantly and thoroughly accept statements that there was no knife. When a street-corner rally sponsored by three CORE chapters to protest this killing explodes into the Harlem riots, Farmer will blame the police: "My people tell me—*and I have no reason not to believe them*—that they were getting the crowd under control when an officer appeared on the steps of the police station and said, 'I've had enough of this. Arrest those niggers.' Well, you know what that can do in Harlem. . . ."

For Farmer the civil-rights movement is a vocation in the classic religious sense of the term: He has been called to it, and it has his life. His participation in demonstrations in Mississippi and Louisiana requires almost unimaginable personal courage. Any aggressive Negro is in danger in the rural South. Farmer is not only the most publicized member of the radical leadership; he is also known to have a white wife (by whom he has two young daughters), and miscegenation is regarded in much of the South as a reasonable excuse for any savagery. At the same time, perhaps because his commitment is so deeply personal, Farmer tends to wait for guidance on what *he* should do, rather than set targets for others. Like the rank-and-file membership, he is in CORE because he wants to *do* something, and do it himself. "Jim," says a member of his staff, "is mainly a public figure; he's not much for the day-to-day work."

The chief as well as the Indians is in CORE to demonstrate. For the people on the national staff, who sit behind desks at an office, the great sacrifice is less the

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CORE's new target—the vast Negro ghetto.

CORE

wretched salaries they receive (ranging from $25 to $85 a week) than the time pressure which keeps them from participating in demonstrations. "This sort of work is emotionally difficult, unless you're in the streets yourself," says community-relations director Marvin Rich, a quiet, slight young white man who first joined St. Louis CORE as a college student in 1948.

CORE members like James Peck feel a necessity to interpose their bodies physically between society and its victims. A lean, nervous man with pale, shining eyes and a gravelly voice, Peck has been editor of the bimonthly *CORElator* from its first issue in 1949. He had his ribs broken in a desegregation demonstration at an amusement park near New York in 1947, and was beaten severely at a Birmingham bus station in 1961. Although he is independently wealthy, Peck, as a matter of principle, refuses to pay fines, and serves his jail sentences.

Peck is not alone in this affection for prison life. "Most people," Farmer says, "want at some time to have the jail experience—it's become such an important part of the movement." But there can be much more than the desire for punishment in this commitment to a suffering nonviolence. "It's a mystical thing," says Wallace Nelson, CORE's first full-time employee (he served as national field secretary from 1949 to 1953). Nelson makes his living today as a salesman of bookplates, and puts more time into pacifist causes than into civil rights. A short, sober Negro with an earnest matter-of-fact manner, Nelson returns to CORE meetings to run workshops on nonviolence for the doubting new members. "If a person is attacking you," he says, "and you can keep yourself not only from attacking him but from thinking he is an awful person, if you can believe he is not evil, he's just misled—it communicates itself to him. When I can behave in this manner I feel like a king. I feel terrific.

"Once I was sitting at a lunch counter in Baltimore with two white friends, and the counterman came charging around the counter at me with a mallet. I *knew* he was going to kill me, but I wasn't scared—that's very important. I felt sorry for him—and for myself, because we both lived in such a society. I stood up and folded my hands, and I said, 'Fella, you don't know what you're doing.' He ran right up to me, he touched my body, and he put down the mallet and said, 'I *do* know what I'm doing.' Then he went back behind the counter. He felt I didn't hate him; and it made him less insecure."

Nelson speaks for the old CORE, which finished the first decade of its existence with only seven chapters and fewer than 1,000 members. When he left, he was not replaced. Then came the Montgomery bus boycott and Martin Luther King's call for nonviolent direct action on the Gandhi pattern. In 1957, CORE acquired a full-time field secretary again—James McCain, who is now CORE's national organizing director and looks like a lean farmer in work clothes, but was once dean of a Negro college and principal of a Negro high school.

"We didn't have but one field secretary," McCain recalls, "so I worked all over the country. I was selling CORE—many parts of the country didn't know it existed." When students in Greensboro, N.C., started the first lunch-counter sit-in on February 1, 1960, the Greensboro N.A.A.C.P. called McCain and asked him to come down and tell them what to do and how to follow through on it. The publicity for the sit-ins was heavy in the North, and CORE chapters began springing out of the earth. Farmer recalls that when he became national director in 1961, "we were learning about new CORE chapters from the press—the clipping service would tell us about some CORE demonstration somewhere, and we'd send Jim McCain out to look over the people."

By the CORE constitution, chapters can be as small as 10 members. In deciding whether to charter such small groups, McCain and his staff (there are now 12 field secretaries) look only to their non-Communism, which is required by the Constitution, their willingness to accept principles of nonviolence, and their capacity to perform demonstrations. The chapters have no treasury to speak of. They meet in the basements of churches and fraternal clubhouses, and only a handful have so much as a part-time employee to answer the phone. Members volunteer for everything they do, and when they get arrested many must go to jail—there is no local money for bail or fines, and national CORE is already overburdened with a $400,000 debt in bail bonds. The militance of the chapters is guaranteed by restricting voting membership to those who physically participate in demonstrations—people who give money, attend meetings, answer telephones or lick envelopes can only be "associate members," and do not have a vote.

Once chartered, local chapters approve their own membership and plan their own demonstrations; until this year, when the constitution was amended, the national organization had little control over who they were and what they did. Some CORE chapters have been taken over by Black Nationalists and even Black Muslims; a few have come under strong Communist influence; and a handful have been infiltrated by kooks (a group in California which applied for a CORE charter turned out to be controlled by people who believed themselves space travelers from Venus, and were passing out literature to that effect at CORE demonstrations).

And, inevitably, during the rapid expansion, CORE acquired thousands of members who never heard of Gandhi and couldn't care less. CORE's Rules of Action require that a member "meet the anger of any individual or group in the spirit of good will and creative reconciliation; he will submit to assault and will not retaliate in kind either by act or word." Anyone who has read the angry signs at a CORE demonstration, however, or heard CORE members taunt the police, knows how much "spirit of creative reconciliation" has survived the expansion of the movement. Among the incidents in the factional fight that tore apart the Washington chapter this year was an attack on a member of the minority group by a member of the majority group wielding a bottle. Self-abnegation, an essential aspect of a Gandhian approach, is out of fashion at a time when television interviewers are hungry for sensation. CORE headquarters likes to speak of the "TV cowboys" in the civil-rights movement, especially in New York.

Of all the changes, the most significant has been in the social class of the membership. "When CORE began," Farmer says, "it was small bands of highly dedicated intellectuals. Now we've become a mass movement." Even today, if CORE demonstrators look like beatniks it is probably because they want to look like beatniks, not because they don't own any white shirts. Every officer of national CORE and every headquarters staff member is a college graduate.

But the drive now is to move across the great gulf of education and background and into the Negro ghetto. The move can be made only by matching CORE objectives to the desires of the people who live in the Negro slums. They are less interested in integrated housing than in decent housing for their own community, more concerned about the lack of unskilled jobs than about exclusion from skilled jobs, anxious to have good schools near home rather than programs which call for busing their children to distant and potentially hostile white neighborhoods. "Direct action" can be applied to their plight too. Rent strikes can force landlords to patch up blighted property; school boycotts can push up expenditures on slum schools; and it may even be possible—Chicago CORE is making an effort—to organize unemployed unskilled people into work gangs to clean up streets and parks and vacant lots, and send the city a bill for their work.

The organizing drive in Chicago, launched last summer by 40 imported "task-force workers" in three Negro neighborhoods, was essentially the creation of Norman Hill. A slight, rather shy young man of 31, Hill left his graduate studies in sociology at the University of Chicago to become first a CORE field worker and then CORE's national program director—and then, this fall, left CORE to work for Walter Reuther's end

Farmer plans strategy with civil-rights leaders in Mississippi. CORE is northern-based, but half of its $900,000 budget goes South.

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of the AFL-CIO. Among his announced reasons for leaving was his belief that CORE would not follow through on the ghetto projects: "People were saying," Hill recalled, "'That's not CORE; it's social welfare.'" Risk-taking in the South, and fighting the white school and the white neighborhood in the North are far more romantic than organizing in the filth and apathy of the ghetto. Carl Rachlin, who opposed Hill's Chicago program, argues that "CORE's whole strength is its romanticism; take that away and it fails. You can't do anything about these problems scratching at their roots—you have to get at them in the sky."

Nevertheless, as a member of the Chicago task force doggedly pointed out to a convention deeply stirred by reports from Mississippi, there are more Negroes in Chicago than there are in Mississippi, and CORE cannot reach them with an integration argument. "Getting a new play street or a traffic light on a corner," says a Chicagoan, "means a lot more to them than finding a few jobs for educated Negroes in an insurance-company office."

There are some indications that the new generation likes the change. "The young leadership," says Rudolph Lombard, who at 25 is serving his fourth term as CORE's first vice chairman, "feels that the civil-rights movement cuts to the core of this society. It goes beyond the mantan, the color of the skin. This business of being black—I'm not harassed by it."

Tall, bearded, dressed in faded overalls, self-consciously diffident in his public manner, Lombard is the idol of the younger CORE members, and next to Farmer the most popular person in the organization. Though he is not himself a working-class product (his family had enough money to send him to the University of Michigan for a year when he finished high school in his native New Orleans, and he is now completing work toward a Ph.D. in Social Science at Syracuse University), Lombard can make contact with Negro workers and tenant farmers in a way that few of the other leaders can. When James McCain found him at New Orleans' Negro Xavier University in 1960, he was studying business administration. CORE made him a force in a cause.

It has done the same for others less well-endowed than Lombard. At the convention, Marvin Rich waved toward a boy asleep on a couch, taking a break after an all-night committee meeting. "That's a Freedom Rider," Rich said. "When he came to us four years ago, there was absolutely nothing to him; now he's one of the best field secretaries we have. Even if we accomplished nothing else, what we've done for these kids, the way they feel about themselves, would make the movement worthwhile."

But the youngsters who make up perhaps four fifths of the CORE membership signed up for something different from what they now seem to have. Work in the ghetto lacks the drama and the victories that drew them to the organization. And the impatient activists find it hard to accept Farmer's opinion that ghettos are going to be with the Negro for a long time, that even the end of active discrimination would leave him still at the bottom, that integration alone will not be enough to bring Freedom Now.

"Can our members live with this?" said Gordon Carey, Farmer's assistant, repeating a question that had been asked of him. "They'll have to live with it. Our continued existence depends on living with it." THE END

Farmer speaks from a Mississippi pulpit. Because he is a marked man in the state, his first act is to notify the FBI of his arrival.

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Toward "The Great Society"

Now that enough time has passed for us to look back on the election with some sense of perspective, it becomes increasingly clear that a new era lies before us—if Americans have the intelligence, will, and dedication to deal with the challenges confronting them. The huge mandate given to President Johnson marks the end of one phase of a peaceful revolution that transformed America and the beginning of a second phase that may mean a still greater transformation—into what the President has vaguely called "The Great Society."

The first phase was largely wrought by Franklin D. Roosevelt. It was the product of somewhat patchwork, hit-or-miss, improvised programs, some of them misguided, some of them failures. Its labor pains included something approaching a class war, in which many business leaders and much of the press were bitterly ranged against Roosevelt, who in turn could cry: "They hate me, and I welcome their hatred." His allies were chiefly the fledgling unions, the hard-pressed farmers, and the unemployed "forgotten men." No reasonable man would want to live through such a hate-filled era again. But what it accomplished, in its curious, groping way, was a society that was neither socialistic nor purely capitalistic, but one in which both government and private enterprise managed to find their most useful roles. What is more, it worked. The country entered upon the greatest business prosperity the world had ever seen; General Motors' annual profit is now about one third the size of Herbert Hoover's last federal budget. Workers have enjoyed a similar rise in their standards: Widespread ownership of homes and cars is taken for granted, as is college education for the millions. The social-welfare measures that have developed, such as old-age pensions, unemployment insurance and bank-deposit insurance, have provided stabilizers against a recurrence of catastrophic depressions.

What Lyndon Johnson's election marks is the final acceptance and approval of this empirical, piecemeal revolution, not only by the majority of the people but by the powerful forces that once opposed it so bitterly. The Henry Ford who waged a personal war against Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal has been succeeded by the Henry Ford who supported Lyndon Johnson and The Great Society. The biggest businesses, the most important financiers, by and large, supported Johnson for perfectly good pragmatic reasons: It was good business. So did the press. So did many genuine conservatives. And the election showed that there is a consensus so broad as to widen the center until only the most extreme left and right cannot conscientiously join it.

In rejecting Barry Goldwater's drastic proposals for change, the American people endorsed both Johnson and the form that American society has developed during the past generation. But the mandate given to Johnson is not a mandate for him to sit complacently in the White House and congratulate himself. It is a mandate to keep the country moving forward with purpose and good judgment.

The problems facing us are staggering—the war in Vietnam goes from bad to worse; the Chinese Communist acquisition of nuclear power is a deadly threat; the Atlantic alliance is badly split; the underdeveloped nations drift along in poverty and disorder. Yet our capacity to deal with these problems depends in large part on what we make of ourselves, what kind of nation we offer as an example to the world.

In purely material terms, it is clear that the American economy can provide all the surplus needed to pay for whatever improvements in public health, education or transportation the public welfare demands. And there is clearly enough support for these broad goals for them to be achieved in a careful, well-thought-out manner, without the need for ill-planned "crash" legislation. President Johnson would do well to create task forces truly representative of the American consensus to determine the specific needs of our society and the best approaches to fulfilling them. Let The Great Society be clearly defined and wisely planned.

Far more than immediate legislation, what America needs at the moment is a regeneration of its spirit, a rediscovery of national purpose. The campaign, with its frequent accusations of corruption, incompetence and irresponsibility, has left that spirit bruised, that purpose unsure. "The absence of inspiring leadership is devastatingly apparent in this country," said a letter in the New York *Herald Tribune* on post-election day. "There is not one religious or political leader present to capture the imagination of American youth and unite them in an extra-personal goal." In the same vein another reader looked back over the year since John Kennedy's death and observed: "What President Kennedy realized was how deeply ingrained in the American spirit is the myth of those pioneering days when people were capable of disentangling themselves from their past and of living their lives in accordance with the dictates of their hearts and consciences. What is so essentially missing from present-day society is the sense of novelty and adventure that characterized the early days of the Republic. . . . Hence, the realization of the necessity of space travel, the proclamation of a new birth of freedom for the Negro, the Peace Corps—however meritorious each was in its own right—assumed a deeper meaning against the larger symbolic design through which the spiritual yearnings of the American people could be fulfilled."

It is in this area—the intangible area of morals, of *esprit*, of purpose, of ethics—that the President can use his enormous mandate to help America rediscover and rededicate itself. He must first reestablish the public's confidence in Washington's own standards of honesty and morality. Conflicts of interest in both houses of Congress need public exposure and correction. The beginning that has been made in correcting an inequitable tax system, which is at the heart of so much deterioration of personal moral standards, should be followed by fuller and deeper tax reform. A system which places a premium on half-truths and on clever evasions should give way to one which taxes all citizens on the same basic principles, and keeps the maximum rates low enough to encourage initiative as well as honesty. In this same moral area, the first Southerner to be President in a century must continue to speak out over the heads of bigots to reach the receptive and inquiring minds of the younger generation and teach the necessity of equal rights for all Americans. By breaking the chain of racial hatred in one generation, the President could break it forever. Only when the national spirit is restored can The Great Society truly make a quantum leap into a new order of excellence.

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